POST

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST OCTOBER 3 · 1964 25c

LYNDON JOHNSON'S TEXAS

The harsh land, the warm people

FIRST BIRTHDAY FOR THE "OTHER" QUINTS

The saga of LASSIE

President John F. Kennedy's last testament to a cause [illegible]ed.

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New Color TV, all-channel UHF-VHF; solid-state stereo, solid-state FM/AM, FM stereo multiplex radio; in handcrafted cabinet. Shown, The Copenhagen, SMDU2221. Genuine walnut veneers and hardwood solids.

No other Color Stereophonic Theatre gives you all these quality improvements

New Color TV with exclusive Admiral Color Fidelity Control (Pat. Pend.)—the one control that lets you create unbelievable color realism. Turn it; instantly colors become more natural. Even makes black-and-white richer, warmer! There's never been anything like it. You must see it to believe it!

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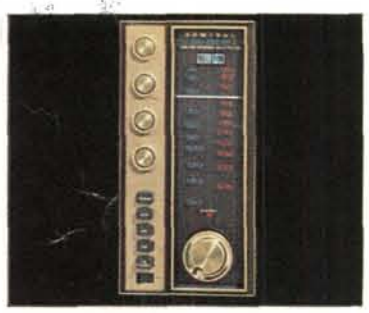

Solid-state FM/AM, FM stereo multiplex radio operates from pushbutton master control center. Press button, sound comes alive instantly, from records or radio. No waiting for warm-up! Stereo Sentry light glows when stereo program is tuned. AFC, separate balance, treble, bass, loudness controls.

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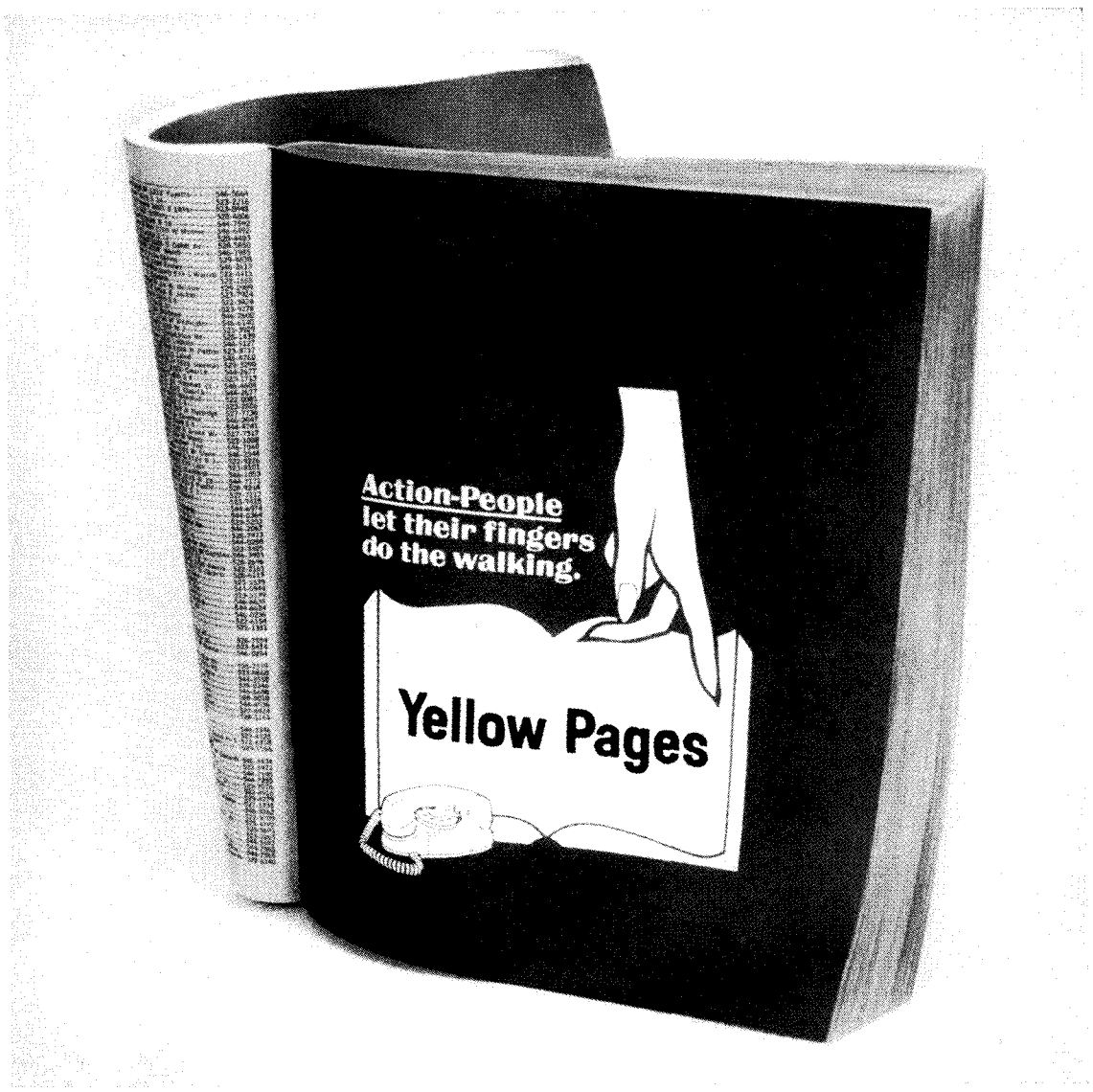
(until you want to find anything.)



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POST

OCTOBER 3, 1964 • 237th YEAR, ISSUE NO. 34

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With clean hands and a clear conscience . . . . . *John F. Kennedy* **21**

Just before his death, President Kennedy was working on a book he intended to use as a weapon in his fight to improve America's archaic immigration policies. His book contends that the immigration laws are unfair and discriminatory, and he offers the American people a plan of action for reforming them. *The Post* is proud to publish this last testament to a cause the late President cherished.

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The authors. **Vernon Scott**, Hollywood correspondent for United Press International, regrets to report that his own poodle is unemployed. . . . Houston *Chronicle* reporter **Bill Porterfield**, who attended the same Texas College as President Johnson (Southwest State Teachers College), thought he would ease into Johnson City and just listen, unnoticed. He showed up in an old pair of overalls and stuck out like a sore thumb—everyone else was wearing jeans or khakis. . . . Contributing writer **Gilbert Millstein** first met satiric cartoonist Jules Feiffer after he favorably reviewed one of Feiffer's books for *The Village Voice*, the weekly paper that gave Feiffer his big chance. . . . Editor-at-large **Harold H. Martin** talked with the parents of the Venezuelan quintuplets through an interpreter, Connie Shalom. Miss Shalom, who was born in Venezuela, spent her childhood years in Brooklyn, and Martin says she speaks Spanish with a Brooklyn accent. . . . **Leonard Shecter**, who describes the lonely, Spartan life of marathon runner Buddy Edelen, is a sports columnist for the New York *Post*. He reported on Edelen's running style from a very comfortable automobile. . . . Unable to get a visa to the Congo because the Congolese consulates in Rome and Tunis gave him the runaround, contributing writer **Sanche de Gramont** took advantage of the confusion in Léopoldville and went anyhow. He talked with principal statesmen and politicians, visited the areas of rebel activity, then safely returned to Rome, after his own run around right end.

The cover photograph of the famous canine star, Lassie, was taken by **Lawrence J. Schiller.**

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LETTERS

The Post for L.B.J.

Your editorial WHY LYNDON JOHNSON MUST BE ELECTED [September 19] moved me to write a letter to the editor for the first time in my life. Quite simply, I would like to say thanks. Thanks for saying what has to be said, though I was surprised to see it said in *The Post*, that old Republican standard.

PETER LOWENSTEIN
New York, N.Y.

• No longer can there be any doubt about *The Post*'s editorial credo, though scores of readers were appalled by your preconvention hatchet job on Barry Goldwater. General Eisenhower proved a prophet in warning against fickle, self-serving elements of the press and networks.

JACK E. PEARSON
Evanston, Ill.

• You don't really believe L.B.J. is the best President of this century, now do you?

W. W. KELLER
Mechanicsburg, Ohio

• Your editorial is so much the strongest and best writing on the subject—surely you can give it wider publicity, repeat it, tell about it on the radio, *anything*. I am a Republican who is "running very scared," and I believe we should all do all we can to avert a potential major catastrophe to the country.

WILMA S. WARBURG
New York, N.Y.

YOU HAVE, IN A RELATIVELY FEW WORDS, MADE CLEAR THAT WHICH MILLIONS OF AMERICANS HAVE THOUGHT FOR MANY MONTHS. THE POST HAS REACHED A NEW HIGH IN EDITORIAL COURAGE AND SKILL.

ROBERT K. GARRITY
OMAHA, NEBR.

• I am quite proud to be an American when I see a mass-circulation magazine willing, at any cost, to take a definite stand.

ED BAYNARD
New York, N.Y.

• It appears that the last pink stake has been driven through the heart of a once-vibrant magazine. Goldwater has brought the return of the two-party system and a choice against the headlong rush to socialism and something-for-nothing philosophy that seems to be your cherished view.

KEITH P. WILLIAMS
Aiken, S.C.

• Your arrogant and unprincipled bit of propaganda would be more fitting in an A.D.A. tract than on the pages of a journal of *The Post*'s erstwhile eminence.

C. P. HICKS JR.
New York, N.Y.

CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR STAND AND VIEW IN YOUR EDITORIAL WHY LYNDON JOHNSON MUST BE ELECTED.

SAMMY DAVIS JR.

Mississippi

Thank you for publishing that fine, courageous article UNTOLD STORY OF THE MISSISSIPPI MURDERS written by William Bradford Huie [September 5].

VIOLET CALVERT
Goldendale, Wash.

• In all my 15 years on this earth, I was never moved as deeply as when I saw the picture of the small Chaney boy and his mother consoling one another. I have, as probably they have, only one question: Why?

ARLENE PENDERGRASS
Benton Harbor, Mich.

• The author of the UNTOLD STORY OF THE MISSISSIPPI MURDERS seems to think that the late three civil-rights workers are extra-special martyrs, but every person murdered in a New York elevator or a Rochester race riot is just as dead.

BOB MINOR
Roanoke, Va.

Kim's code

I was very pleased to read KIM NOVAK VS. THE CODE by Vernon Scott [September 5]. I believe there are a great many women who secretly agree with her. It is indicative of the society in which we live that we give lip service to one set of morals and live an entirely different one.

MRS. RALPHENA R. LEE
San Jose, Calif.

• Her sin is probably no greater than those of the often-married who use the divorce mill for legality, but it is sin nevertheless.

CURTIS COLE
Durham, Calif.

• I happen to be one of the old-time gals (I'm 31 too) who believe that the greatest gift a woman can give the man she loves is her innocence. I hope our kind is still around when my little girl grows up.

MRS. JAMES RODGERS
Louisville, Ky.

• Please, I'd like to see a curtailment of bawdy, harsh, gruesome or sensual articles—let's keep the *Post* a family magazine, from Gramps right down to the fourth-grader.

MRS. S. BALLARD
Alexandria, Va.

• Kim Novak should be congratulated for living her life as she damn well pleases! The public and the press "murdered" Marilyn Monroe, and Kim isn't going to let them do the same thing to her.

W. THAYER
Wenatchee, Wash.

An end to poverty?

Thank you for your timely and excellently written editorial CAN WE ABOLISH POVERTY? [September 5]. It will be a long time before anything more significant for the welfare of our nation and our way of life is written.

MAXIE C. COLLINS
Ridgeway, S.C.

• President Johnson's vote-getting scheme doesn't even mention birth control. It proceeds blithely on the fallacy that the world owes everybody a good living just for being born and that problems can be solved by spending billions on "training" and "development."

FRANK C. WORBS JR.
Vanport, Pa.

• Recently my husband, a clergyman who receives $400 monthly, gave an unemployed father of three children $25 for food and was also able to secure for him employment with a salary beyond "minimum wage" on which he could care for his family by living carefully (in addition to the many gifts of food and clothing which he constantly receives). When offered this employment, he answered with a smile, "No, thank you. I am much better off living on relief, and besides, I don't want to work."

What will it take to eradicate this kind of poverty?

ANN COLLINS
St. Louis, Mo.

• President Johnson says that he will take from the haves to give to the have-nots. How can you take from one group and give to another without destroying both—the initiative and incentive of one, and the sense of responsibility that breeds self-respect in the other?

MARGARET S. HABBEN
Raytown, Mo.

• "Light bulb" Johnson's poverty racket will soon bring to light the silliest pork-barrel stunt of all time.

MRS. PHOEBE DAVIS
Tiburon, Calif.

Maligning the military

I am so grateful that at least one person who can get into print still believes in the integrity of the majority of our military personnel [WHY DO THEY SLANDER OUR MILITARY MEN? by S.L.A. Marshall, September 5]. As the wife of an Air Force sergeant, I, too, have been concerned with the public image created by various authors. Believe me, it has affected public opinion so that most of us feel we are on constant trial without ever being formally charged so that we may defend ourselves.

MRS. I. M. WELLS
Des Moines, Iowa

• I know that the "reckless slander" of the hate-the-generals fad could never "make the plot of *Dr. Strangelove* tragically prophetic," either in aircraft or missiles.

MELVIN M. DRISKILL
Captain, USAF
Commander, Atlas "F" ICBM
Morrisonville, N.Y.

• It is extremely fortunate that the military is being "slandered." Let us never cease to guard against take-overs here by the sacrosanct military. There are military coups—almost monthly—in Latin America and Asia, all of which have been aided at one time or another by our "fine, honorable" military men.

GEORGE GATI
La Crescenta, Calif.

• Gen. S.L.A. Marshall neatly infers that I am no fit person to criticize the military in my book, *The Passion of the Hawks*, because I have had "no military experience." This novel theory of criticism, if applied to other fields, would require a music critic to play the flute, a sportswriter to have pitched at least in the minors and a political reporter to have been elected sheriff. No doubt the military would not object to limiting critics of the military to those who have achieved general rank.

TRISTRAM COFFIN
Chevy Chase, Md.

COMING SOON... in The Post

BEGINNING:
An intimate biography of
Joseph P. Kennedy
How he raised his children to govern America

The phantom strangler of Paris

REVOLT IN CANADA:
Will the Queen Be Safe on Her Visit?

THE HAPPY TOWN THAT HAS FEWER HEART ATTACKS

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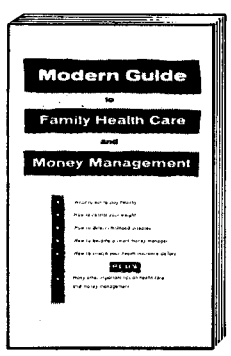

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SPEAKING OUT

BURN THOSE WORTHLESS COOKBOOKS

The topless pile of junk cookbooks on the market today provides fuel for the wrath of this disdainful gourmet.

A magazine writer by profession but a cook and cookbook bibliophile by avocation, John McPhee lives with his wife, four children and 16-quart pot-au-feu *near Princeton, N.J.*

By John McPhee

The morning I burned the cookbooks was cold, with vicious winds coming across the north fields. I was alone. I intended to cut firewood, so I got up early and put on my boots, parka and gloves. Downstairs I tossed up a plain omelet without even removing the gloves. I was that eager to get out and get to work. Dipping a ladle into the kettle hung in the kitchen fireplace, I took out a cup of broth and heated it on the stove. With that in me, I felt ready. I opened the back door and stepped out.

After one breath my lungs felt like torn paper. It was all I could do to lean against the wind and walk to the woodpile for a couple of logs—which was all that was left of the woodpile. I got them back into the kitchen and shut the door. My cheeks were stiff, and I had trouble getting my breath into rhythm again. There would be no woodcutting after all.

My wife was in the Bahamas. My wife's mother takes her daughter and my four daughters to Eleuthera every winter, and she generally times the trip so that I can't go along, for one reason or another having to do with my work. Scarcely had the thought of my wife's mother crossed my mind when, standing there in the cold kitchen, I glanced up at the fireside shelves and all the cookbooks.

I don't know why she does it, whether out of love, spite or misguided duty, but my wife's mother cannot seem to stop filling our shelves with cookbooks. She sends us nearly every one that comes out, which means we get dozens every year, because the book companies will publish anything—or so it seems—that has to do with the preparation of food. The list of cookbooks in print is so long that anyone trying to read it at one sitting would die of starvation. Cookbooks are stacked to the ceiling on our big kitchen shelves. They line the backs of the counter tops, they form a centerpiece on the long kitchen table. My wife's mother has even signed us up as members of the new Cook Book Guild— any three for $1.89, and two a year after that.

I looked around for a newspaper to help get the logs started. I didn't see one. I looked back at the cookbooks and happened to focus on *What Cooks in Suburbia*, by Lila Perl. I pulled it off the shelf. The mere titles of some of the recipes would start Pantagruel on a diet. Tuna Tetrazzini. Herbed Veal Patties in Sour Cream. Fresh Blueberry Roly Poly (mainly blueberries, sugar, lemon juice and rolled oats).

Why not? I filleted the book and spread it around under the logs with some kindling. Soon *What Cooks in Suburbia* was burning fiercely, the foundation of a memorable fire.

Cookbooks sell like Bibles. At one point recently they were running slightly behind erotica among the best-selling hard-cover categories. The American public's appetite for cookbooks is wantonly indiscriminate. There is more garbage on kitchen shelves than under the sink. With thoughts like these in my mind, it seemed unfair to let *Suburbia* burn alone.

What better purpose could a junk cookbook serve than to be used as actual cooking fuel? The kettle we keep in the fireplace is copper; it holds about 16 quarts, and it must have cost my mother-in-law a couple of hundred dollars. It hangs on a cast-iron arm. Through the winter we keep it on the stove or over the wood flames, day after day. From it we feed the children, animals, ourselves and our friends. We love our *pot-au-feu*. Tastes come out of it in fathoms. There is always something interesting in it—chunks of beef, marrowbones, hocks, shanks. On this particular Saturday there were interesting things under it as well.

I dropped some stripped chuck, 10 peeled white onions, a few stalks of celery and three garlic cloves into the kettle to put a fresh edge on it, then reached for *Instant Haute Cuisine*, by Esther Riva Solomon. Esther Riva Solomon is an American woman who once went off to study at the Cordon Bleu, the famous French cooking school, and her book is a graphic record of her culinary downfall. She says that she was watching one of the Cordon Bleu's teaching chefs preparing a stock for *poulet à l'estragon* when a brilliant idea struck her. "It's just one ingredient in a complex recipe," she thought. "I could used canned gravy, and no one would ever know."

Soon she was opening cans as if she were living in a fallout shelter. The general idea, actually, is not so terrible. Canned chicken stock will serve, say, for *risotto;* but the lady overdoes it. Her recipe for *quenelles de brocht*—one of the basic denominators of French cuisine—calls for one 14-ounce jar of gefüllte-fish balls and one can of frozen condensed shrimp soup. Her bouillabaisse is made from canned stewed tomatoes, canned clam juice, canned clams, canned lobster meat, and one small fresh sea bass. That sea bass is one of the most pathetic figures in culinary literature. The Narbone fishermen of Marseilles would take to their boats, never to return, if so much as one small jar of Esther Riva Solomon bouillabaise were ever opened in their city.

While I was burning that one, I also threw in Poppy Cannon's *New Can-Opener Cookbook*, Lillian Langseth-Christensen's *The Instant Epicure Cookbook* and several other examples of the nothing-to-it school. *The Instant Epicure Cookbook* is really instant. "If your ready-cooked broiler is still hot from the shop when you get home with it," she says in one recipe, "brush it with melted butter and keep it hot in a low oven until needed." For people who like to start the meal at home, she has things like Lobster Landeck—frozen lobster meat covered with a mixture of such items as Chili, Worcestershire, A-1, mayonnaise and tomato paste. The book costs $5.75.

Poppy Cannon, who wears Hedda Hopper hats and writes about cooking for various periodicals, has assembled another book called *Electric Epicure's Cookbook*, and that went into the fire next. It begins by revealing the existence of electric blenders, beaters, roasters, skillets and pressure cookers; and it has a moving dedication. "It is a joy," writes Poppy, "to express my grateful thanks and deep appreciation to Corning Glass, Dominion Electric Corporation, General Electric, Hamilton Beach, Iona Food Blender, Knapp-Monarch, Munsey Oven Toaster, National Blenders, Nutone, Oster, Presto, Redi-Baker, Roto-Broil, Salton, Silex, Sunbeam Corporation, Thermo-Tray, Toastmaster, Universal, Waring, West Bend and Westinghouse."

The book itself is an international hodgepodge—Peking Duck, Bavarian Cream, Boned Indonesian Chicken Breasts. Perhaps someone could indeed write a book about electric cooking. But Poppy Cannon is just a mobile cookbook factory (her *Eating European Abroad and at Home* helped heat my *pot-au-feu* that day too) and, like so many cookbooks, i ers suggests that it was planned in an office rather than a kitchen.

On this point turns a basic division of all cookbooks. Some are written for love and others are written for money, and the difference is usually evident. Of course, some titles are deceptive. Good books can sound like bad ones. I remember pulling *Economy Gastronomy* off the shelf and almost sweeping it into the flames in a single motion. But I looked into it and decided differently. It is impressive, because it is personal. Sylvia Vaughn Thompson, its young author, never loses her enthusiasm in 334 pages. She has a special angle—making finely crafted meals from low-priced foods—but it is not a gimmick invented at an editorial luncheon; it is the result of Mrs. Thompson's practical and imaginative experience. Had she lived in ancient times, she might have been the greatest cook in Sparta.

Two small books by Evelyn Patterson, called *Meals for Guests* and *Gourmet Kitchen*, have the same personal quality. Each recipe is the result of dozens of mutations, worked out in a long skein of dinner parties over many years. This is what any good cook likes to do for himself. A recipe should never be static. It is, at best, an informed suggestion that should be adapted to the individual taste of the cook. A basic cookbook (perhaps two), a few well selected satellites and—hopefully—a primer or two in French cooking will satisfy almost anyone's

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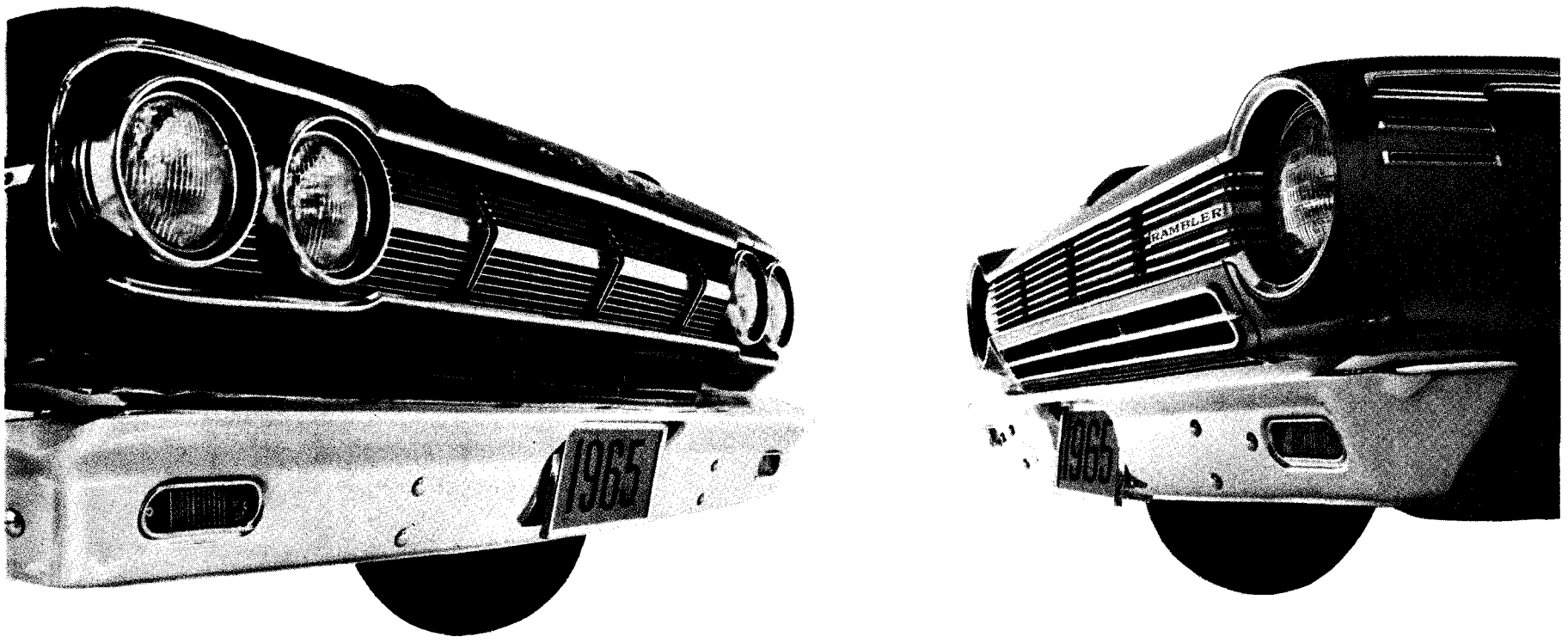

Rambler Announces '65's Most Sweeping Changes

THE SENSIBLE SPECTACULARS

New! 3 different sizes of cars
New! 3 different wheelbases
New! 7 spectacular powerplants:
New Torque Command Sixes–world's most advanced engines! Big V-8's!

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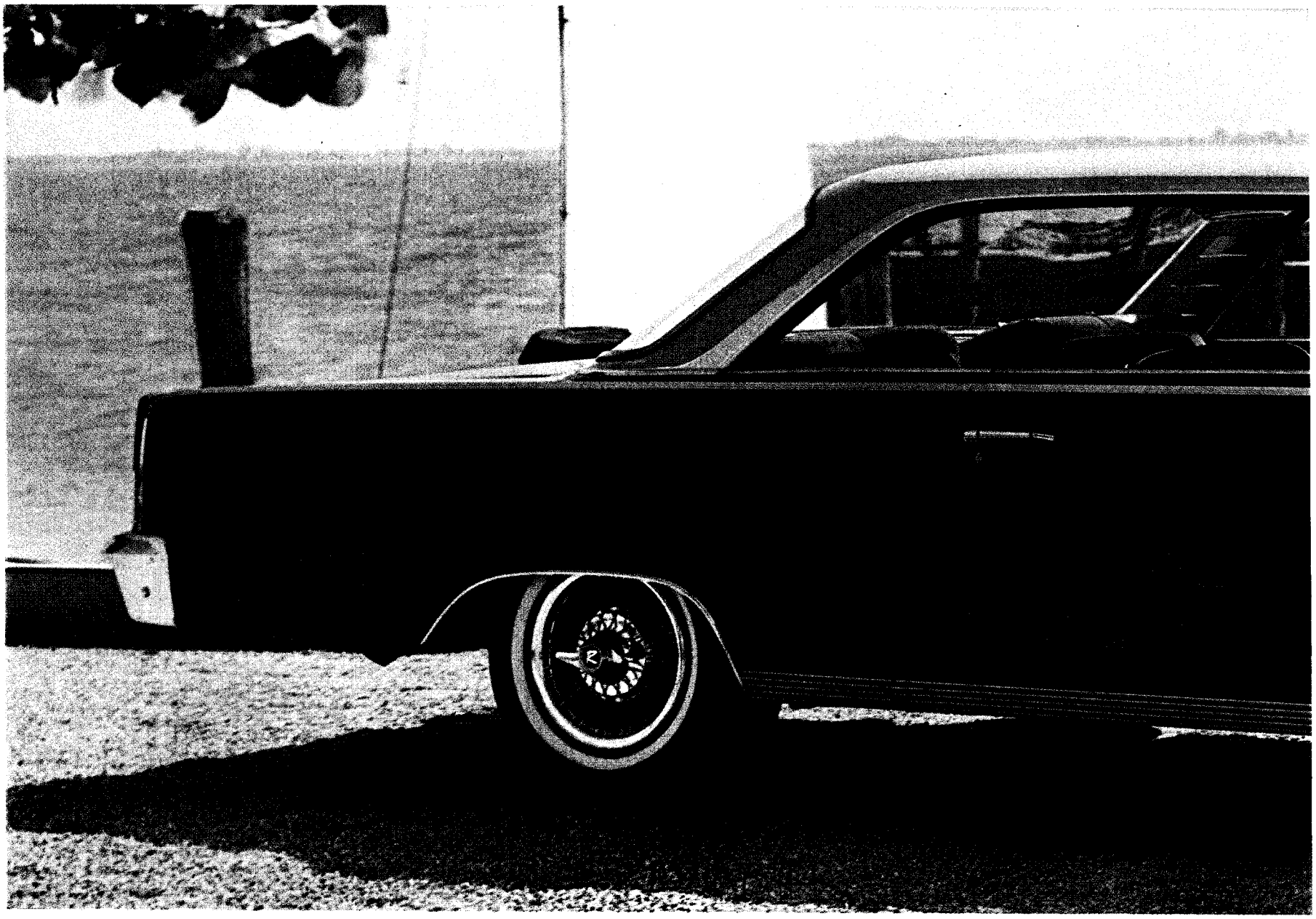

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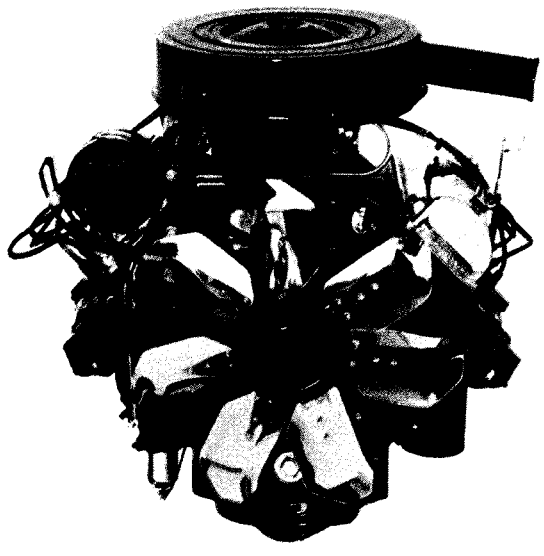
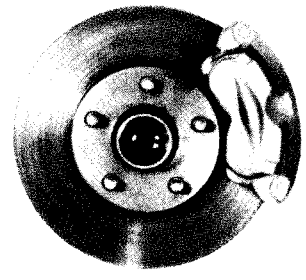
NEW SPECTACULAR V-8's and SIXES—
SENSIBLE ECONOMY

Greatest power range in Ambassador history. V-8's up to 327 cubic inches. World's most advanced engine—the Torque Command 232, a brand-new "hot Six."



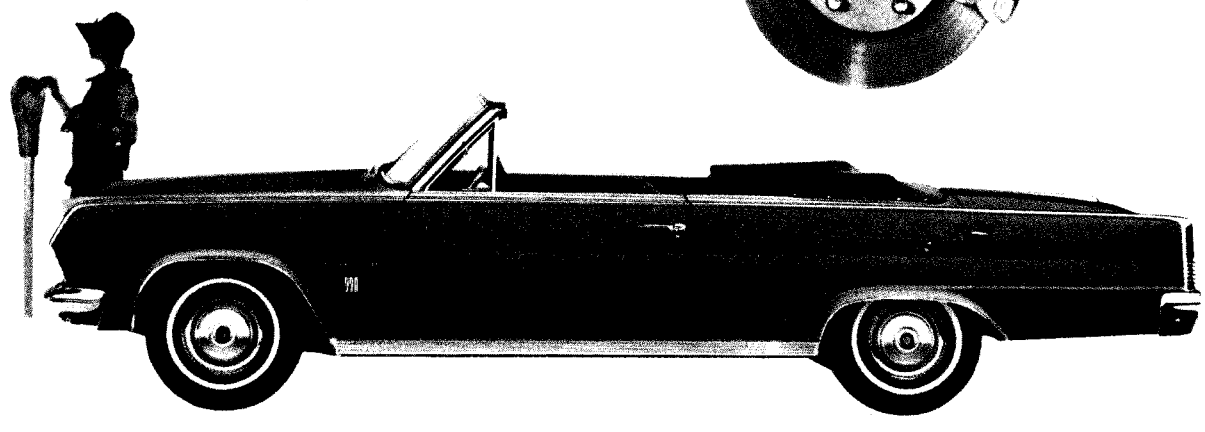
NEW SPECTACULAR DISC BRAKES—
SENSIBLE DOUBLE-SAFETY PROTECTIOI

Super-safe, anti-fade front Disc Brakes, optional. Separate braking systems, front and rear, standard.



NEW SPECTACULAR SIZE—
SENSIBLE PARKING EASE

Nearly a foot longer than last year—looks twice that, still outmaneuvers shorter cars. All-new convertible, too.



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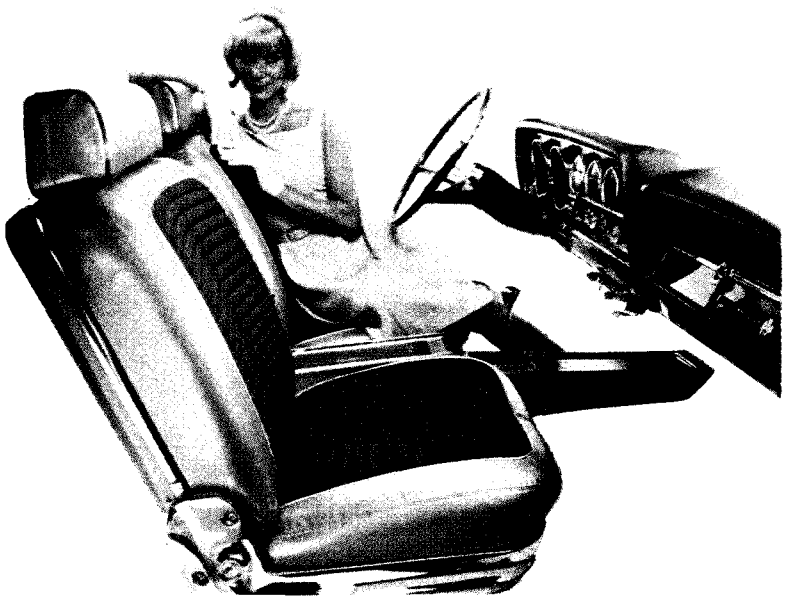
greatest change in size, style and power!

NEW SPECTACULAR APPOINTMENTS—SENSIBLE COMFORT

New miracle fabrics; new instrument panel. Adjustable steering wheel, reclining bucket seats, headrests are among the luxurious options.



One of three Rambler SENSIBLE SPECTACULARS

You've never seen anything like it. Never driven anything like it. Never dreamed of such a brilliant new balance of longer wheelbase, new beauty, new sizzle, new glamour—combined with new safety, new long-stride riding smoothness, new solidity, newness everywhere you look. NEW! Spectacular new and longer, sleeker lines with more room for passengers and luggage. NEW! Sports-car Disc Brakes and many other new options. NEW! Twice as many models to choose from . . . sedans, hardtops, wagons and America's smartest and most stunningly new convertible. NEW! Luxurious color-keyed interiors. NEW! Rich, new Lustre-Gard Acrylic-Enamel finishes give even longer lasting beauty to the world's most thoroughly rustproofed cars. NEW! Cars so precision-built, there's no need for a 1,000-mile inspection. This is the all-new Ambassador '65—largest and finest of the new Ramblers. Don't miss seeing and testing it at your Rambler dealer—Rambler's greatest change in size, in style, in power!

American Motors — Dedicated to Excellence

RAMBLER AMBASSADOR

Largest and Finest of the New Ramblers

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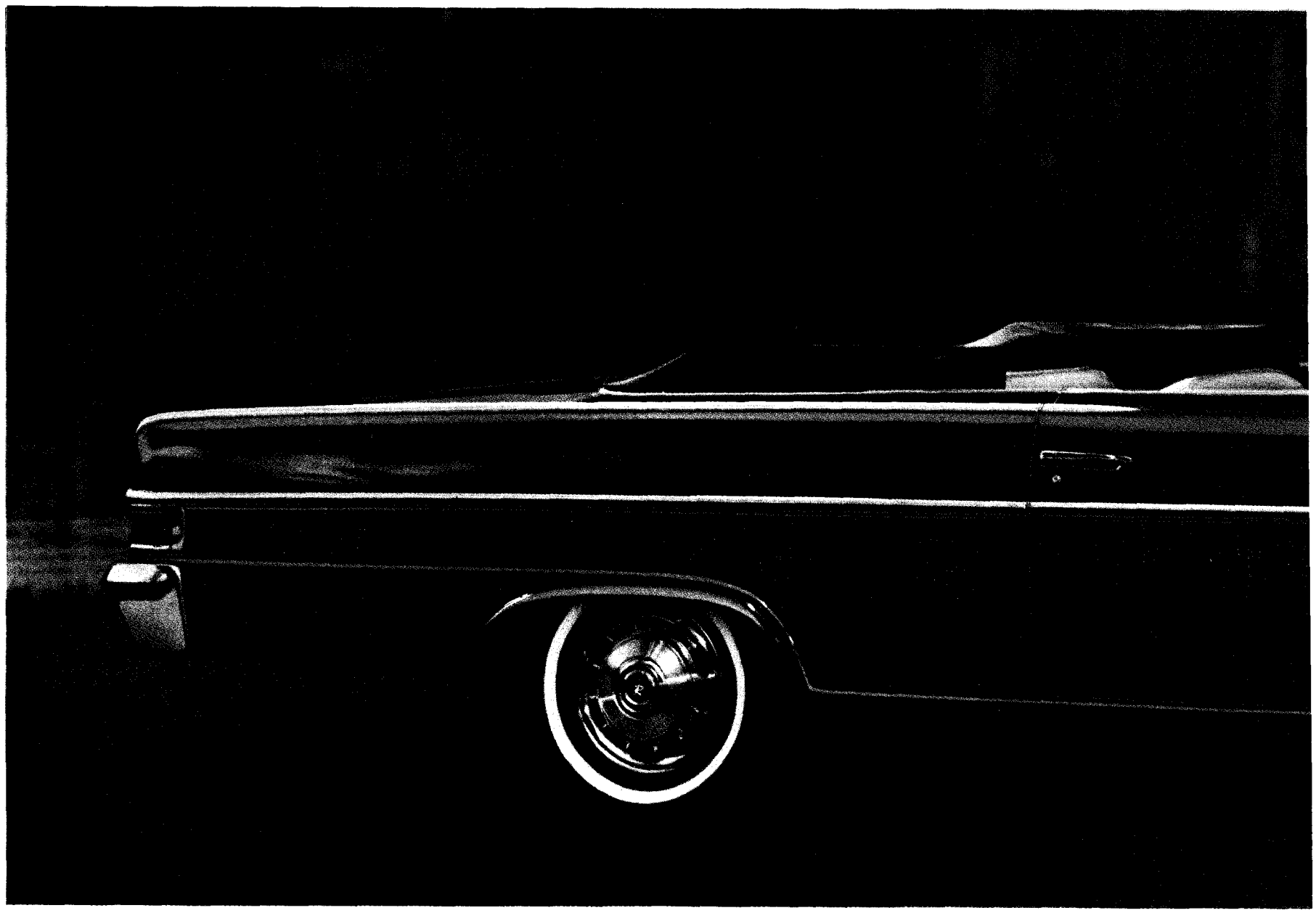
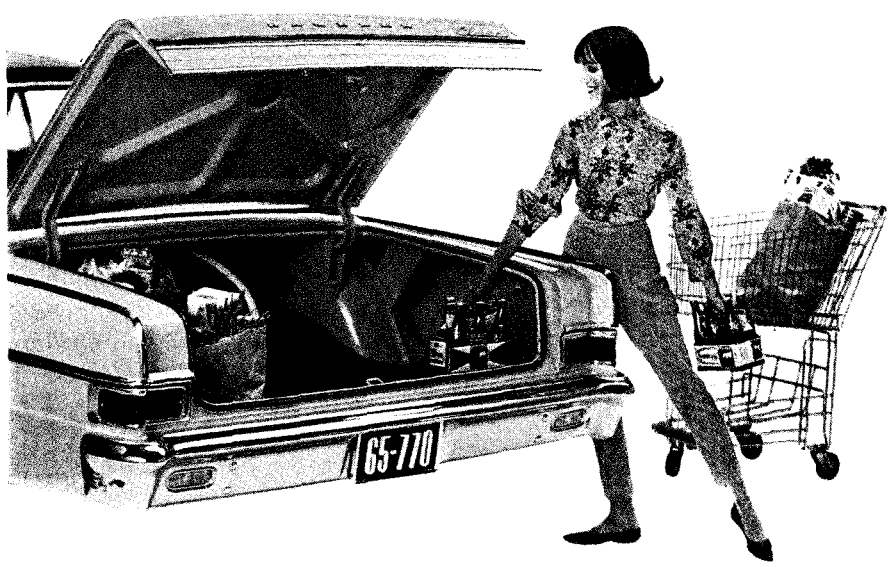


Announcing Entirely New '65 Rambler

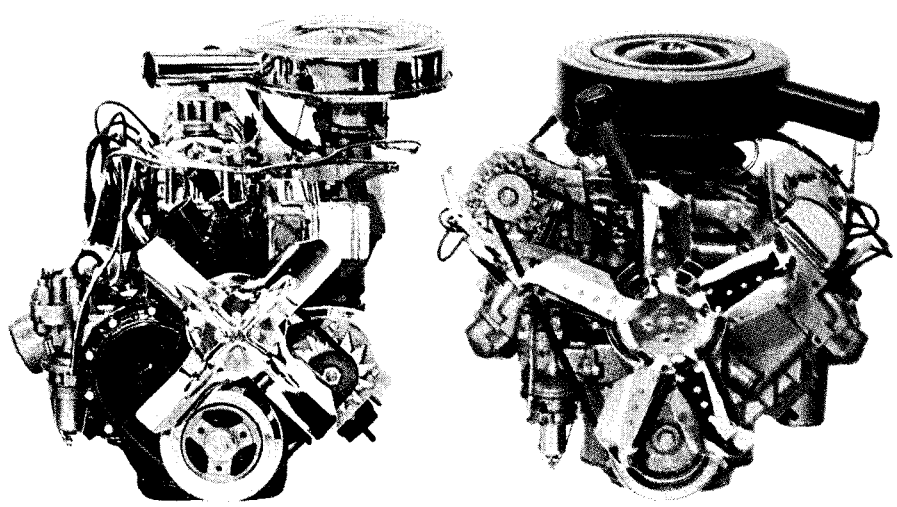
NEW SPECTACULAR ROOM AND SPACE— SENSIBLE HANDLING

Enjoy the Best of Both: Big-car room and comfort, with superb handling and parking ease. Plus 15 cubic feet of easy-loading trunk space for groceries, luggage.



NEW SPECTACULAR PERFORMANCE —SENSIBLE GAS MILEAGE

Five engine options—Six and V-8. All-new Torque Command Sixes, world's most advanced—more power, even better economy. Two V-8's—up to 270 hp.



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Classic! New Torque Command Engines!

NEW SPECTACULAR WAGONS—
SENSIBLE EXTRA VALUES

Roof-Top Travel Rack, standard at no extra cost. Big hidden compartment under cargo floor; 3-seat option.

One of three Rambler SENSIBLE SPECTACULARS

Biggest, most powerful Classics ever built—hardtops, sedans, wagons and a spectacular new-for-'65 convertible! More room than ever—still outmaneuvers any other U.S. make. NEW! Three versions of the brilliant new 7-main-bearing Torque Command engine—the high-performance 6 that comes on like an 8. Two V-8's, up to 270 hp. NEW! Every inch of sculptured steel is completely new—from massive wraparound bumpers to grille and taillights. NEW! Disc Brake option for greatest stopping power. Double-Safety protection of separate hydraulic systems is standard. NEW! Eagle-claw door locks that keep doors safely closed with a grip of steel. PLUS . . . beneath this spectacular newness, all the solid values that keep Rambler's resale value high: like world's finest rustproofing; stronger Advanced Unit Construction; time-defying Ceramic-Armored exhaust system; self-adjusting Double-Safety Brake System, many more. If you like pleasant surprises, come see Rambler—at your Rambler dealer now!

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RAMBLER CLASSIC

New Intermediate-Size Rambler

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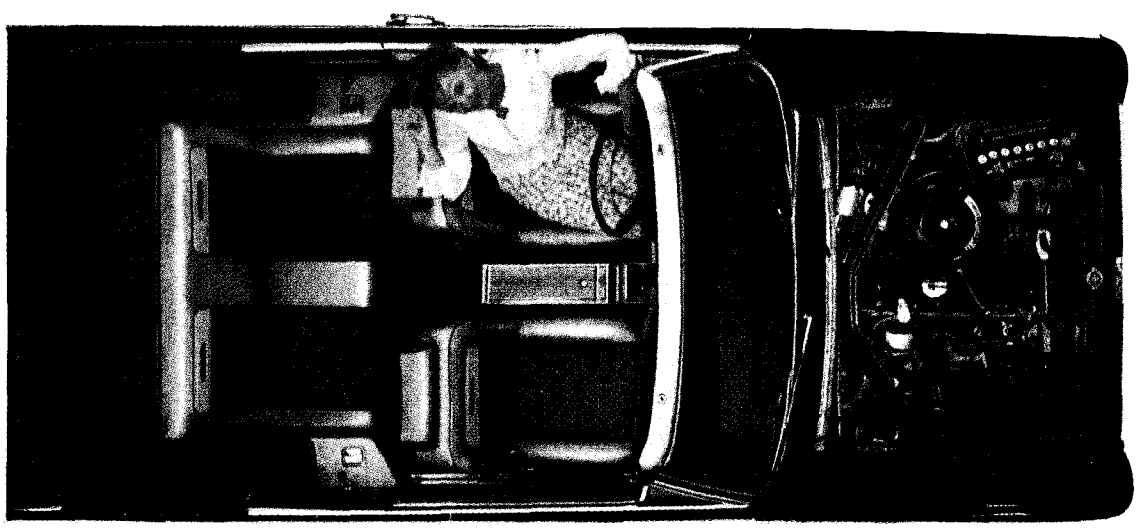
Announcing the '65 Rambler American Powerfully New Compact Economy King

NEW SPECTACULAR SPORTS OPTIONS—
SENSIBLE COMFORT

Two kinds of floor shifts, manual or automatic. Two kinds of reclining bucket seats, safety headrests.

NEW SPECTACULAR ACTION—
SENSIBLE SAVINGS

Dazzling Torque Command 232 is the newest, most powerful engine option in America's unchallenged Economy King.



One of three Rambler SENSIBLE SPECTACULARS

Strikingly beautiful hardtops, convertible, sedans and wagons. NEW! Spectacular engine choices, led by the newest, smoothest, most enthusiastic Six in any car this size—the 155-hp Torque Command 232. NEW! Spectacular sporty options, including Shift-Command floor stick—you shift it, or it shifts for itself. Couple these with the American's proved best economy and easiest parking, plus all of Rambler's extra values like Advanced Unit Construction, curved-glass side windows, Double-Safety Brake System, Deep-Dip rust-proofing, Ceramic-Armored muffler and Weather Eye Heater, standard. Come see Rambler Ambassador, Classic and American—at your Rambler dealer now!

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RAMBLER AMERICAN
The Compact Economy King

Watch the Danny Kaye Show on CBS-TV, 10:00-11:00 P.M., EST, Wednesdays

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requirements. Good cooking is something in the air between the cook and the stove; and no special-angle, fresh-approach, keep-your-shirt-on cookbook is going to supply that.

There are more than a score of basic cookbooks in print in the United States. I have 14 and I would never willfully destroy any of them, so they all remain on the shelf. The better basic cookbooks cover all the things that in thinner jackets so often become specialty cookbooks—casseroles, chafing-dish cookery, salads, high-altitude baking. They have simple dishes, complex ones, banquet spreads and regional specialities. Each basic is 20 books in one.

The titles of the better basics are as familiar as *Genesis*, *Exodus* and *Leviticus: The Joy of Cooking*, *The New Settlement Cook Book*, and *The Boston Cooking School Cookbook* (Fannie Farmer) are first-rate examples. *The New York Times Cookbook*, derived from the paper's daily food page, is one of the best basic cookbooks obtainable.

Once I had refreshed these thoughts, I began an even more critical examination of the kitchen shelves, and cookbooks really started to fly into the flames.

Encore—The Favorite Dishes of the World's Most Famous Musicians. All that can be said for it is that the musicians, with a few sad exceptions, are still living.

Easy-on-the-Cook Book. Recipes from 64 contributors, including the American Dry Milk Institute, Sears Roebuck, McCann-Erickson, and the Peoples Gas Light and Coke Company. $3.50.

The Luncheon Cookbook.

The Chafing Dish Cookbook.

Parties From the Freezer.

365 Ways to Cook Hamburger. Stuffed Bunburgers. Dietetic Meat Balls. Hamburger Gumbo.

The Madison Avenue Cookbook. This one is full of overboozed and overspiced recipes for things like Status Stew, Stuffed Softsell Crab, Chicken Lovers Sauté and Leek Transit Gloria. It has tips on atmosphere—"muted 18th- and early 19th-century string ensembles stir up little eddies of eloquence which trade up the dinner."

The Chinese-Kosher Cookbook is also a comic cookbook, also vaguely serious, fracturing Yiddish words syllabically into recipes for Matzah Brei Foo Yong, Bub Uh Luh Won Ton Soup, Fish Neh Bish and Turkey Chow Mein Hutz Pah.

Easy Gourmet Cooking by Elsie Lee. "You can prepare any recipe in thirty minutes or less," it says on the cover. One chapter is called "Curry in a Hurry," another "One Man's Poisson."

Gourmet Meals for Easy Entertaining, written by Martha Nemes Fried, includes V-8 Aspic.

Mary Meade's Magic Recipes for the Electric Blender. Have you considered trying a Banana Daiquiri? Blended Veal Birds? The recipe says, "The birds don't sing but you will." There's a halibut mousse as well, but a blender is too powerful to make a halibut mousse. It creams the material rather than mincing it, and makes the mousse taste like fish-flavored toothpaste.

The I Hate to Cook Book by Peg Bracken. Sweep steak. Bisque quick. Whiskey cake. Idiot onions.

The Second Chafing Dish Cookbook. I opened it up and found Tuna Crunch.

Love and Knishes.

The Secret of Cooking for Dogs.

The Seducer's Cookbook is actually a rather graphic index to fundamentals, written by a woman who seems to know a great deal about her subject. "Remember," goes one of her principles of culinary practice for women, "dessert is you."

Chez Maxim's. Among all the cookbooks of the absurd, this one exemplifies more than any other the extent the genre has reached. But it is too beautiful to be destroyed. It costs $15, for which the reader gets 103 recipes, a running commentary by the Countess Guy de Toulouse-Lautrec, and above all—a set of 31 color photographs of dishes prepared at Maxim's, all of which are lightly glued into this expensive volume.

Naturally I kept many other books as well. Some specialty books seemed to justify themselves, including James Beard's thoroughgoing *Fish Cookery* and Narcissa Chamberlain's *The Omelette Book*. *The Art of Fine Baking* by Paula Peck, is full of diagrams, as a baking manual ought to be, since so much depends on manual dexterity. It is written by someone who obviously knows what she's talking about and loves her subject.

But I threw onto the fire most of the regional cookbooks—*A Taste of Texas*, *A Time for Cooking* (*California*), *The Art of Creole Cookery*, *The Progressive Farmer's Southern Cookbook*—because I found them fundamentally uninteresting.

I did keep Clementine Paddleford's *How America Eats*, because it is the best detailed reference to regional American cooking. Miss Paddleford has roamed all over the United States collecting recipes. I must cavil on one matter however. Everywhere Miss Paddleford went, she seemed to talk mainly to restaurant owners. I wish that more of her recipes were of the personal type, and fewer from sources a Chamber of Commerce might nominate. The restaurant business in the United States doesn't seem to bring out the honesty in chefs, who too often have to give people what the people expect. At any rate, the regional dishes put forth by highly successful restaurateurs are suspect. They have a certain plastic, Madison Avenue quality. I would rather hear from the amateur than the pro when it comes to "authentic" recipes for regional American cookery.

With all our vast spread of regional dishes—some, such as Irish stew and sauerbraten, derivative; others, such as boiled lobster, simple and native—we have no cohesive cuisine. We turn instead to the French.

There have been just two great cuisines in the history of the world, the French and the Chinese. They are the only two that have ever been studied seriously on an international scale, although our shelves are full of such books as *Art of Syrian Cookery*, *The Art of Persian Cooking*, and *The Pleasures of Japanese Cooking*.

The Chinese do not use cookbooks in China, but there are a number in English, including an excellent one called *The Pleasures of Chinese Cooking*, written by Mme. Grace Zia Chu. It contains much to try, from fried fish maw with ham and peas to shark's fins with Chinese cabbage. The French, on the other hand, have produced written temples of recorded gastronomy, egg-white Parthenons between covers, written in the precise manner of masters recording their great discoveries.

Fortunately, our benefactress has at one time or another given us a good 36 inches of French cookbooks, including the three that are owned by virtually every French chef. Whether he runs a little *auberge* in a hilltop village in the Var or a hotel kitchen in the middle of Paris, the French chef has a copy of *Escoffier*, of the *Larousse Gastronomique*, and of the Flammarion on his shelf.

Escoffier, the king of chefs and chef of kings, started cooking professionally when he was 12 (1859) and stopped when he was 74. Strangely enough, he spent his cream years working in great London hotels. In his *Le Guide Culinaire*, published in English as *The Escoffier Cookbook*, he charts the whole great superstructure of French cuisine. It is fascinating to read, but Escoffier is an expert's reference work; he belongs on the amateur shelf only for his inspirational qualities and his pithy asides. "Half the battle," he says, "is care."

The *Larousse Gastronomique* is a mammoth and encyclopedic kitchen dictionary with thousands of thumbnail recipes and information on every person or material of any significance in cooking. It is 1,100 pages long, as printed in English, and it costs $20. More than 75,000 copies have been sold since the American edition came out in 1961, the surest indicator of the direction in which American taste is pointing. People seem to be literally fed up with easy, thawed-out, heat-the-package, trouble-free, vapid meals. Fortunately they seem to want to create in their kitchens again—and now, with new sophistication and a greater accessibility of materials, to create more detailed dishes than they might ever have dreamed they could do.

The Flammarion, so-called in France after the name of its publisher, is actually *The Art of French Cooking*, published by Golden Press for $17.50. It is an anthology of recipes from the great chefs of French history, detailed enough to be useful to a cook versed in the basics of French cooking and stunningly illustrated with color plates that say "*voila*" to the recipes they match.

Saying it in American

How to become versed in the basics of French cooking used to be a greater problem than it is now. Two years ago Alfred A. Knopf published a volume called *Mastering the Art of French Cooking*, by Simone Beck, Louisette Bertholle and Julia Child. An attempt to translate French cooking for the American cook and the American food market, it succeeds surpassingly well. Like Escoffier, it begins with the essential foundations of French cooking; in France some of these differ from their American counterparts. Bacon, for example, is far more smoky and salty in America. American bacon will dominate a French dish and spoil its subtlety. The way around this, the authors point out, is to blanch American bacon in simmering water for five minutes, then dry it with a towel. Cream, too, differs internationally. When a French recipe calls for *crème fraîche*, counterpart recipes in U.S. cookbooks usually require a dollop of heavy cream, or, more frequently, of sour cream. A teaspoon of buttermilk in a cup of heavy cream will, after standing for several hours, produce a cream that very nearly duplicates nutty *crème fraîche*.

Throughout its 684 pages, *Mastering the Art of French Cooking* makes similar adjustments to help the American cook bring off a three-star meal at home. It is also a reminder that cooking well takes no more time than cooking badly.

If that book is the best of its kind, it certainly has plenty of near peers in its field. Elizabeth David's *French Provincial Cooking*, Dione Lucas's *Cordon Bleu Cookbook*, *Vogue's Book of French Cookery*, Waverley Root's and Richard de Rochemont's *Contemporary French Cooking* are all excellent—and, I might add, fireproof as far as I'm concerned. French chefs who have made their careers in America have taken to publishing their biographies in the form of cookbooks like great chefs of earlier eras at home, most notably Joseph Donon, whose *Classic French Cuisine* is a record of the exotic fuels he supplied to various Fricks and Vanderbilts, and Louis Diat, once executive chef at the Ritz-Carlton in New York. Diat's *Gourmet's Basic French Cookbook* is one of the many first-rate culinary publications of *Gourmet Magazine*. The two-volume *Gourmet Cookbook* is the most encyclopedic primer of French cooking that has yet originated outside of France.

While our shelves contained mainly books of recipes, there are authors like Samuel Chamberlain (*Bouquet de France*), A. J. Liebling (*Between Meals*), Waverley Root (*The Food of France*) and Joseph Wechsberg (*Blue Trout and Black Truffles*) who cluster toward the near end of a rich tradition of culinary writing that reached its highest moment in 1825, when Jean Anthelme Brillat-Savarin published *The Physiology of Taste*. The aphorisms of Brillat-Savarin leave the tongues of gourmands just before the mousse arrives. "A dessert course without cheese," he says, "is like a beautiful woman with one eye." His most celebrated claim is, "Tell me what you eat, and I will tell you what you are." If you eat "a large fillet of veal, well larded with bacon, and done in its own gravy," you are *Mediocrity*. If you prefer "a truffled turkey or a haunch of venison, accompanied by a generain sauce," you are *Comfortable*. If you prefer "a river pike, larded, stuffed and smothered in a cream of crayfish," you are *Rich*.

It had been snowing for half an hour, and small drifts were already resting on the mullions of the north-side windows. I was warm enough. Books burn slowly, and even *What Cooks in Suburbia* was still glowing red. But I had developed an aggressive appetite looking through all those volumes, and I could go no further. I put Brillat-Savarin back on the shelf, opened a bottle of ruddy Burgundian table wine, and settled in for the afternoon with the *pot-au-feu*, ladling out a bowl of broth and a plate of beef, potatoes, onions, carrots and leeks. Staring into the fire as I ate, I noticed that after the cover goes, books vanish leaf by leaf, like charcoal Napoleons, *millefeuilles briquettes*. Recipes kept flaming into oblivion as I watched. Simpleburgers . . . Turkey Cashew . . . Frozen Peas Continental . . . Chicken à la Cadillac . . . Quick Mousseline Sauce . . . Bologna Boats with Capered Egg Salad. . . .

John McPhee

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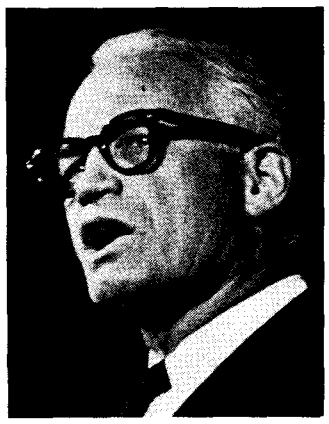
Campaigner Goldwater



WITH THE GOLDWATER CAMPAIGN: An old political theory, much favored by the late Sen. Robert A. Taft, is now being tested by Sen. Barry M. Goldwater. The theory is that only a "real Republican," a no-nonsense conservative who abhors "me-too-ism," can bring out the disgruntled conservative voters and thus beat the hated Democrats.

The theory is being tested under auspicious laboratory conditions—so auspicious that if the theory does not work, its proponents will have no alibi. In the first place, Barry Goldwater certainly qualifies as a "real Republican." As he goes up and down the land, denouncing the Democratic Administration's "retreat, disaster, defeat and corruption," no word tainted with "me-too-ism" escapes his lips.

In the second place, Barry Goldwater is what Bob Taft was not—an absolutely first-class campaigner, a much better campaigner than this reporter had been led by past experience to suppose. On the hustings he looks confident, determined, sincere, handsome and very, very male. He is very good indeed at making the sort of small, locally oriented, politically barbed joke that wows the crowds. At the Boeing bomber plant in Seattle, which has been hit by sharp cutbacks, he told a crowd of workers, "I guess when the next war comes, defense officials will go to Hertz rent-a-bomber."

His formal speeches are well delivered and technically excellent (his resident ghost, Karl Hess, has turned the essential ghostly trick of catching the natural rhythm of Goldwater's speech). Moreover, Goldwater has a peculiar and very valuable ability to project an air of sincerity and sweet reason.

Some of his more violent anti-Johnson diatribes would sound, in the mouth of a Richard Nixon, like an angry snarl. In Goldwater's mouth they sound—although they do not read that way in cold print—like the sort of thing a sensible, solid citizen might say, chatting in the locker room with friends. And yet Goldwater also has the ability to stir emotions—he can rouse the rabble without sounding like a rabble-rouser.

This reporter cannot remember a campaign in which there was more political emotion displayed. This has been true from the very beginning. At the "Goldwater kick-off" in the Dodgers' baseball stadium in Los Angeles, Gen. James Doolittle introduced Goldwater as the leader of the "second American Revolution." And indeed. there was something of revolution in the atmosphere. The well-dressed ladies booed the names of the Democratic bad guys as lustily as any Madame Defarge presiding over the guillotine.

At the "applause points" during the Goldwater speech a huge electric sign over third base would flash one word—CHARGE. Instantly the big stadium would echo with that word, uttered in a great roar, full throated, passionate, belligerent, a little frightening. As the electric sign suggests, there is careful stage-managing at the big Goldwater rallies, to produce a revivalist atmosphere. But the emotion is real; it is not synthetic. And it does have genuine revolutionary overtones.

Many of Goldwater's supporters seem, at first glance, odd revolutionaries. At big rallies they arrive in late-model cars, they are sleekly dressed, and most of them look as though they belong to the country club. But somehow a lot of people in this country—even very prosperous people—are filled with a deep, angry discontent, a feeling of furious frustration. This mood of disgruntlement is one which Goldwater is peculiarly fitted to exploit.

But Goldwater also has an opportunity, which did not exist in Taft's day, to bite deeply into the normally Democratic big-city vote. "I used to be a Democrat," explained an ecstatically applauding, kindly faced man on the outskirts of a Goldwater crowd. "But these niggers are trying to make me a second-class citizen. I guess a man has to be for Goldwater or be a Communist."

If Goldwater himself fails to exploit openly the famous "white backlash," his supporters can be relied upon to do it for him. For example, the Los Angeles County Young Republicans, Goldwaterites to a man, recently passed a series of astonishing resolutions without a single dissenting voice.

The Federal Government, they resolved, "has no legitimate business protecting civil-rights carpetbaggers in the South," which suggests that the three civil-rights workers who were buried under a dam in Mississippi got just what was coming to them. Even more remarkable was a resolution commending Lester Maddox, the segregationist Atlanta restaurant man, for passing out American flags to his customers. The resolution failed to mention that Maddox also provided them with ax handles.

The more irrational Negro leaders and the store-looting Negro teen-agers can no doubt also be relied upon to help the Goldwater cause, as they have in the past. In short, this year of the greatest racial crisis since reconstruction days presents the Goldwaterites with an opportunity to marry the votes of the disgruntled rich to the votes of the disgruntled poor, North as well as South, who fear and increasingly hate the Negroes.

For all these reasons, 1964 ought to be the best possible year to test the "real Republican" theory, and Barry Goldwater ought to be the best man to test it. And yet in one deeply important way, the test will be an unfair one.

Robert A. Taft had a coherent, rational, alternative program to that offered by the Democrats—he would have cut back very sharply on American commitments abroad and on military spending, thus permitting a policy of conservatism and retrenchment at home. But the more Goldwater speaks, the more obvious it becomes that his "choice, not an echo" is not a real choice at all.

There has never been a presidential campaign so filled with internal contradictions as Goldwater's. He promises, or seems to promise, to use the powers of the Presidency to cure "lawlessness on the streets," and in the same breath he promises to "dilute" those powers and return them tc the states. He offers to achieve "victory" over Communism, and to that end to build vastly expensive new weapons systems. In the same breath he promises to balance the budget and reduce taxes by 25 percent. And so on.

Thus Goldwater's "choice" is not really a coherent, rational alternative at all—it is hardly more than an angry cry of protest against things as they are. Personal charm, competent campaigning, plus a cry of protest may elect a senator, but not a President. This is why, after seeing Goldwater in action, this reporter feels almost sure that the Goldwater experiment in "real Republicanism" is destined to fail, and fail disastrously.

Stewart Alsop

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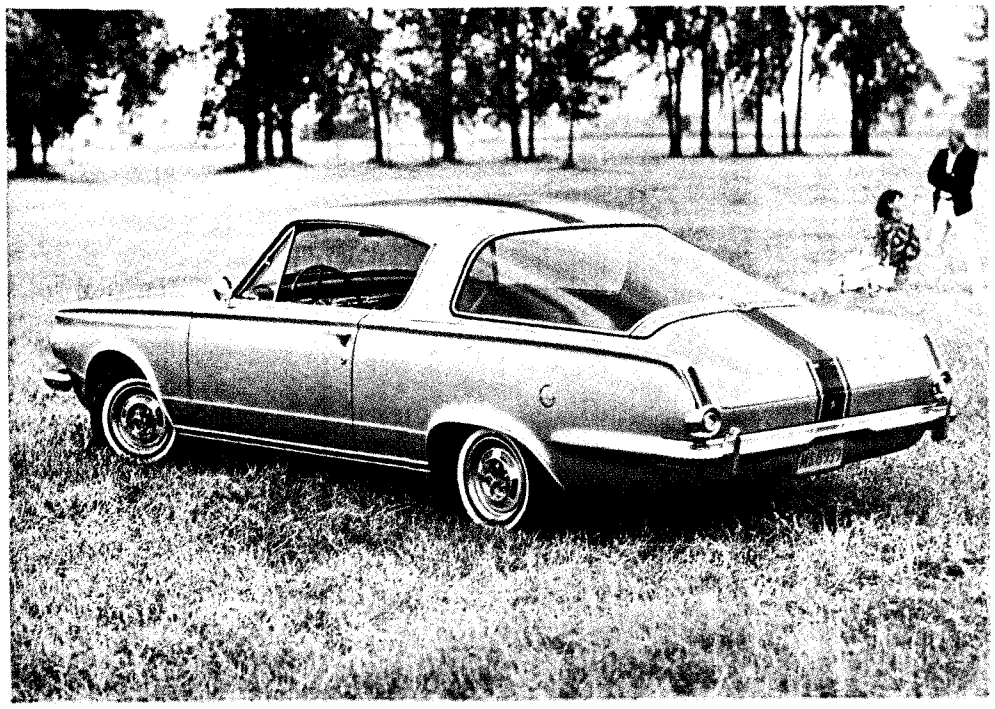

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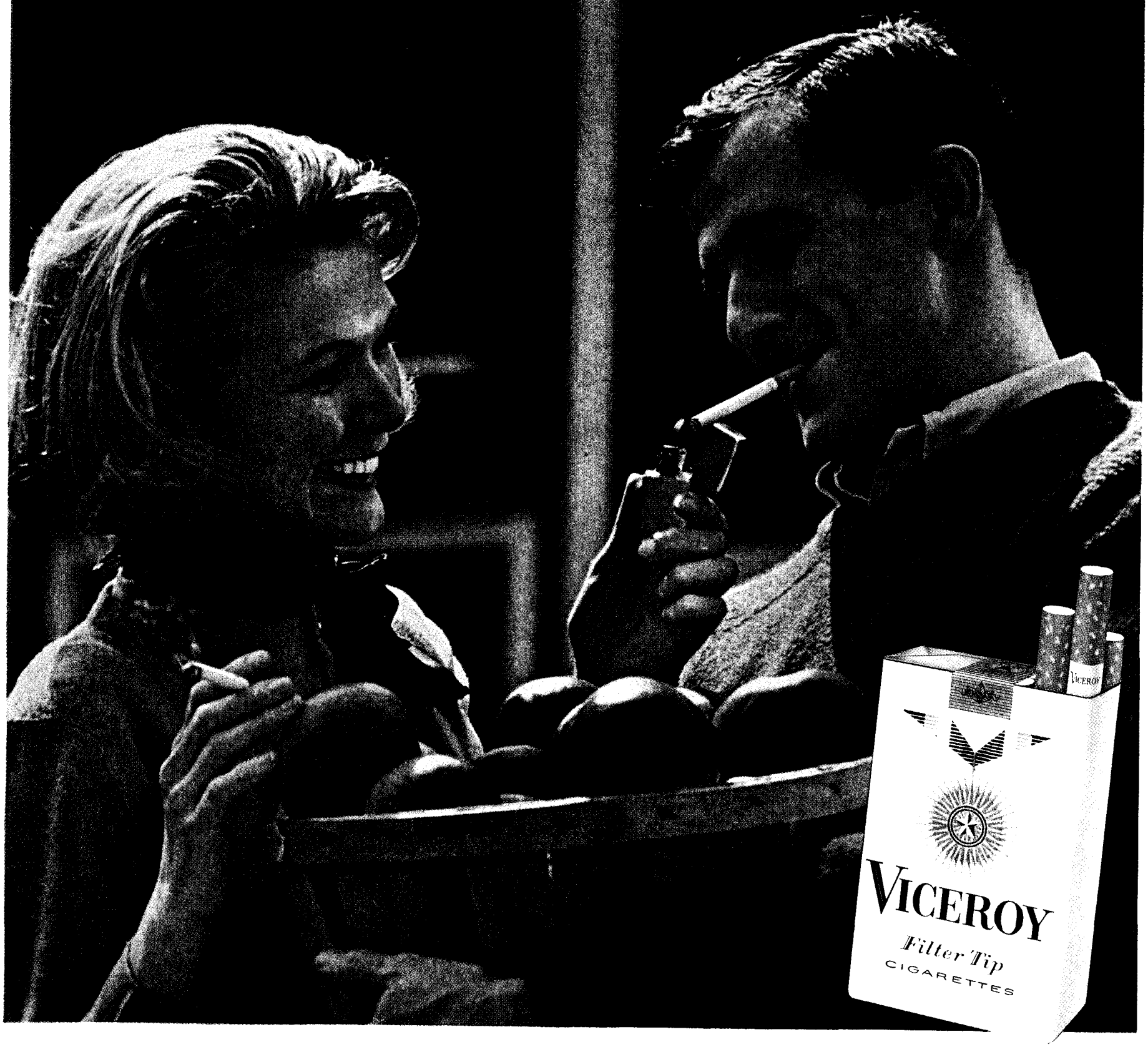

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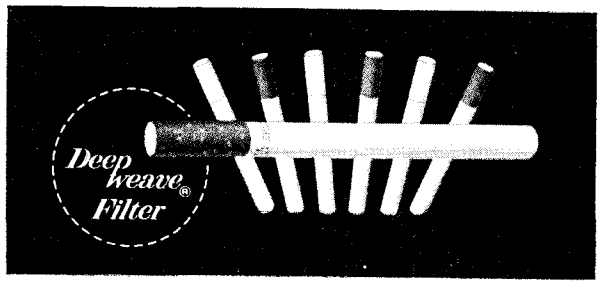

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WITH CLEAN HANDS AND A CLEAR CONSCIENCE

At the time of his death President Kennedy was at work on the book from which these pages are taken. It is a plan of action for the American people and a last testament to a cause the late President cherished.

By JOHN F. KENNEDY

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED BY Benj. Franklin

"I know of no cause which President Kennedy championed more warmly than the improvement of our immigration policies. In 1958, while the fight for the 1957 amendments was still fresh, he published a booklet designed to provide those who were unfamiliar with this aspect of our history with an appreciation of the enormous contributions to American life made by immigrants. When President Kennedy sent his historic message to Congress in 1963 calling for a complete revision of the immigration law, he decided it was also time to revise the book for use as a weapon of enlightenment in the coming legislative battle.

"He was working on the book at the time of the assassination. It was decided that it should be published posthumously. This legacy should not be denied those committed to the battle for immigration reform."

From the Introduction by ROBERT F. KENNEDY

In 1797 a member of Congress argued that, while a liberal immigration policy was fine when the country was new and unsettled, now that America had reached its maturity and was fully populated, immigration should stop—an argument which has been repeated at regular intervals throughout American history. A more serious warning of things to come was sounded in 1897 when Congress, for the first time, provided a literacy test for adult immigrants. President Cleveland vetoed the measure. Presidents Taft and Wilson vetoed similar bills on the ground that literacy was a test only of educational opportunity and not of a person's ability or his potential worth as a citizen. In 1917, with tension high because of the war, Congress

From A Nation of Immigrants, by John F. Kennedy, to be published next month by Harper and Row, © 1964 by Anti-Defamation League of B'nai B'rith.

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The qualifications of an immigrant do not depend upon his country of birth.

overrode President Wilson's veto and the literacy test became law.

The 20-year fight over the literacy test can now be seen as a significant turning point in immigration policy. Indeed, many saw it as such at that time. Finley Peter Dunne, creator of the immortal Mr. Dooley, devoted one of Mr. Dooley's dissertations in 1902 to the subject of the test and immigration. With magnificent irony the Irish bartender says, "As a pilgrim father that missed the first boat, I must raise me claryon voice again' the invasion iv this fair land be th' paupers an' arnychists in Europe. Ye bet I must—because I'm here first . . . In thim days America was th' refuge iv th' oppressed in all th' wurruld . . . But as I tell ye, 'tis diff'rent now. 'Tis time we put our back again' th' open dure an' keep out th' savage horde."

Anti-immigration sentiment was heightened by World War I, and the disillusionment and strong wave of isolationism that marked its aftermath. It was in this climate, in 1921, that Congress passed and the President signed the first major law in our country's history severely limiting new immigration by establishing an emergency quota system. An era in American history had ended; we were committed to a radically new policy toward the peopling of the nation.

The permanent system, which went into force in 1929, includes essentially all the elements of immigration policy that are in our law today. The immigration statutes now establish a system of annual quotas to govern immigration from each country. Under this system 156,987 quota immigrants are permitted to enter the United States each year. The quotas from each country are based upon the national origins of the population of the United States in 1920.

Because of the composition of our population in 1920, the system is heavily weighted in favor of immigration from Northern Europe and severely limits immigration from Southern and Eastern Europe and from other parts of the world.

To cite some recent examples: Great Britain has an annual quota of 65,361 immigration visas and used 28,291 of them. Germany has a quota of 25,814 and uses about that number, but one third of these are for wives of servicemen who may enter on a nonquota basis. Ireland's quota is 17,756 and only 6,054 Irish availed themselves of it. On the other hand, Poland is permitted 6,488, and there is a backlog of 61,293 Poles wishing to enter the United States. Italy is permitted 5,666 and has a backlog of 132,435. Greece's quota is 308; her backlog is 96,538. Thus a Greek citizen desiring to emigrate to this country has little chance of coming here. And an American citizen with a Greek father or mother must wait at least 18 months to bring his parents here to join him. A citizen whose married son or daughter, or brother or sister, is Italian cannot obtain a quota number for them for two years or more. Meanwhile, many thousands of quota numbers are wasted because they are not wanted or needed by nationals of the countries to which they are assigned.

In short, a qualified person born in England or Ireland who wants to emigrate to the United States can do so at any time. A person born in Italy, Hungary, Poland or the Baltic States may have to wait many years before his turn is reached. This system is based upon the assumption that there is some reason for keeping the origins of our population in exactly the same proportions as they existed in 1920. Such an idea is at complete variance with the American traditions and principles that the qualifications of an immigrant do not depend upon his country of birth, and violates the spirit expressed in the Declaration of Independence that "all men are created equal."

Furthermore, the national origins quota system has strong overtones of an indefensible racial preference. It is strongly weighted toward so-called Anglo-Saxons, a phrase which one writer calls "a term of art" encompassing almost anyone from Northern and Western Europe. Sinclair Lewis described his hero, Martin Arrowsmith, this way: "a typical pure-bred-Anglo-Saxon American—which means that he was a union of German, French, Scotch-Irish, perhaps a little Spanish, conceivably of the strains lumped together as 'Jewish,' and a great deal of English, which is itself a combination of primitive Briton, Celt, Phoenician, Roman, German, Dane and Swede."

Yet, however much our present policy may be deplored, it still remains our national policy. As President Truman said when he vetoed the Immigration and Nationality Act of 1952 (only to have that veto overridden): "The idea behind this discriminatory policy was, to put it boldly, that Americans with English or Irish names were better people and better citizens than Americans with Italian or Greek or Polish names. . . . Such a concept is utterly unworthy of our traditions and our ideals."

Another measure of the inadequacy of the Immigration and Nationality Act has been the huge volume of private immigration bills introduced in Congress. These are bills to deal with individual hardship cases for which the general law fails to provide. In the Eighty-seventh Congress over 3,500 such bills were introduced. Private immigration bills make up about half of our legislation today.

It is not hard to see why. A poor European college girl was convicted three times for putting slugs in a pay telephone, and fifteen years later, married to an American teacher abroad, she was denied entrance to our country because of three separate convictions for a crime involving moral turpitude. Or another case: An Italian immigrant living in Massachusetts with his small children could not bring his wife to the United States because she had been

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convicted on two counts involving moral turpitude. Her crimes? In 1913 and 1939 she had stolen bundles of sticks to build a fire. It took acts of Congress to reunite both these families.

There is, of course, a legitimate argument for some limitation upon immigration. We no longer need settlers for virgin lands, and our economy is expanding more slowly than in the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. A superficial analysis of the heated arguments over immigration policy which have taken place since 1952 might give the impression that there was an irreconcilable conflict, as if one side wanted to go back to the policy of our founding fathers, of unrestricted immigration, and the other side wanted to stop all further immigration. In fact, there are only a few basic differences between the most liberal bill offered in recent years, sponsored by former Senator Herbert H. Lehman, and the supporters of the status quo. The present law admits 156,700 quota immigrants annually. The Lehman bill (like a bill introduced by Senator Philip A. Hart and cosponsored by over one third of the members of the Senate) would admit 250,000.

The clash of opinion arises not over the number of immigrants to be admitted, but over the test for admission—the national origins quota system. Instead of using the discriminatory test of where the immigrant was born, the reform proposals would base admission on the immigrant's possession of skills our country needs and on the humanitarian ground of reuniting families. Such legislation does not seek to make over the face of America. Immigrants would still be given tests for health, intelligence, morality and security.

It is not only the initial assignment of quota numbers which is arbitrary and unjust; additional inequity results from the failure of the law to permit full utilization of the authorized quota numbers. The tiny principality of Andorra in the Pyrenees Mountains, with 6,500 Spanish-speaking inhabitants, has an American immigration quota of 100, while Spain, with 30 million people, has a quota of only 250. While American citizens wait for years for their relatives to receive a quota, approximately 60,000 numbers are wasted each year because the countries to which they are assigned have far more numbers allocated to them than they have emigrants seeking to move to the United States. There is no way at present in which these numbers can be reassigned to nations where immense backlogs of applicants for admission to the United States have accumulated. This deficiency in the law should be corrected.

A special discriminatory formula is now applied to the immigration of persons who are attributable by their ancestry to an area called the Asia-Pacific triangle. This area embraces all countries from Pakistan to Japan and the Pacific islands north of Australia and New Zealand. Usually, the quota under which a prospective immigrant must enter is determined by his place of birth. However, if as much as one half of an immigrant's ancestors came from nations in the Asia-Pacific triangle, he must rely upon the small quota assigned to the country of his ancestry, regardless of where he was born. This provision of the law should be repealed.

The Presidential message to Congress of July 23, 1963, recommended that the national origins system be replaced by a formula governing immigration to the United States which takes into account: (1) the skills of the immigrant and their relationships to our needs; (2) the family relationship between immigrants and persons already here, so that the reuniting of families is encouraged; and (3) the priority of registration. Present law grants a preference to immigrants with special skills, education or training. It also grants a preference to various relatives of United States citizens and lawfully resident aliens. But it does so only within a national origins quota. It should be modified so that those with the greatest ability to add to the national welfare, no matter where they are born, are granted the highest priority. The next priority should go to those who seek to be reunited with their relatives. For applicants with equal claims, the earliest registrant should be the first admitted.

In order to remove other existing barriers to the reuniting of families, two additional improvements in the law are needed.

First, parents of American citizens, who now have a preferred quota status, should be accorded nonquota status.

Second, parents of aliens resident in the United States, who now have no preference, should be accorded a preference after skilled specialists and other relatives of citizens and alien residents.

These changes will have little effect on the number of immigrants admitted. They will have a major effect insofar as they relieve the hardship many of our citizens and residents now face in being separated from their parents.

We must avoid what the Irish poet John Boyle O'Reilly once called

Organized charity, scrimped and iced,
In the name of a cautious, statistical Christ.

Immigration policy should be generous; it should be flexible. With such a policy we can turn to the world, and to our own past, with clean hands and a clear conscience. Such a policy would be but a reaffirmation of old principles. It would be an expression of our agreement with George Washington that "The bosom of America is open to receive not only the opulent and respectable stranger, but the oppressed and persecuted of all nations and religions; whom we shall welcome to a participation of all our rights and privileges, if by decency and propriety of conduct they appear to merit the enjoyment." ■

The clash of opinion arises not over numbers but the test of admission.

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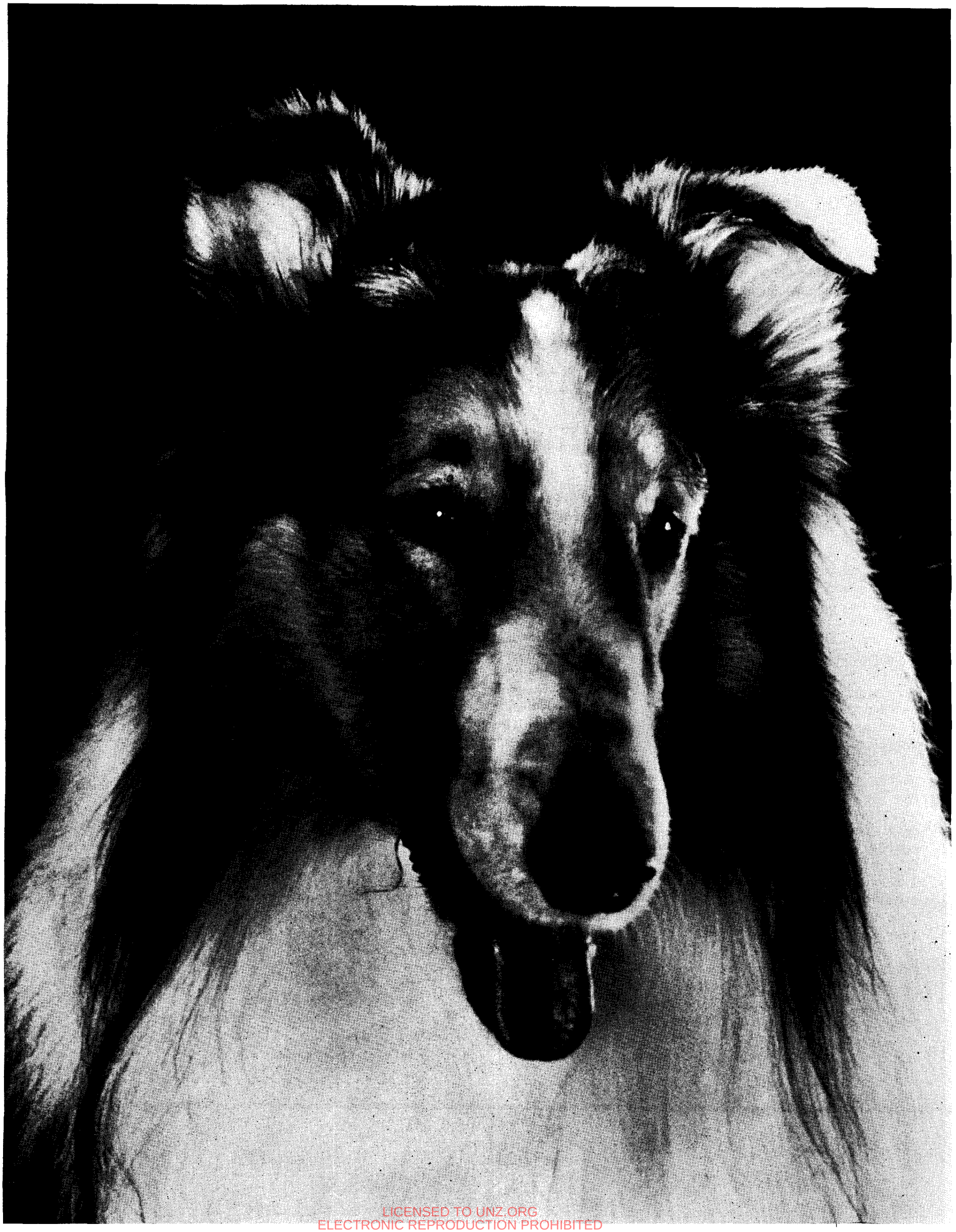

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Lassie shared debut with Elizabeth Taylor.

The saga of Lassie

Money in the millions rides on the back of a trained collie who is really a female impersonator and a whole dog dynasty under a single name.

By Vernon Scott

Quiet. Quiet on the set!" the assistant director shouted. "This is a take." Director William Beaudine, an old-timer who once directed Mary Pickford, nodded approval and called out, "OK, bring on the meat hound!"

Silence engulfed the *Lassie* set. No one talks that way about Lassie; not within earshot of Rudd Weatherwax, the collie's taciturn little owner-trainer. Stiffly, with a command to Lassie, dog and master marched out of Desilu studios and stayed away two weeks.

This little behind-the-scenes drama brought home a point. Lassie is the only television animal who is treated with the deference accorded human stars—and for a very good reason. Having earned some $100 million for a variety of movie and television entrepreneurs, Lassie is unmistakably the most valuable animal performer in show-business history, Rin-Tin-Tin included.

The dog's every move is calculated as carefully as the promotion of Ann-Margaret. The Lassie image has been created by a brain trust comprised of the Campbell Soup Co., the B.B.D.&O. advertising agency, CBS-TV, and 46-year-old Texas oil millionaire Jack Wrather—collectively a syndicate whose function is to present Lassie as the best of man's best friends.

That *Lassie* is big business is evident in the nearly seven million dollars Campbell paid for the series last season. The company's sales zoomed almost 70 percent in the decade *Lassie* has been televised. For these reasons the trust plays down Lassie's secret life as a female impersonator. It refuses to acknowledge that one Lassie died of cancer and another was fired for a nervous disorder—that actually there have been *four* Lassies.

It all began in 1938 when the late Eric Knight wrote a dog story for his young daughter. It was published as a short story and later expanded into a children's book titled *Lassie Come Home*. M-G-M studios bought film rights from Knight in 1941 for less than $10,000. Knight never received another penny.

To find a star, producer Sam Marx and his director, Fred Wilcox, held a mass audition at the old Hollywood Stars baseball park. Of the 300 dogs brought to the ball park, half were mongrels. Every collie was disqualified, including a scruffy specimen belonging to Rudd Weatherwax, an established trainer of movie dogs. Weatherwax, it happened, had been stuck with a collie pup two years earlier in exchange for an unpaid $10 kennel bill. His name was Pal, and he chased motorcycles. When Pal appeared at the ball park, his unpatrician appearance eliminated him from the running without a second glance.

"Then the San Joaquin River in Northern California flooded its banks and gave us a great opportunity for some spectacular footage," Marx recalls. "We needed a collie fast. As a last resort we signed with Weatherwax for one scene, using Pal to swim the flooded river. What the hell, all wet collies look alike. We figured we could match long shots of Pal with close-ups of the dog we eventually picked."

"Pal swam through the water, climbed out on the bank with his tail between his legs and dropped down directly in front of the camera," Weatherwax says. "He put his head between his outstretched paws and slowly closed his eyes."

Marx adds, "He had that dog so well trained that he didn't even shake himself when he came out of the river. It would have ruined the scene, because the dog was supposed to be so exhausted he could barely breathe."

Pal gave the performance of his life and was signed for the starring role. Old hands at M-G-M quote director Wilcox as saying, "Pal jumped into that river, but it was Lassie who climbed out."

Lassie Come Home was budgeted as a "B" picture with a cast of standard English character actors (plus, oddly enough, a youngster named Elizabeth Taylor who was making her movie debut).

Marx says crusty old Louis B. Mayer wept at the preview and increased the budget for additional scenes before the picture was released. It was one of the studio's hits of 1943 and inspired six sequels before wearing out its popularity. In 1952 the *Lassie* movie series was shelved. To settle an uncompleted contract, M-G-M gave the name *Lassie* to Weatherwax.

Less than a year later Weatherwax sold his interest in *Lassie* to Robert Maxwell, producer of the *Superman* TV series, for a projected TV show. Weatherwax

At ranch he paid for, Lassie sports with offspring, one of which may become Lassie V.

Television producers Bonita Granville and Jack Wrather with possible Lassie heir.

Lassie IV is the most talented member of an acting dynasty that goes back to 1942.

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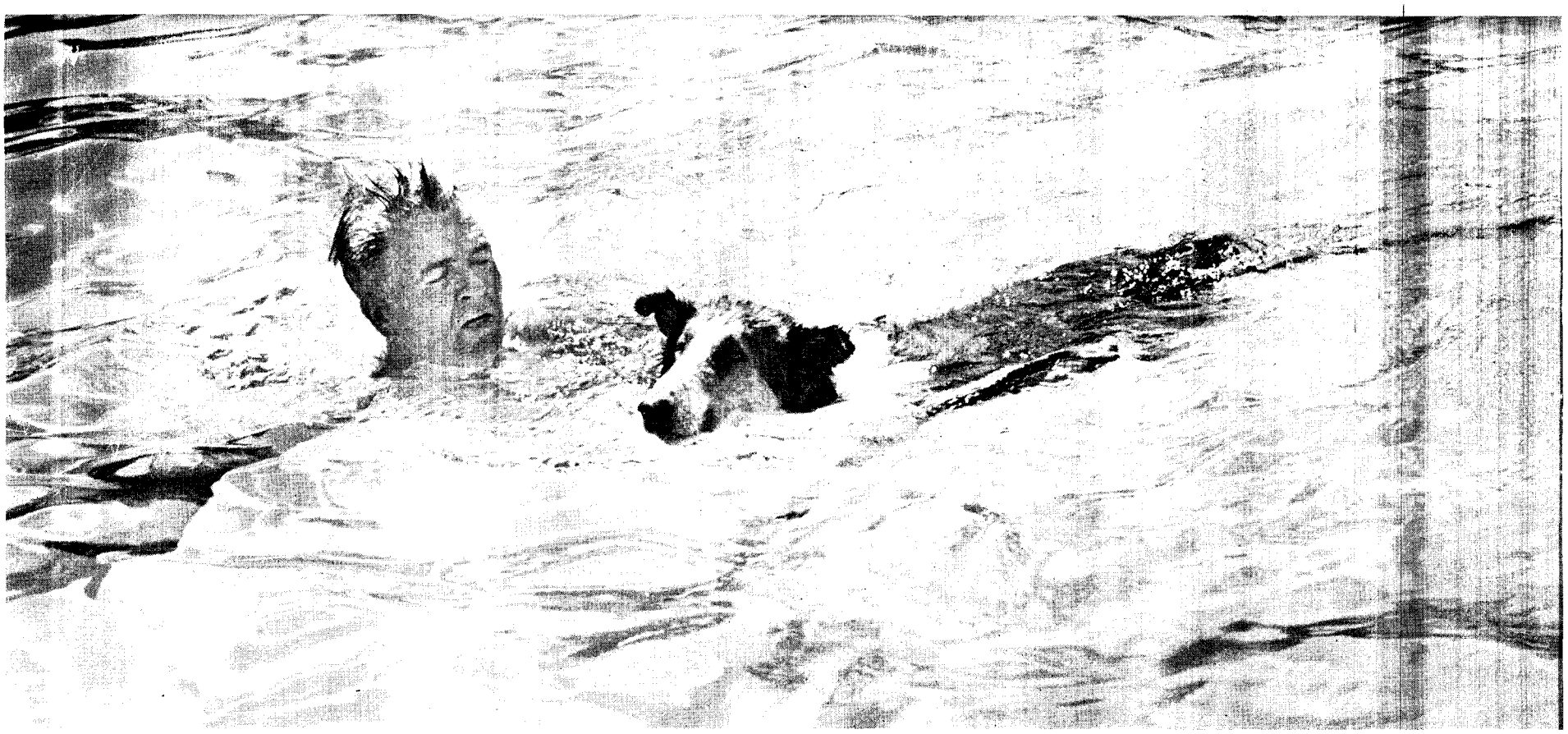
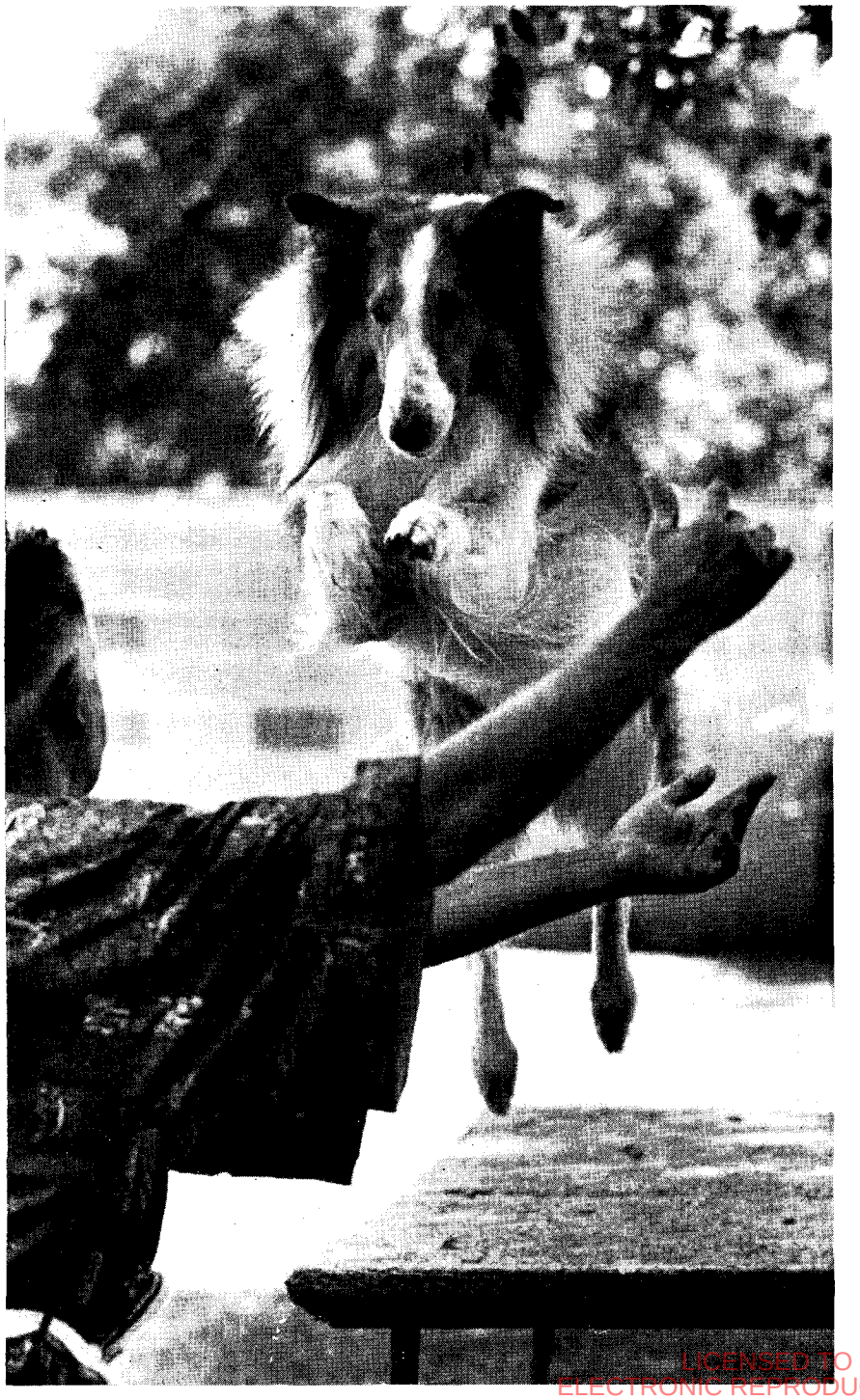


Keeping in trim for the longest-running-adventure-drama series on television, Lassie works out in the swimming pool with his trainer, Rudd Weatherwax.

Lassie sleeps in a king-size bed, is lulled by his own hi-fi set and keeps a pet dog.



Lassie rehearses one of the spectacular jumps which he does in his touring act.

The Saga of Lassie

was to be paid $1,500 per show and 10 percent of the net profits.

Once the show was sold, Pal was replaced by Lassie II, a look-alike collie winnowed from scores of Pal's puppies. Because a year or more had passed since the last *Lassie* movie, viewers failed to note the switch.

Despite being plunked into the desolate seven-o'clock Sunday-night slot, *Lassie* won immediate popularity and was voted Emmy awards for the best children's show of 1954 and 1955. From the beginning, surveys revealed more adults were watching than children.

In the middle of the third year Maxwell, convinced he had exhausted script possibilities, offered to sell *Lassie* back to M-G-M for two million dollars. The company blew a second chance at the golden collie. Maxwell finally sold out to Wrather for $3,250,000, and agreed to stay on for a year as producer. Weatherwax went along in the transaction, selling his 10 percent of the profits to the new management. Like M-G-M and Maxwell, he underestimated the collie's extraordinary staying power.

"The families on the show changed faster than the weather in Chicago," says character actor George Chandler, who played Uncle Petrie in one family for two seasons. "Lassie was great, but my God, you were playing fifth banana to a dog. I'm a Phi Beta Kappa, but the dog was smarter on the screen than I was."

"They had to find reasons for us to be morons so the dog could outsmart us," says Cloris Leachman, who portrayed the mother, but was dropped after 26 weeks because she occasionally played the show for laughs. "I can't say I miss the dog. We never were that close."

Then, in 1959, tragedy and panic struck the series when Lassie II died of cancer.

A third collie, bred and hurriedly trained by Weatherwax, was rushed into the show. This time viewers *did* notice the difference in dogs, and several thousand wrote in asking what happened.

But this was only the beginning of the show's troubles. Lassie III was a high-strung collie who jumped out of his skin at the sound of gunshots (an integral part of the show). He swooned when arc lights exploded on the set. In 1961, after two uneasy years as a star, Lassie III departed, trembling, into fitful retirement, to be succeeded by the fourth and current Lassie. Crew members and cast agree that Lassie IV is the brightest, best natured and most beautiful of all the dogs. Wrather says the collie looks as if he's thinking—possibly about more money.

Lassie IV, almost five years old, *does* have a definite canine charm. He is friendly with the crew, aloof with strangers and appears to sense he is a cut above other dogs. When he completes a demanding scene, the stagehands applaud, as they did last year when Lassie, obeying shouted commands from Weatherwax, jumped through flaming underbrush in a forest-fire scene and emerged with smoke curling from his singed coat.

Because Lassie is better trained than his doubles, he does almost all of his own stunts. Two years ago Lassie was almost crushed to death between logs in a millpond sequence, but escaped injury by ducking underwater and climbing to safety when the logs sloshed apart.

"All the Lassies have had a sense of humor," says Weatherwax. "This one knows what the director means by 'cut,' and he stops whatever he's doing to relax. The first TV Lassie had to carry a live snake in his mouth for a scene. When he got out of camera range, he dropped the damned thing into the lap of the female associate producer. She hated snakes, and Lassie knew it."

The trainer rewards Lassie with a bite of cold roast beef after every successful take. Weatherwax rehearses complicated

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stunts with Lassie at home, enabling the dog to do most of his scenes in a single take. Lassie, trained to be gentle with small animals, balked at chasing a rabbit for a sequence in which Lassie was supposed to be lost and starving. A double was used for the chase, but in the close-up Lassie clamped his jaws tenderly around the rabbit and patted the terrified bunny with his paw before releasing it. This unrehearsed bit was kept in the completed segment.

On the sound stage Lassie greets visitors with a sedate lick on the hand, leaving the lickee with a distinct feeling that he has met a *star*. When not working, the star rests undisturbed on a green baize platform, a foot off the ground, to prevent crew members from accidentally stepping on him.

Resting is the dog's favorite pastime in the neat San Fernando Valley ranch-style home he shares with Weatherwax and his wife. Lassie's boudoir is a standard-sized bedroom with a king-sized bed and chest of drawers. A persimmon carpet matches the bedspread, and an oil portrait of Lassie IV (painted on black velvet) hangs on one wall. A hi-fi set throbs soft Hawaiian music to keep the dog tranquilized.

The collie even has his own pet dog, a hero-worshipping Australian silky named "Silky," who prances adoringly after the star. "He plays with that little dog for hours sometimes," Weatherwax says. "It's good relaxation for him."

A half dozen other dogs, collie-breeding stock, prowl the yard and kennels. Weatherwax identifies one shy female as "Girlie," Lassie's wife. "Girlie" and other white females are bred with Lassie with the idea of producing an additional supply of male puppies with white blazes on their faces—the distinguishing characteristic of any dog destined to play Lassie. Females, says Weatherwax, are too small and timid for the role.

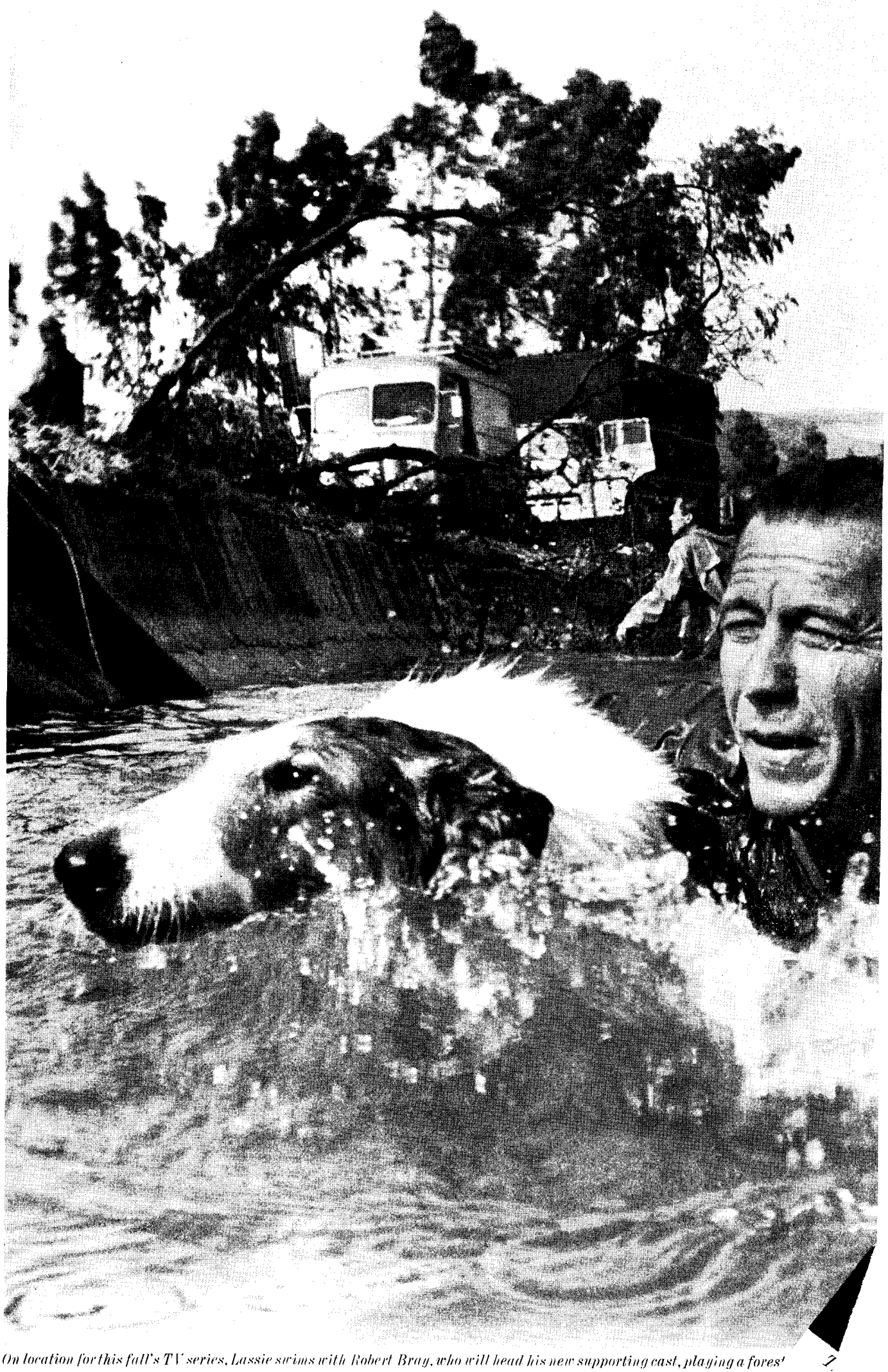
"If Lassie dropped dead now, it would be like losing a human star," the trainer says. "The series would have to close down, because I haven't got another dog ready to take his place—not yet, anyhow. I've bred a thousand collies over the years and found only three or four that look enough like the original Lassie and could be trained to take the part. It's impossible to use dyes or cosmetics on a dog."

When not working or making personal appearances, Lassie sometimes gets into mischief. There are times when he raids the large kitchen refrigerator by opening the latch with his teeth. Special locks have been installed on doors leading to the yard to prevent Lassie from opening the house to other dogs.

Lassie's once-a-day meal is a stew concocted of beef chuck, carrots, onions, celery, green beans and garlic, supplemented by cottage cheese and vitamins. Bottled water and ground beef are taken along when the dog goes on the road.

This fall Lassie's current family will be eased out of the series when the family packs off to Australia, where quarantine laws make it almost impossible to import a dog. The collie will remain behind to take up with a forest ranger, played by Robert Bray, who appeared in the series last season.

The new format is the result of a Wrather experiment the past two seasons with episodes which isolated Lassie from farm and family. The ratings showed that the dog—and only the dog—was the star of the show. As one member of the cast puts it, "All that show really needs is a collie and a camera." THE END



On location for this fall's TV series, Lassie swims with Robert Bray, who will head his new supporting cast, playing a forest

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L.B.J. COUNTRY

By Bill Porterfield / Photographs by Bill Bridges

Thunderheads boil up over countryside near Fredericksburg, county seat of Gillespie County, where President Johnson was born. Stone house in lower right

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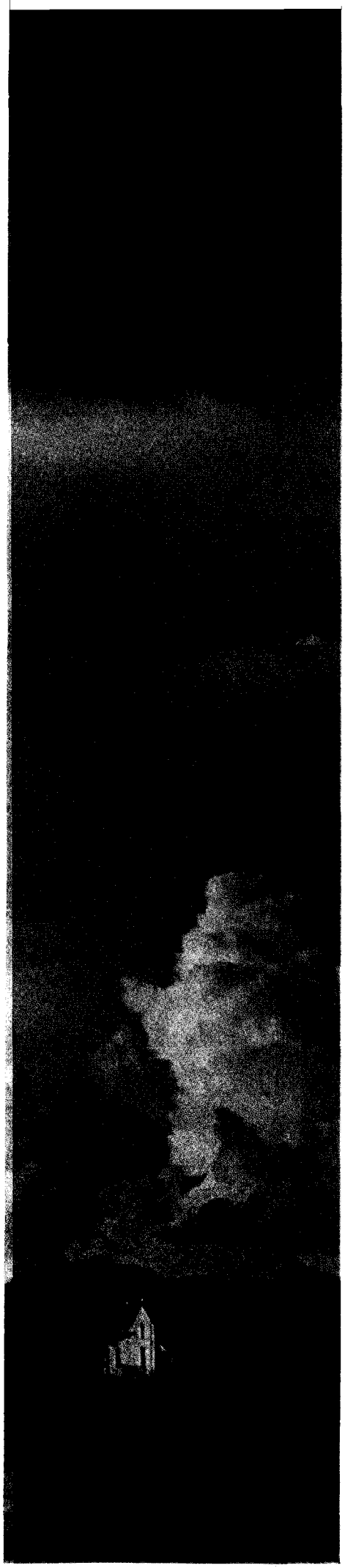
The harsh land in Texas where Lyndon Johnson grew up can be hell on a farmer, but it is rich in the warmth and the individuality of its people.



German built, about 100 years old.

U.S. 290 climbs a range of small mountains 43 miles west of Austin, glides through a gap and drops into a little valley—into a land that will be the stuff of legend as long as Americans dream.

In these hills a President of the United States of America was born and here he grew to manhood.

Because his origin was common and obscure, and because his root and rhythm and destiny took seed and shape here, people will come to these hills when he is gone, when you and I and our children are gone, to look and ponder and dream.

It is a place for dreams, a country of pink granite mountains and purple hills, of golden meadows and green valleys, of blue lakes and clear springs. There are more deer here than men; more fish and wild turkey and beaver.

But it is not paradise. When you look closely, it is harsh country. All life below man seems stunted, compromised. The deer are small, the turkeys scrawny. The hills never quite become mountains. Trees twist out of the rock and reach warped fingers toward the burning sun. The grass on the limestone ranges is dry and barely boot high. The earth hardens and cracks in the heat. After a long drought the rivers run low and lazy; the creeks go down to bedrock, the fish to fossils.

A turn in the weather can change all this in a matter of hours, for here is a country of extremes. Torrents of rain—"stump movers" and "gully washers" they call them—come out of nowhere to flood the canyons and wash away houses and whole herds of cattle.

Yet all things live in this crucible of compromise, where an idealistic tree can somehow take root and grow through a crack in the hardest rock. "Lookit that tree hanging up there where it has no business being," says an old-timer. Bluebonnets bloom in cactus patches. Rattlesnakes rest in rabbit holes, and frisky lambs frolic under the patient arc of a gliding buzzard.

This ranch country is hell on a farmer; yet you can find patches of level land where the rock and the plow have come to an understanding, and out of the shallow soil pop pecans, peaches, grains and arrowheads.

The land and the limitless sky dwarf a man—but make him feel larger than life. This country can coax and coddle and please you with its beauty and resource; and drive you to drink with its willful meanness and dismal poverty. It is a living thing, this country—always with you, under your feet, over your head, in your mind and heart.

The heart of Lyndon Baines Johnson is in these highlands; this is where he learned as a boy the lesson of the rock and the tree, and this is where he comes to rest and find the source of his strength.

He sees the cattle rancher live beside the goat rancher, the sheep rancher and the dude rancher. He knows men who are all of these without contradiction.

He heard his granddaddy talk of the time the Indian, the Negro, the Anglo-American, the German and the Mormon

President in the saddle at LBJ Ranch.

lived together in these hills. They did not always live in peace.

The Indian left in anger. The Mormon wandered off in search of God. The Anglo hung the German to a tree because the German refused to enslave the Negro. Most of the Negroes left. The Germans stayed. The Anglos stayed. And they learned to live together.

This is the country that shaped a President.

It was almost noon.

Miz Minnie Cox, the secretary of the Johnson City Chamber of Commerce, sat in the chamber's new office on Main Street. The office is really an old gas station, but it has been repainted, the pumps removed and petunias planted in their place. It seems nice and new to Minnie, who used to have to run the chamber's business from her home.

"Hidy."

Minnie nodded. She was a tall, angular woman with a businesslike expression on her face and a hair bun at the nape of her neck. She sold a pamphlet called *L.B.J. . . . His Home and Heritage* and handed over a free map of the town.

"If you want to see L.B.J.'s boyhood home, it's one block over on Ninth Street," Minnie said.

"I thought he lived in a shack on the Pedernales River when he was a boy."

"Oh, he was born on the Perd 'n Alice all right," Minnie said. "But after several years they moved into town here and Lyndon lived on Ninth Street until he got out of high school and left home.

"Look, you can see the house from here—the white one with the fence around it. Nobody lives there anymore. The family just keeps it looking nice."

Miz Minnie locked up and went to lunch. The Johnson place is an old house with a windmill out back. But there isn't much character in the place now.

Sparrows chattered in the pecan trees on the courthouse square.

A couple of cowboys were drinking beer in Red's Place behind the courthouse. Red stuck a sign in his fly-specked window. It said the Alamo Boys would play for the Saturday-night dance at the Mustang Tavern on Round Mountain. Red didn't mind posting the notice. He didn't have a dance floor—yet.

The enchiladas were good and oniony at Minnie's Pilgrim Café. The jukebox blared. Buck Owens sang through his nose about how his love for some gal was high as a mountain and deep as the sea.

The highest thing in town, except for a cowpoke at Red's Place, was the water tower. The deepest thing was the frown on Zeke Felps's face. He'd just lost a domino game to James Ealy Johnson, the President's cousin. They sat at a table under the mulberry tree beside Casparis's Café. "Shuffle 'em," Zeke said. "Annie won't have dinner ready no'how."

It is eight o'clock at night in Johnson City, and the fireflies are burning brightly and the sparrows are turning quietly in the pecan trees about the courthouse.

A cat lies in the second-story window of the Adams Hotel, silhouetted by the faint glare of a bare bulb burning in the bathroom beyond. She lifts her tail with a violent jerk, then lets it float softly down again. On the porch below, three old men talk in low voices as they rock in creaking chairs. Two wear broad-brimmed hats, and one wears no hat at all.

Some baby's daddy sits in the doorway of the automatic laundry waiting for a tub of diapers to spin dry.

Miz Waters is out in the yard of her boardinghouse sniffing the larkspur.

Three friendly fellows talk in the Friendly Bar. Two wear broad-brimmed hats and one wears a baseball cap.

The old men on the porch of the Adams Hotel stand stiffly, stretch and swallow toothless yawns. They go inside and the screen door slaps behind them.

A car rolls up to the hotel. It is Russell Strege, the crippled singer of sad songs, at the wheel. He backs the old car up an alley and parks it on a slope. He knows the car battery will be dead by morning, and he wants a downhill start to wherever he is going.

Strege limps to a porch chair, pushes back his broad-brimmed hat and strokes a cheap guitar. The sheriff's car moves slowly past, its long antenna swaying like the cat tail in the second-story window. Strege swallows a yodel and limps into the darkness where old men and loners sleep.

And that's the way it is around the square in Johnson City, Tex., U.S.A., at eight o'clock on a summer's night in the year of the ascension of L.B.J.

Down back of town, in the Maverick Tavern on old 281, Andrew is talking with Oscar. Andrew is the proprietor. Oscar is the customer.

"Tha other day," Andrew says to Oscar, "a tourist came in here and ast me wher tha Prezadent's place was, and I said, 'Which?'

"And he said, 'Which? Don't you know you got a Prezadent from here?'

"And I said, 'Course I know we got a

The article starting on this page is taken from "The President's Homeland" by Bill Porterfield, © 1964 by The Houston Chronicle.

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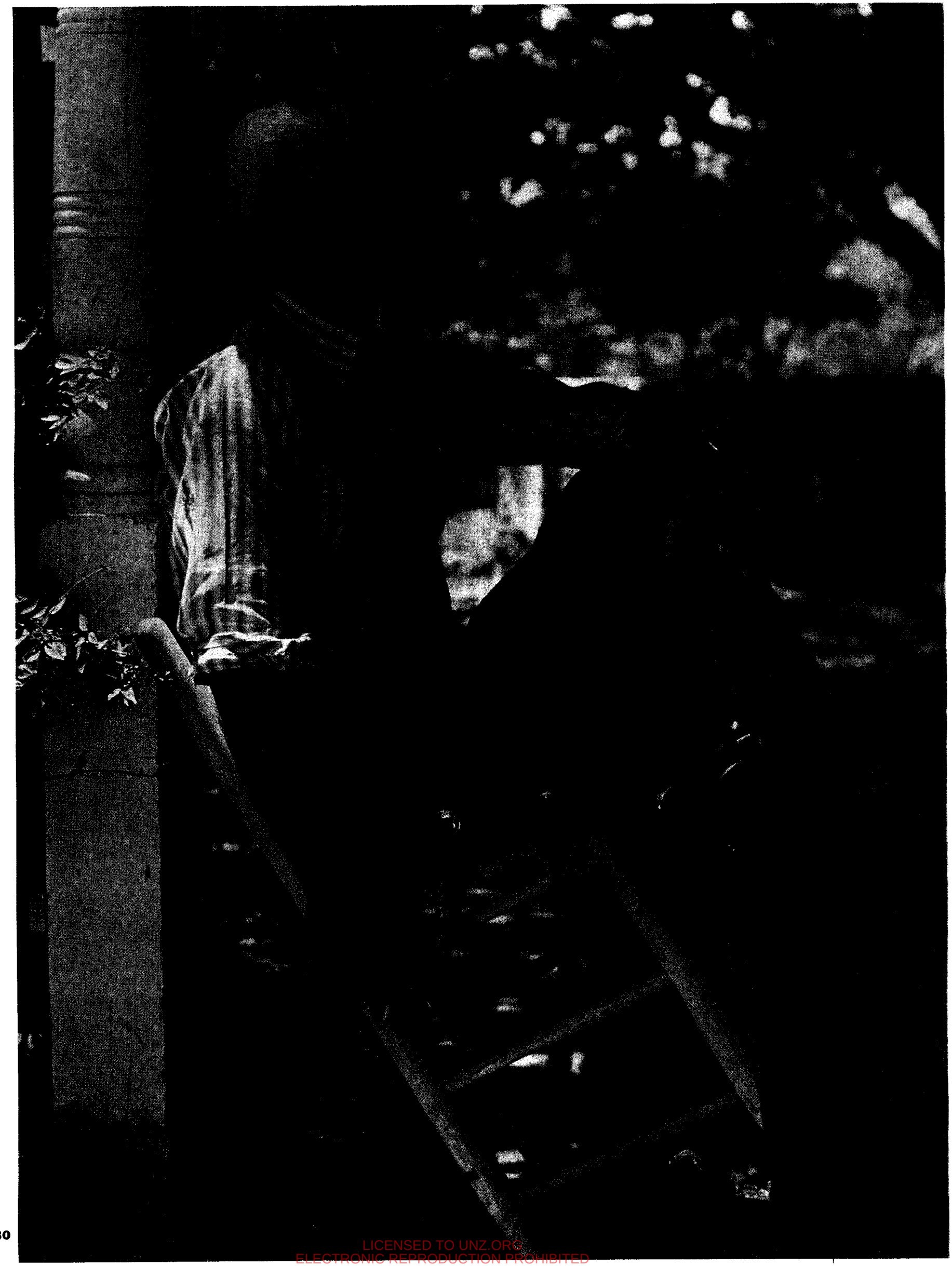

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Austin and Fannie Casparis live in the café where she used to serve chili to a younger Lyndon Johnson. Café is not open for business anymore, but Fannie keeps it as it was.

"Mr. Johnson has got beeeeg long ears, like a gooood horse."

L.B.J. Country

Prezadent from HERE. He's drunk beer in the very spot you're standin' on. I meant which place of hiz? He's got a dozen places 'round this country.

"And you know what that tourist said? He said, 'Hell, I don't see how this place ever made a Prezadent.'

"And I said, 'Looky here, boy. This place ain't never MADE nobody. He made hizself.' And that's a fact."

Oscar shook his head and said, "All them bodyguards. Ever'where he goes. I'd ruther be me."

Every day Fannie and Austin Casparis get up and let the morning sun come into their little café on the square in Johnson City. Fannie parts the curtains and Austin turns on the floor fan and opens the door. Then they sit in rocking chairs and wait.

Austin waits for the sun to hit half-past high noon. Then he'll go out under the mulberry tree for an afternoon of dominoes with James Ealy Johnson, Zeke Felps, Clegg Smith, John Martin and Lee Green. Sometimes Otho Summy sits in on the game.

Fannie just sits and rocks until time to close. She waits for customers. She knows they will never come.

When people in Johnson City eat out now, they go to Minnie Pilgrim's or Danz's Barbecue or to one of the two cafés located out on the highway.

Cowboy Chuck Richey, lean and leathery, judges people the way he judges horses.

Customers used to come to Fannie's café. When Lyndon Johnson was a tall, lanky boy, he would walk in at noon, and Fannie would slide a bowl of chili in front of him. She never had to ask what he wanted. If Lyndon didn't ask for a second helping, Fannie would put her hands on her hips and shake her head. Lyndon was a schoolmate of Fannie's oldest daughter, Louise.

There's nothing wrong with Fannie's cooking now. Austin still eats it, and he's a strong 82. It is just that Fannie had to quit cooking for the public.

Ten years ago she was peeling potatoes when she fell and broke a hip. Austin locked up and drove her to the hospital. Fannie was 68 at the time, and her bones didn't set the way the doctors wanted. But she got up and about, even opened the café again.

But the strain of cooking for crowds and waiting tables was too much. The kids made her close for good.

Well, Fannie couldn't bring herself to do just that. She compromised. Every morning she went down to the café, opened the doors and placed a "CLOSED" sign in the window. Then she sat there in her rocking chair, waiting for customers she knew would never come.

Austin joined her. They began having their meals in the café. Every night after supper Fannie would mix up a batch of sourdough just as she did in the old days. She would set it on the table, and they would lock up and walk the half block home. Fannie would be in the café early the next morning, and everybody around the square could smell her bread baking. Austin got his fill of bread. One day they moved beds into the back of the café. They seldom go home anymore.

Twice a week now Fannie washes and irons the café's tablecloths and mops the floor. She keeps fresh salt and pepper and sugar on each table.

The place looks open for business. The CLOSED sign is small. A stranger missed it the other day. He walked in and ordered a hamburger. Fannie's eyes lighted up for an instant, then she shook her head sadly and turned him away.

Chuck Richey is like any cowpoke—lean, leathery and bowlegged. He judges people as though they were horses.

"You don't look so good, boy!" his friend Ace Reid said, dropping by Chuck's corral to visit.

"Don't feel so good."

"Whatsomatter?"

"Awww . . . Joe Ramos and his bandito beer joint is gonna make a drunk outa me. Ever' time I get to sleep at night, the music from the jukebox wakes me up. The joint's right down behind the house. So ever' night I have to get up and go down there and tell Joe to turn the dang thang down. Well you know how it is. While you're down there, you might as well have a beer. I been gettin' to bed awful late."

Ace said Chuck used the same veterinarian as the President. He was leading up to something.

"I shore do," Chuck said, "and Doc Thomas is a good 'un."

"Is Lyndon Johnson gonna be a good 'un?" Ace asked.

"You durn right he is," Chuck said, "the best tha New Nited States ever had. He's got beeeeg long ears, like a gooood horse. Ever'thang's beeeeg about his face. A feller with leeeeetle bitty eyes and short ears don't thank, and Mr. Johnson is jeeeest the opposite."

"Go see Percy Brigham," people used to tell flatlanders who came to Blanco County on business. Now they say, "Go see A. W. Moursund."

Moursund, the Johnson City lawyer-rancher who takes care of the L.B.J. family's private interests, is the county's power boss now. Brigham, the Blanco banker who loaned Lyndon Johnson money to start college on, is the old boss.

Moursund is understandably a busy man. Brigham, 86, is not so busy. He recently retired after 57 years with the Blanco National Bank. A telephone call from Johnson City found him at home.

How long would it take to get there?

"Well," Brigham replied in a soft drawl, "if you're walkin', might take a day or two. But if you're drivin' you'll probably be here before I finish lunch, and I just sat down at the table."

The town of Blanco lies 14 miles to the south of Johnson City. Johnson City is the county seat, but Blanco is bigger by about 200 folks. Both places look much alike—one traffic light and a few stores built around a native-stone courthouse.

The courthouse in Blanco stands dark and empty, a symbol of Blanco's defeat in

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"The kids don't want to stay here and fight drought for a livin'."

L.B.J. Country

a long-ago rivalry that still hangs in the air like a black curtain separating the towns. Blanco was the county seat until 1890, when Johnson City took it away in a special election—by 65 votes.

Welcome signs on the outskirts of both towns hint a new rivalry. Johnson City's sign announces that you are entering the HOME TOWN OF LYNDON B. JOHNSON. Blanco has had to settle for the "Homeland" of L.B.J.

Blanco was founded in 1853 as Pittsburgh. Johnson City wasn't founded until 1878. It was named after James Johnson, a cousin of the President's grandfather.

Percy Brigham was finished with lunch. "Let's talk in my office at the bank," he said. "My wife's not feelin' too well."

He walked slowly to the bank, greeting those he met by their first names. He is a tall man, straight as a stem of prairie hay. He has a rugged face, a strong jaw. But his manner is gentle, and there is humor in his eyes.

He said he was born on the Blanco River, son of a rancher. He has been a lawyer, a schoolteacher, an insurance-man, a banker and, you damn right, a Democrat.

Above his desk is a portrait of Lyndon Johnson taken when he was a senator. It is signed with a fond inscription.

The story goes that when young Johnson decided to go to college, he applied for a loan at the Johnson City Bank and got turned down. He went to Brigham, who gave him the money without a question. Did Brigham have any idea that the young man before him with a hand out would ever amount to anything?

"Oh, Lyndon was a bright, hard-workin' boy," Brigham said. "But let's don't talk about that loan. That's Lyndon's business and not mine. I can tell you he paid it back promptly."

The old banker said his contact with the Johnson family goes back to the early 1900's, when he worked in the Blanco law office of Judge Joseph W. Baines, the President's maternal grandfather.

"Judge Baines was one of the great men of Texas," Brigham said. "I learned more law under him than I ever did at the University of Texas."

He emphasized that Baines's daughter, Rebekah, the President's mother, was raised in Blanco.

"She was one of the smartest women I've ever known," Brigham said. "That's where Lyndon got his brains. His old daddy, Sam, was straight as a shingle."

The Baineses came from Blanco and the Johnsons from Johnson City. Looked like both places would claim the President. He laughed. Lyndon was a big man. The whole hill country could call him its own. Even Gillespie County, traditionally an island of Republicanism, would go for the native son next election. Yes sir, native son, born in Gillespie County. Folks over there were going to see the light and do him right for a change. Hadn't he done right by everybody? He had helped bring in electric cooperatives, dams and soil-saving measures.

Still, Brigham said, not even Lyndon Johnson has been able to stop the death of the old way of life.

"The ranch folks are selling out," he said. "Selling out to the rich devils from Houston, Austin and Dallas.

"These playboys are willing to pay high prices for the land," he said. "Prices so high that the little rancher has little choice but to sell. Their kids don't want to stay here in these rocky hills and fight drought to make a livin', so the old folks put their places on the market and retire on the take. The goin' price for the poorest land here in Blanco County is $105 an acre. You can't buy an acre of riverfront property for less than $250—if you can buy any at all."

He sat deep in thought.

Did he think it was worth it spending a lifetime here?

"Hell," he said, breaking into a grin, "I feel good. I'm a pioneer. Wouldn't take back a minute of it."

Zeke Felps sits in a chair up against the cool side of the house. His wife Annie's beans burble on the stove, rattling the lid. The scent seeps out and finds his nose in the yard. It will be a while yet.

The sun hangs over the Pedernales, reluctant to go down. Still, the turkeys know. They feel in their feathers the death of day. They will be safe on their roosts at the first fall of darkness. But there is time enough for talk on the cool side of a rock house in a tiny Texas town in the 78th year of our Zeke. Old men talk at twilight, knowing they may not wake at morning.

Zeke used to hire out for extra money. One time, he said, he was working on a road gang with a young fella by the name of Lyndon Johnson. Lyndon's daddy was the foreman. Lyndon drove a pickup truck on the job. The other drivers would back up their trucks to a dirt pile, then get out and help shovel the dirt into the truck bed. Lyndon would back up his truck to the dirt pile, then settle in the seat for a nap while the others shoveled.

"Go on, Zeke Felps!" Annie scolded. "That doesn't sound like the President. Why he runs everybody else ragged up there in Washington!"

"Lyndon was no fool," he said. "He knew what he was about. He was savin' his energy to run this country."

The cemetery was full of Felpses, and Zeke walked upon his dead kin, stopping here and there to read an epitaph. Uncle Wid was under the spreading branches of a cedar tree, Uncle Brit beside an oak.

Otho Summy pointed at two headstones and said, "Zeke, there's your granddaddy and grandmamma."

Zeke nodded. "I know it, Otho," he said, "and you're standing on my daddy and mamma." Otho looked down and stepped off of them.

It is a nice place in May. The old trees keep the sun out, and the graveyard is dark and cool and wild-flower fragrant A sweet nostalgia—not a sour sadness or mawkish remembrance—pervades. It is a country cemetery with a quiet, simple dignity.

Zeke found the grave of Tom and Eliza Felps, who were killed by Comanches and buried together in the same hole. Eliza was the last woman scalped by Indians in Blanco County. They didn't scalp Tom, Zeke said, because Tom had red hair. Tom was Zeke's uncle and a third cousin to Otho Summy.

It happened in 1869, which seems a long time ago. But Miz Jennie Shipp of Johnson City, who'll be 100 years old in November, remembers the grown-ups talking about the tragedy. A posse found the bodies the next day. Tom had been shot and stabbed and stripped of his clothes. Eliza Felps lay naked, an arrow puncturing her breast. She had been scalped alive, but managed to crawl some distance before dying.

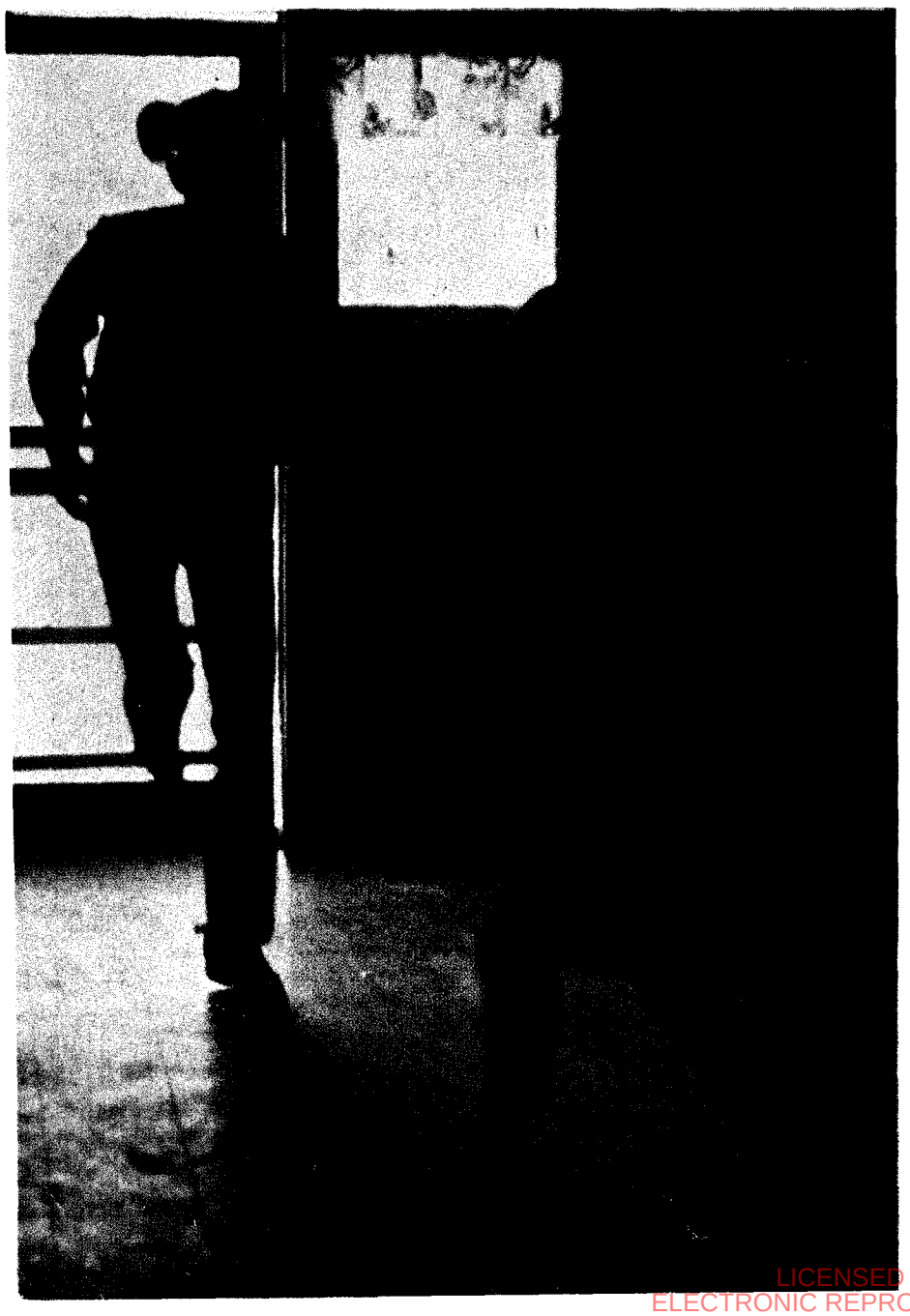
The posse rode off in search of the Comanches. One of the deputies was Sam Ealy Johnson Sr., who left his wife and infant daughter alone in their cabin.

Sam's wife was named Eliza too. She was drawing water from a spring near her cabin when she saw Comanches coming through the woods on horses. There wasn't a man in the settlement. She ran to the cabin, grabbed her baby and crawled down into a cellar beneath the cabin floor. She closed the trap door, stuck a stick through the crack and pulled a braided rug over the door. Then she tied an extra diaper over the baby's mouth to keep it from crying out loud.

The Indians stomped into the cabin and tore up the place. But they didn't find Eliza Johnson and her baby. She heard them go to the barn, get fresh horses and ride away. She didn't come out of the cellar until Sam got home after dark. He told her they didn't catch the Indians. She pointed to a trunk. The Comanches had destroyed wedding gifts the Johnsons had brought by wagon from Lockhart.

Sam and Eliza Johnson did right well with their lives. Sam and his brother Tom became the biggest trail drivers in seven counties—until Texas droughts and Kansas blizzards killed their cattle and left them broke. But Eliza Johnson bore Sam eight more children, and the fifth child, Samuel Ealy Johnson Jr., made the family proud. He married a genteel beauty, Rebekah Baines, became a farmer, served in the state legislature for 12 years and sired a President.

One night in 1898, Creed Taylor was called to the house of his neighbor, Jess Whitson. The messenger said Whitson was dying and wanted to talk to Creed. Creed wondered why. He and Whitson had been feuding for years, but he wasn't about to fight a man on his deathbed.



Ranch hand, celebrating Saturday night, dances with local girl in Joe Ramos's bar

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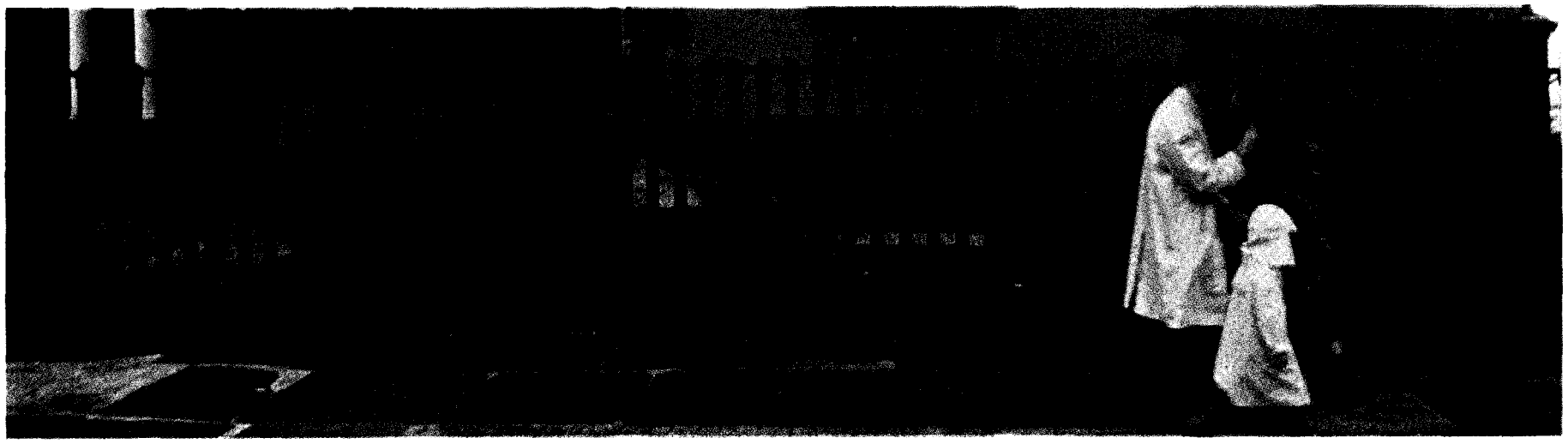

Cheering way
to warm them up:
Campbell's Chicken with Rice Soup

They always eat better when you remember the soup

When the weather is damp or chilly, be sure you put enough on. (Open two cans of Campbell's Chicken with Rice Soup.) The golden broth, fluffy white rice and tender bites of chicken in this delicious soup make second helpings almost a rule. When folks come in from the cold, Chicken with Rice makes warm friends fast.

Reach for the *Campbell's* — it's right on your shelf

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L.B.J. Country

"What is it, Jess?" Creed asked suspiciously at the bedside.

"Now, Creed," Jess said, "all I've ever said about you or done to you, I want you to forgive me for if I die."

Creed said he would.

"All right," Jess said, seemingly relieved. But then he had a second thought. He looked up at Creed and said, "But if I live, by Gatlins, all those things I said still stand good."

When Widow Schubert's new house began to take shape northwest of Canyon City, in Comal County, the folks in town drove out and looked it over and decided what they had long suspected was surely true. The widow, who every evening came to town to pick up free slop from the cafés for her chickens, certainly had more money than she pretended. The new house was a dream compared to her old house. It was low and modern and had an all-electric kitchen, wall-to-wall carpets and central air conditioning.

One day a moving van from San Antonio pulled up in front of the new house, and the driver and his helper unloaded some of the finest furniture ever seen in Comal County. When the last chair was in place, Widow Schubert took a look around her palace, locked all the doors and went back to her old house.

That was two years ago, and Widow Schubert still hasn't moved into the new place. It is worrying the dickens out of the folks in Canyon City.

"I can tell you how to get to her place," the man at the real-estate office said. "But I don't know if she'll talk. She just might run you off."

Widow Schubert was out in the yard of her old house, chopping weeds in the flower bed that ran around the porch. Two dogs came growling from the shade of a lean-to. The widow yelled at them, and they slunk back to their burrows in the sand. She took one last chop at a weed, pushed back her straw hat and said, "Come on inside where it is cool. I vas about to quit anyhow."

She served big tins of ice water and talked for an hour. She seemed glad to have someone around.

Pauline Pape Schubert was born 68 years ago, come February, on a farm just six miles from her present place. When she was 17, she met Hugo Schubert at a dance at her aunt's house. "Vit my aunt, Hugo vas neighbors," she explained. Hugo was a good dancer. He said he liked Pauline's red hair. Her head was not easily turned. Pauline was not the sentimental sort. She took a hard look at Hugo. He was too skinny to be handsome, and he didn't have money. Life with a sharecropper would be hard. But this didn't scare her. She could already pick 500 pounds of cotton a day. Hugo was honest, hardworking and, after sundown, a pleasant beau. He owned a $110 mare and an $85 rubber-tired buggy, which he parked at Pauline's gate at least two nights a week. Pauline's girl friends were envious. "A vanderful time ve had,"

Ten gallon hats and beer bottles line up at fence before county-fair horse races.

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"All them bodyguards, ever'where he goes. I'd ruther be me."

she recalled. It took her two years to make up her mind to marry him.

The wedding was at her mamma and papa's house. About 65 neighbors and kinsfolk came to eat and dance and sing. Pauline spent the next day cleaning her mamma's house. Then she and Hugo went off to his place, a rented house on a rented farm. "Our first night alone, already, I milk fife cows." The cows were her dowry from Papa.

By 1933 Pauline and Hugo had saved enough money to buy her papa's 478-acre farm. They paid $4,000 cash and moved into the old home. The house had been built in 1906, but it was sturdy and full of memories for Pauline. That same year Hugo learned he had cancer. "Schnooks," he said to her, "vat for shall I vork when I gonna die pretty soon anyhow?"

He lived for 14 more years. After the funeral Pauline went back to the farm. The house was full of ghosts, but they were comforting ones. She knew every nook and cranny and scent and creak of every board. She liked the way the porch ran around the house and the familiar faces in the patterns of the wallpaper. In every piece of furniture was a story, a memory of Hugo, their children, Viola and Boy, and of her mamma and papa.

But Pauline did not let herself sit and dream of the past. She was never the sentimental sort. The medical bills for Hugo's long illness had left her without money in the bank. And the farm could not run itself.

She started over again, raising sheep, goats and cattle, growing her own vegetables, selling milk, butter and eggs.

One leads gently into talking about the new house, which sits a few hundred yards away.

The impulse that built it is easy to understand. A woman who has toiled away her life around old farmhouses is not foolish simply because she decides she wants a fine new house to die in. She put into it all the fine things she had never had.

It was not a change of mind but a change of heart that keeps her in the old, familiar house. She does not say it. Her explanation is hard and logical.

"All day I vork in da sun und sveat. Den I valk inta dat house und goose bumps I get and maybe pneumonia. It's dat air conditioning. Da old house here is airy und I can run around vit no clothes on to keep cool. Vat do I care? Just me und da dogs are here."

And the ghosts.

But she was never the sentimental sort.

Grandpa Holmes and his wife Charlotte are hosts of the Cypress Inn at Comfort. Charlotte cooks, and Grandpa waits on customers.

"Would you believe it if I told you I was eighty-four?" he asked a customer. "No," the man said, surprised. "Good," said Grandpa. "I'm only seventy-nine."

Charlotte says Grandpa is a man of zany impulse. She prays that the customers who come in off the long, hot highway are in good humor. One time a couple of Grandpa's friends came in with a stranger—editor of some kind of ranching magazine. They ordered steaks, and Grandpa asked the stranger if he wanted gravy. "Sure," the man said, "lots of it." Whereupon Grandpa stuck his bare hand in the gravy bowl, cupped the goo as best he could, and slopped it all over the man's plate. There was a brief silence. The stranger watched Grandpa wiping the gravy from his fingers. Then he looked up at Grandpa and roared with laughter. Grandpa laughed so much that he had to sit down.

"Cedar hackers are a strange, clannish people," said Al Ehrlich, last of the big-time cedar growers. "I get along with them as an employer, but I don't understand them. Never have. I've seen 'em work like fiends all day in the hot cedar brakes, then goof off all the money they've made before they even get home for supper.

"I don't think they know what they want. I've never seen one satisfied. I know they don't want responsibility. They only work when they feel like it. They'll load up one of their old trucks with cedar posts and have four or five flat tires before they get to the cedar yard. They take it in stride. Guess they're used to it. I don't know. I don't try to explain them. I just work them."

Oscar Carter is a cedar hacker. He is 26 years old and has a sixth-grade education. There is more good in him than even he admits.

His old daddy, John Oscar, has been dozing on a dirty, bare mattress inside the house. He awakes and comes outside and sits in a chair and crosses his long legs. The dog leaves Oscar and goes over and nuzzles the old man. He pets it and listens to his boy.

"Daddy started cuttin' cedar before I was born," said Oscar. "I started workin' in the cedar brakes when I was eight. I used a double-bit ax with a short handle. Daddy can't write his name, but he used to keep us clean. We coulda gone to school all the way, but we were just hard-headed. There was thirteen of us. I got one full sister, seven half brothers and four half sisters.

"We used to live in tents in the cedar brakes with about fifteen other families. After work we'd build a big campfire and sit around and talk and sang songs you never heard."

"We don't stay in the woods no more," the old man said. "Hardly any cedar cutters live thataway now."

"The cedar's about gone," Oscar continued. "I mean the big cedar forests, and there's probably not a hundred choppers left in the hills. Used to be maybe a thousand. I wished we lived like we used to. It's hard to say in words how I feel about the way it was. It was a free life, I guess you'd say."

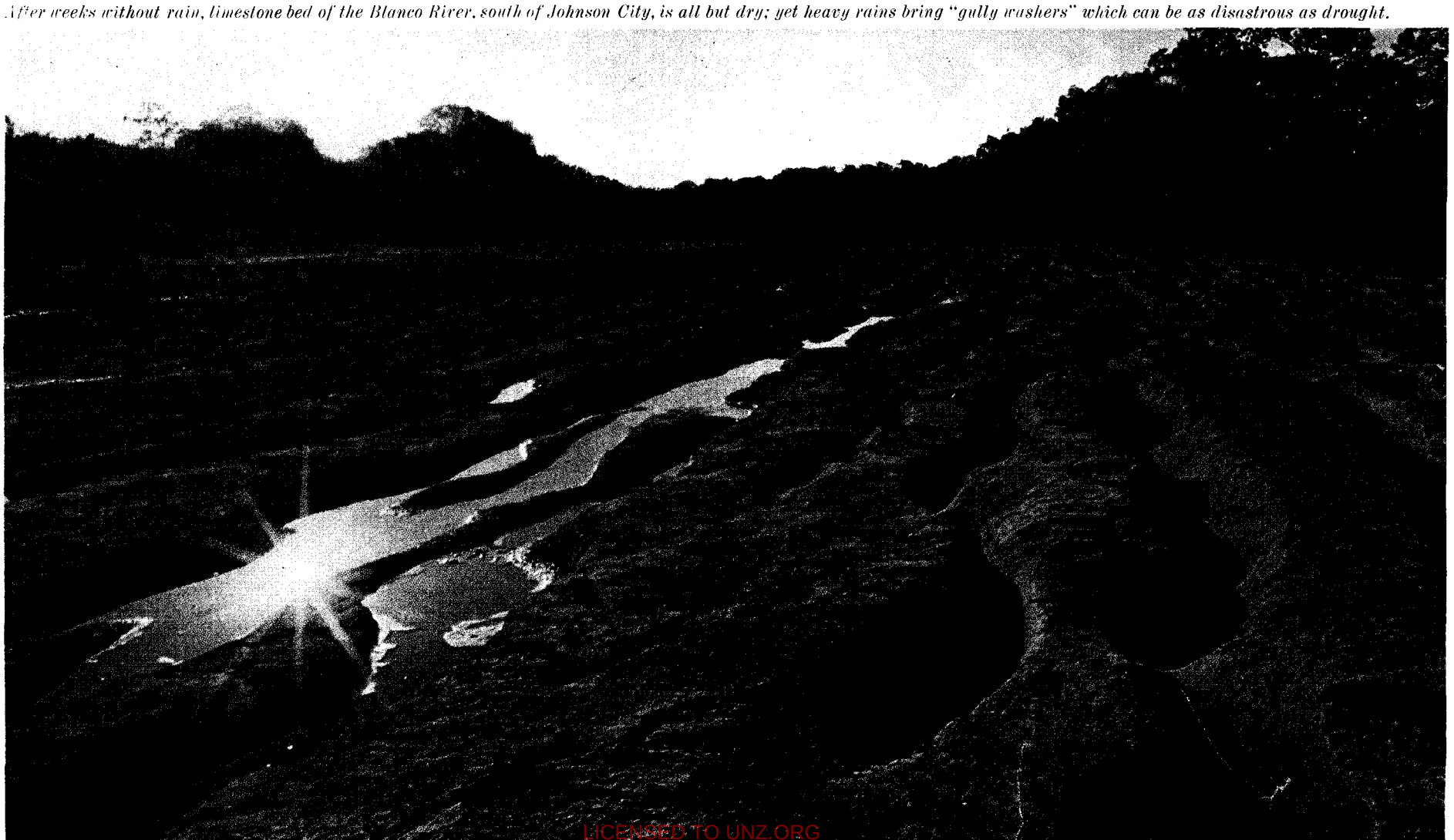
"Nobody bossed you," the old man said. "You worked when you took a notion to."

"That's right," said Oscar. "You cut cedar where you pleased and hauled it where you wanted to. If the contractor talked rough to you, you went somewheres else."

"And you got paid when you delivered the cedar at the end of the day," the old man said. "You didn't have to wait around no month for your money. You was paid in cash. No taxes."

"It was what some people might call a trashy way to live," Oscar said. "The kids in the camp ran around hungry and dirty and half naked. That was just the way it was, and there wasn't any use in tryin' to change it. The women went around camp barefooted and half dressed

After weeks without rain, limestone bed of the Blanco River, south of Johnson City, is all but dry; yet heavy rains bring "gully washers" which can be as disastrous as drought.



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"I started workin' in the cedar brakes when I was eight."

L.B.J. Country

and at night we used to get them in the truck beds.

"I worked at a lot of jobs, but I've always gone back to the cedar brakes. It gets in your blood. One time me and Daddy went to Arizona for work. But we got homesick. Daddy said he could just see the cedar trees agrowin' in the hills."

Hondo Crouch sat on the steps of the post office at Hye, a place in the road between Johnson City and Fredericksburg. He wore a straw hat and blue denims white at the knees. When he saw the car with the out-of-state license roll up, he stuck a stem of hay between his teeth.

"Hello," the driver called.

"Hidy," Hondo called back, scratching at his belly.

"How can I get to the LBJ Ranch?"

"Tha what?" Hondo asked, cupping a hand to his ear.

"The Johnson Ranch."

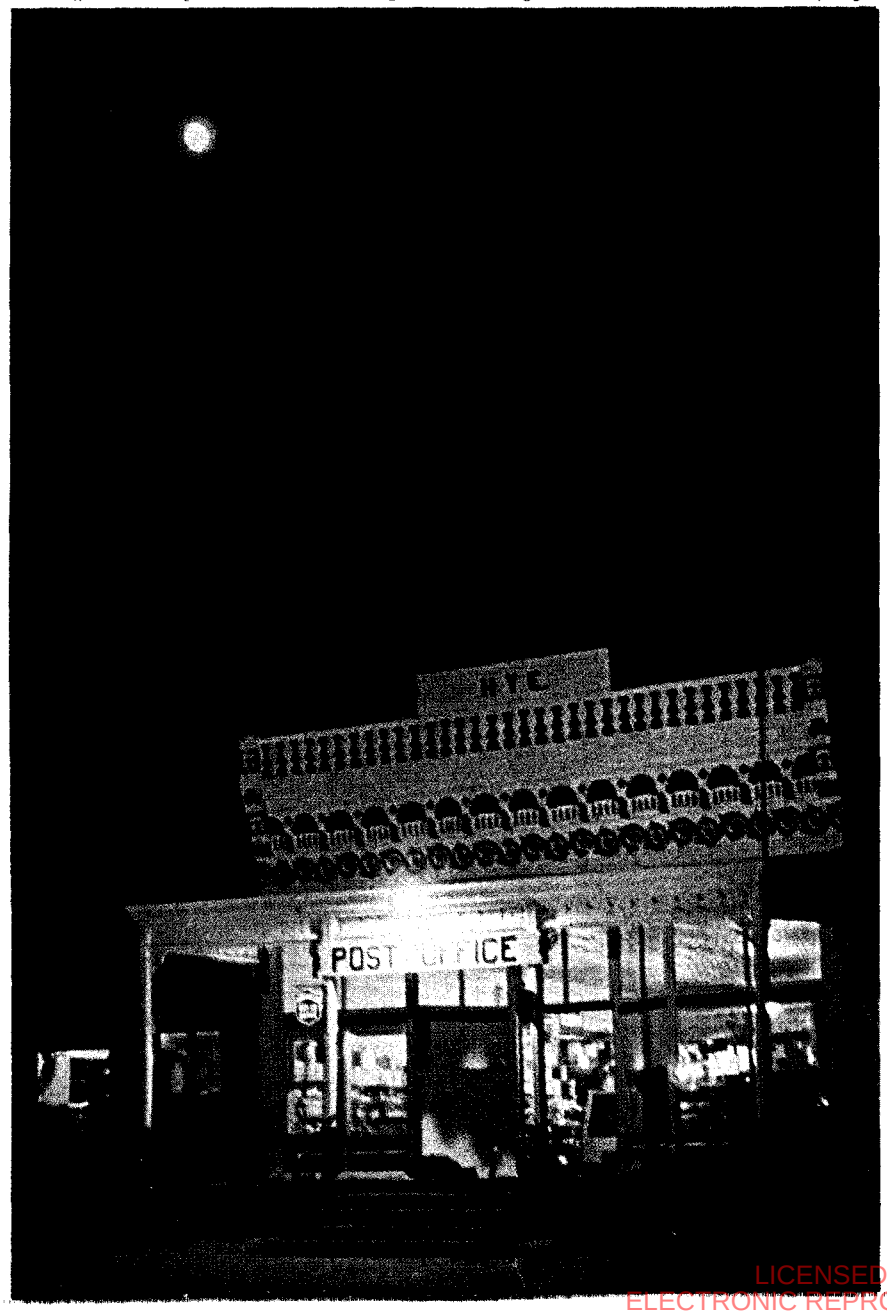
"Oh," said Hondo. "The Johnson place. Seems to me I've heard of it. Lemme see . . . well . . . nope. Don't know. Sorry. . . . I don't live here. Live down the road a mile. . . ."

The tourist shook his head and left.

Hondo went limp with laughter.

He had lied on all accounts but one, and his arithmetic was wrong on the honest answer. He lives 25 miles down the road from Hye.

Post office used by the LBJ Ranch is quartered in general store at settlement of Hye.



But that's Hondo. He never lets facts get in the way of the truth of parody.

"Did I tell you," asked Hondo, "that my friend Jesus"—that's pronounced Hey-Soos—"McNeel returned this week from a visit to Mexico? Well, he did. And he was telling me that his uncle from Ziahuatanejo on the Chilpancingo had a little misunderstanding at the bridge last month. The uncle had been hauling barnyard fertilizer across the bridge to Mexico in wheelbarrows. He'd been doing this for ten years. Every load was dug into and sifted by customs inspectors because they knew he was smuggling something worth more than thirty-seven cents, but they didn't know what.

"Several times they took the wheel off and searched the bearings and blew through the hollow handles that were full of fertilizer. Well, last week he got caught, not by the customs men but, like all big criminals, by the Internal Revenue people. He had not reported his wife as a partner in his wheelbarrow sales. For ten years he'd been smuggling wheelbarrows."

It has not rained for two months.

But now, hours before the President of the United States is to speak to the graduating seniors, thunderheads form over Shovel Mountain north of town.

James Ealy Johnson, the President's cousin, turns on his stool at Red's Place and gives the sky a once-over. "Ole Lyndon just might bring us some rain," he says. "Wouldn't that be somethin'?"

Yesterday the town dozed in the summer sun. Now it is awake, busy with a controlled excitement. New faces are on the streets. Cars with strange license plates line the square. Crider's Motel on Main displays a NO VACANCY sign.

In the I.G.A. store a stranger asks for Amphora pipe tobacco. The clerk shakes her head. "Will Prince Albert do?" Never know who'll turn up here, she tells a customer. A man came in a few weeks ago and asked for cowboy boots. She sent him down the street. She saw his picture in the paper later. It was Dean Rusk.

John Moursund, the principal, and Kittie Leonard, the superintendent, huddle with protocol officers at the high school. It is all so different from the time Lyndon spoke here as Vice President. It had been fairly informal. Lyndon spent most of his time busily brushing June bugs off the necks of the valedictorian and salutatorian.

Mrs. Leonard wonders how she will introduce Lyndon. It has been in her mind for a week. There's so much she would like to say. She and the President grew up together . . . were in the same graduating class . . . got their diplomas here 40 years ago, almost to the night. The protocol men are firm. She is simply to say, "Ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United States."

The rain comes the way they hoped it would; not hard like a gully washer, but soft and steady, gently soaking the thin skin of the parched hills.

The auditorium fills with people from all over the county. The women fluff their hairdos and look expectantly toward the stage for the President's entrance. Their menfolk watch with great curiosity as the radio and television technicians test a clutter of electronic gadgets. A hush falls over the auditorium.

Piano chords strike up *Hail to the Chief*, and the whispers stop. The President strides onstage and stands a moment before taking a seat. All eyes are upon him, all hands clapping in a standing ovation. He smiles at the audience and nods his head. He seems very tall and robust, almost handsome. His suit is a silky black. His face is deeply tanned, and his dark hair, though thinning at the top, is full and graying at the temples.

The piano is out of tune. Rebecca Wolf walks woodenly into the auditorium from a hallway, followed by 29 classmates. The President watches them from the stage. He wears a sentimental expression. Kittie Leonard sits on his left. John Moursund sits beside her, and at his right is Lady Bird Johnson. The members of the school board sit behind them. The seniors take seats on stage at the right of the President.

Donna Friedrich delivers the salutatory. She declares, in the clear, confident voice of youth, "We have been reading lessons from books, but after tonight, we will make our own history." The President nods approvingly. Is he remembering what he said in his graduation speech on this campus 40 years ago?

Cathy, the bright, lovely Sibley girl, delivers the valedictory. She enlarges on the class motto—"Not Finished, Just Begun." John Moursund introduces the seniors. David Foster, the school-board president, presents diplomas. Then Moursund gets up again to give out special-student awards. The Sibley girl is not only the prettiest and smartest in the class but also the most industrious. She takes most of the awards. Foster and Moursund team to dedicate the high school in the name of the President.

At last Mrs. Leonard gets up and says, "Ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United States."

He does not talk very long, but he talks with feeling about the world that awaits a youngster fresh out of Lyndon B. Johnson High School. He tells them the world of 1964 is really not much different from the world of 1924, the year he left the hills to seek "fame and fortune in the West." He tells them he came back home with "empty hands and empty pockets," realizing that the place to begin was the place he had been all the time.

He tells them he cannot predict their future any more than he could have predicted his own. Certainly he had no idea he would one day stand here as President.

But he tells them what America can be if they dream deep enough and hope and work hard enough. It can be a place, he says, where they will raise their families free from the dark shadow of war and suspicion among nations.

He tells them it can be a place where their children, and every child, will grow up knowing that success in life depends only on ability, not on the color of skin or the circumstances of religion or birth.

Pretty Nina Gutierrez looks at the President with unabashed adulation. She sits on the front row of the class, third from the left.

He ends his little talk by saying he will always be honored to claim that he, too, came from Johnson City.

As the seniors march out, the President tries to shake hands with each of them. But they have been drilled to robot precision and will not break step, even to shake hands with the chief. He pumps the hand of about half of them.

That ends the ceremony.

The President comes to the microphone and asks if any of the four other living members of his high-school graduating class are in the audience—the fifth, Kittie Leonard is, of course, already on stage.

"Louise?" he asks. "Are you out there? Georgia?"

Louise Casparis Edwards, Red's oldest sister, and Georgia Cammock Edgeworth stand. They are portly, gray-haired women now. The President calls them onstage to pose for photographers. A thought occurs to him, and he strides back to the microphone.

"John Dollahite? Are you there?"

John doesn't answer.

"John was always shy of the girls," the President jokes. "There were just two of us boys, so I always took his part. I guess John heard the girls were here tonight and didn't come. Thank you."

John Dollahite had trouble all day. The rain came, and he rushed out in his field with a combine to harvest the hay before it got wet. The combine broke down, and he had a time until after dark. He was a little sore at the world anyway. He mistakenly thought written invitations had been sent out for the President's commencement address—and he had not received one. THE END

Hondo Crouch tilts back on porch of his guesthouse to strum his guitar and sing.

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Feiffer never sits down at the drawing board, he says, until he has grown so depressed by not working that he can't avoid it any longer.

YOU ARE HIS TARGET

And Jules Feiffer will puncture your ego if you are a member of the gray flannel world. Rebels posing as organization men can't resist pinning his cartoons on the office bulletin board when the boss is not looking.

By Gilbert Millstein

Jules Feiffer, who is probably best classified as the only syndicated avant-garde satirical cartoonist in the United States—a species of subversion that pays him about $40,000 a year—is living proof that history has finally replaced the court jester with what Feiffer himself chooses to calls the "court subversive." He is glumly aware of the latter's essential impotence. "If the social critic represented even the slightest threat to our established institutions," says Feiffer, "he'd be in and out of jail."

One of Feiffer's contentions is that Americans are a masochistic lot who enjoy being knocked on the head for their sins, and his wide readership indicates that this may be true. His weekly strip appears in the New York *Post* and, through the Hall Syndicate, in 46 other daily newspapers in this country, in addition to 45 or so college newspapers, *Playboy* magazine and *The Village Voice*, the Greenwich Village weekly in which Feiffer first appeared and in which he made his reputation. His work is also seen in *The Observer* of London and the Paris edition of the New York *Herald-Tribune*. His cartoons have been collected in half a dozen books, and he is the author of a somewhat cryptic allegorical novel called *Harry, the Rat with Women*.

The marvel of American society, Feiffer believes, "is our ability to swallow our critics, after inviting them to come and yell at us. We love to know our faults; it makes it so much easier not to have to do anything about them." He holds that satire is no longer a comment on the way people live—it *is* the way they live. In demonstration, he cites this incident:

Feiffer and a number of other writers and more or less public figures were invited to the White House a while ago to talk over the LBJ Scholarship Fund with President Johnson. He reserved a room at the Statler Hilton. When he checked in, he was asked whether he had any identification. "I have a terrible problem," Feiffer says. "I don't exist. I have no driver's license, because I don't drive. For purely aesthetic reasons, I don't have any credit cards."

Over and over Feiffer was told, "But you don't have a credit card," and informed that he would have to pay for his room in advance. He paid $18 for the room and laid down an additional dollar deposit. "Maybe they thought I'd wet the bed sheet or something like that," he speculates. "I never did find out."

In the room, he started to telephone his wife in New York. The operator told him he would have

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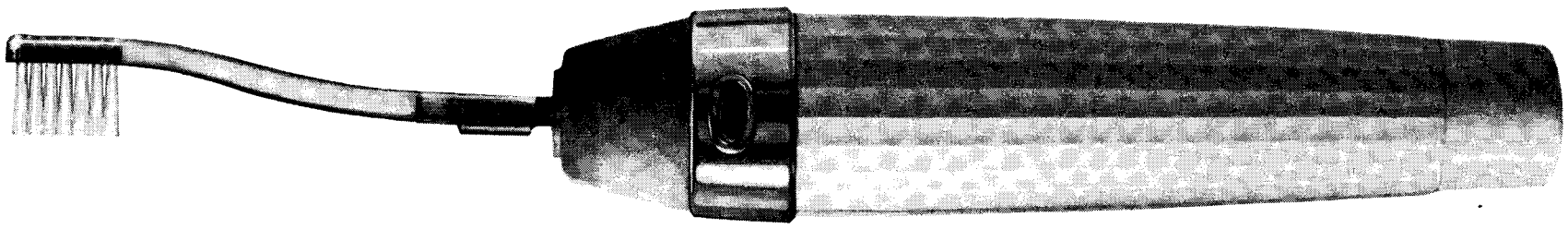
The General Electric Automatic Toothbrush has been given professional recognition



"The General Electric Toothbrush has been accepted (Group A) as an effective cleansing device for use as part of a program for good oral hygiene to supplement the regular professional care required for good oral health."

Council on Dental Therapeutics—American Dental Association

When you buy the General Electric Automatic Toothbrush, you are investing in a power-driven brush that has been scientifically proved beneficial and safe.

You and your family can use it with confidence.

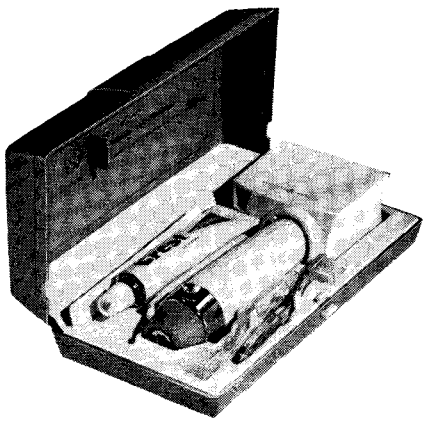
The General Electric Automatic Toothbrush has been clinically tested for more than five years in laboratories and university dental schools. In regular use it has been proved effective in achieving cleaner teeth than ordinary handbrushing and in providing healthful gum care.

This is the toothbrush more than 45,000 dentists have bought. Nearly 4,000,000 people now use it—and almost half of those who have purchased the General Electric Toothbrush for their own use say their dentists recommended it.

Why not ask *your* dentist what daily use of the General Electric Automatic Toothbrush can do for *you?*

General Electric Co., Housewares Division, Bridgeport, Conn.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

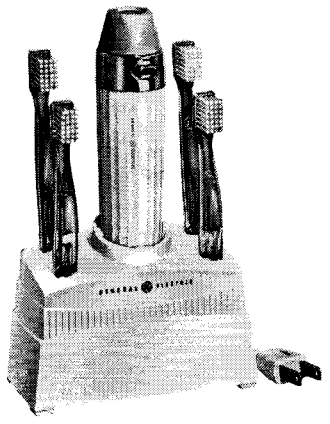


TRAVEL SET

New from G.E. Compact travel case contains power handle, induction-method recharger unit, personal brushes and toothpaste. Makes it easy to maintain good brushing habits on trips or away at school.

HOME UNIT

Ideal for family use. New induction recharging gives full-power brushing performance with cordless convenience and safety. Four personal snap-in brushes. Tapered power handle has easy push-button "on-off" switch.



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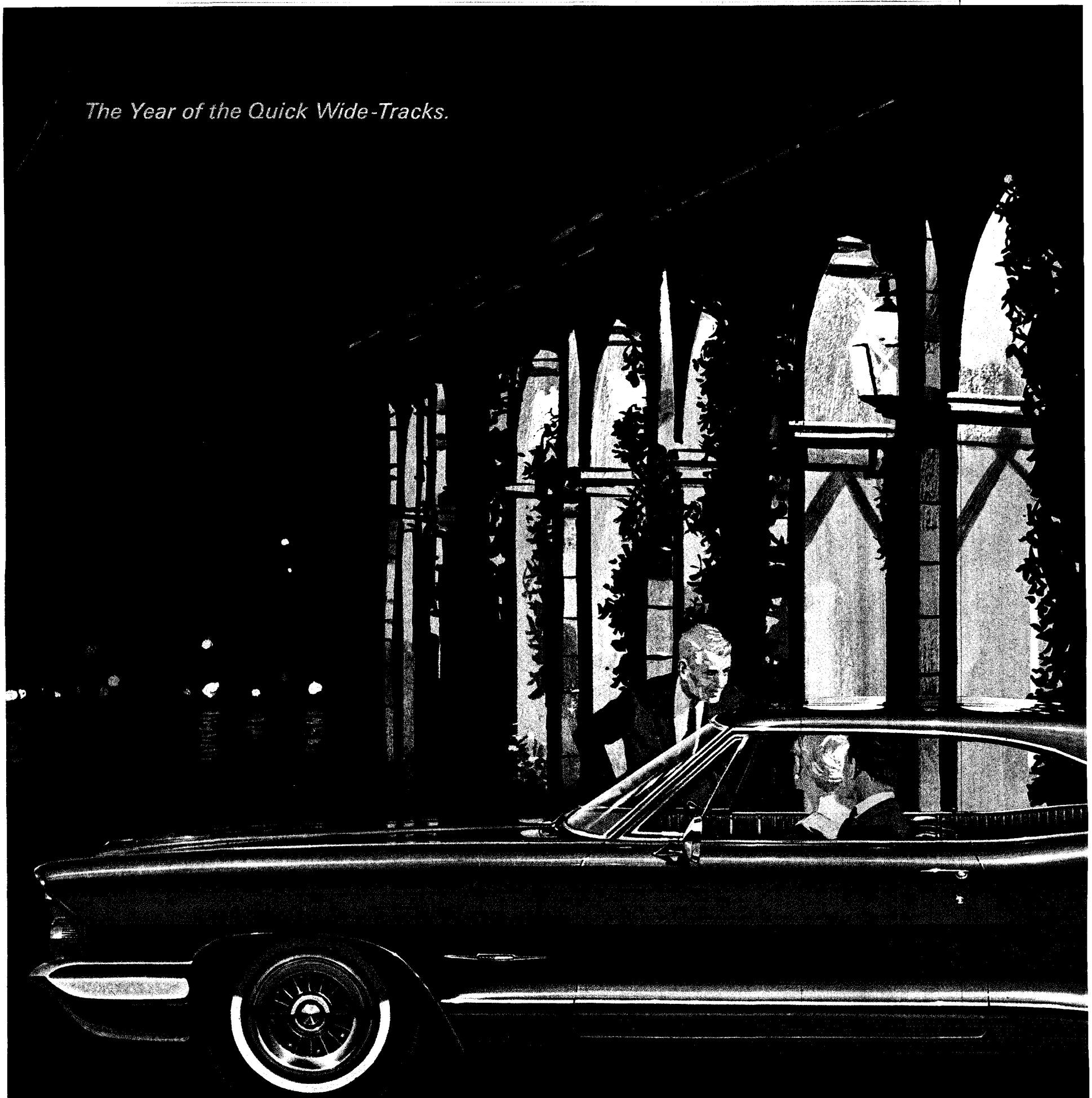
The Year of the Quick Wide-Tracks.



How does the success car outdo itself for '65?

Beautifully, just beautifully.

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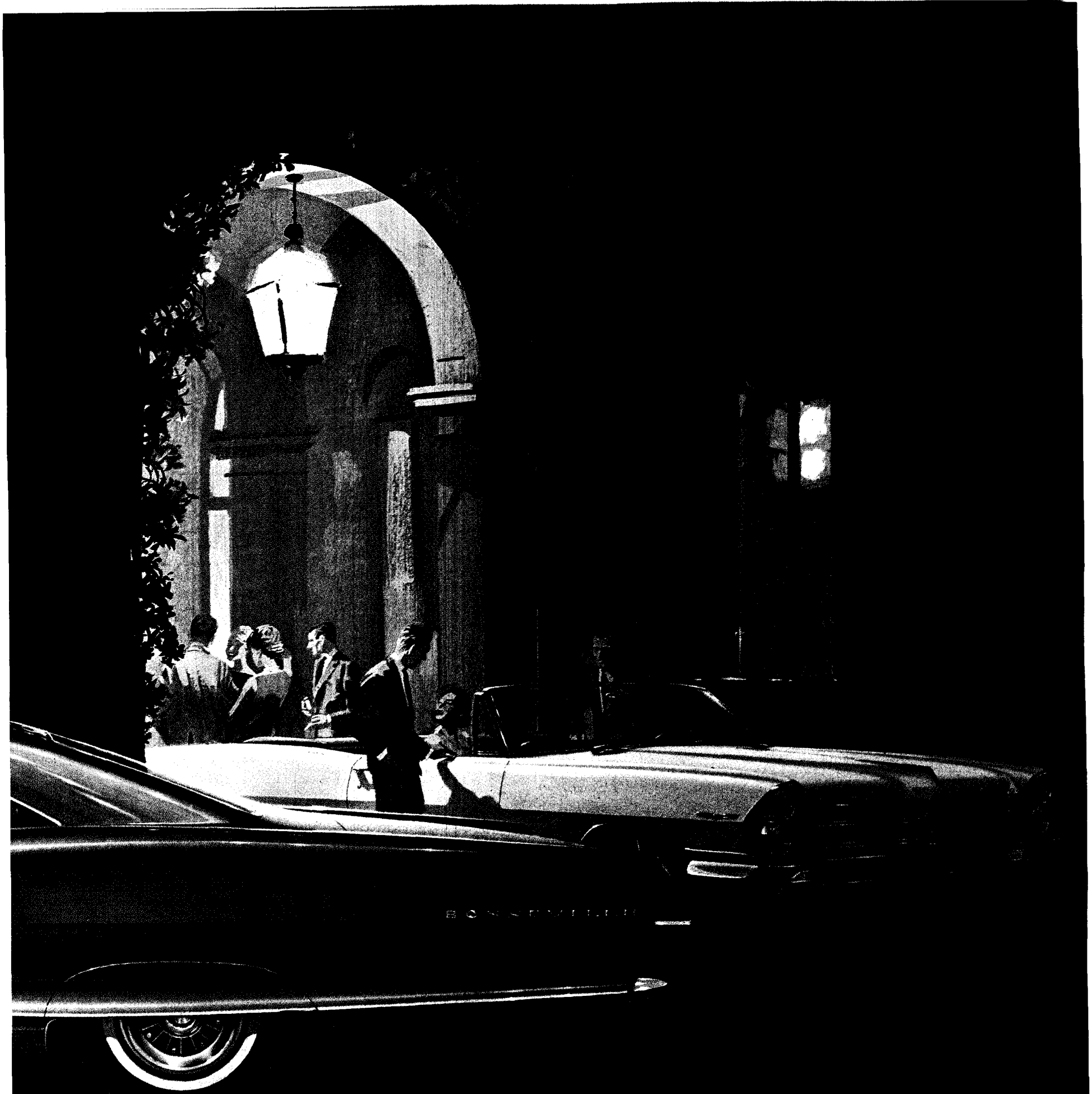

This new '65 Pontiac has no intention of getting [illegible] it offers new Turbo Hydra-Matic, the silkiest [illegible] touched a toe to; eager new Trophy V-8 power [illegible] more size inside and out. And who ever heard of a car this [illegible] gas mileage? You heard right. Drive it and see how and [illegible]

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Feiffer works at a drawing table that protrudes from a heap of workroom detritus to earn his $40,000 a year, sketching out the satiric ideas that often come to him while riding on the subway or the bus.

Jules Feiffer

to pay in advance. "Suddenly, all those years of psychoanalysis I'd had went out the window," Feiffer says. "I ceased being reasonable and I began screaming into the phone, at which point I got the assistant manager. He said he'd be very happy to talk to me. I got out the White House invitation, and, trumpets blaring and drums rolling, went down to see this guy."

Feiffer pointed out that his column appeared in a Washington newspaper and that at least one of his books could be bought in nearby stores. It would surely have a photograph of him on the jacket. That wouldn't do, either. "So I dragged out the invitation and I said, 'Look, here's an invitation from the President of the United States to appear tomorrow at the White House.'

"'I'm sorry,' he said, 'but you don't have a credit card,' and he walked away."

However angered Feiffer may become, his appearance and demeanor convey the impression of a vast ineffectuality, if not timidity. He is slightly under six feet tall and quite thin. At 35, he is almost bald. His shoulders are narrow, his nose is large, and there is a natural look of apprehension in his brown eyes. His voice is deep, but the only certainty in it is that of doom, regardless of what he happens to be saying.

Feiffer submitted to the ministrations of a psychoanalyst for about eight years and presumably ironed out whatever kinks there may have been in his psyche. One of these caused him to have one disastrous love affair after another, in which he came off second best.

Feiffer is happily married now to an exceptionally handsome girl named Judy Sheftel, whom he met at the home of the critic, Kenneth Tynan, while on his way to becoming a celebrity. The Feiffers are the parents of a red-haired daughter born last January, and all three live in marked felicity on the two upper floors of an old brick house on Brooklyn Heights. Feiffer is unable to live in Manhattan, he says, because crowds and noise make him nervous. Neither he nor his wife is a particularly avid homemaker, and their cluttered apartment looks not unlike the back rooms of a large art-auction house.

Domestic felicity hasn't blunted his bite as a satirist. In his unending search for yet another disingenuous or dishonest or scarifying trait of society, Feiffer has left, so to say, no stone unturned, and any number of malodorous slugs have crawled out from under them, their presence made bearable only by the artist's ability to find something grimly funny in them. Somehow, he is able to extract humor from, for example, a Madison Avenue public-relations type—a favorite victim—outlining to his staff a government-sponsored campaign to make atomic fallout palatable.

"I have here," says this vulpine creature—Feiffer has a spidery, economical line and his drawing can convey a lot of moral decay in a very few strokes—"the outlines of a 'Fallout Is Good for You' saturation campaign. It includes such items as I LIKE FALLOUT buttons, decals inscribed with YOUR GOVERNMENT KNOWS BEST—a TV spec called 'I Fell for Fallout!' And as a capper—a 'Mr. and Mrs. Mutation' contest—designed to change the concept of beauty in the American mind." One of the hired hands asks, "But what about the scientists, chief?" and the reply is, "No problem. We'll say they're '*Organized*' and have them all subpoenaed. It's one of our most successful sales devices."

All of the bromides of psychoanalysis, of progressive schooling, of cocktail-party talk in all its grisly nuances are Feiffer's targets.

The Hall Syndicate signed Feiffer in April, 1959, three years after he started in *The Voice*. His contract forbids tampering with his work: Subscribers may run the strip or not, but they must pay for it. He has never had a cancellation, indignant or otherwise. For *The Voice*, Feiffer works for nothing, as he has from the beginning. "Pay him?" asked Daniel Wolf, *The Voice*'s editor, recently. "He should pay us." While he has no intention of going that far, Feiffer recognizes that it might have taken him years longer to establish himself without *The Voice*.

He had been working for other cartoonists and as an animator for some years, and trying to branch out. He couldn't get published because he had no reputation, and, of course, he had no reputation because he was unable to get published. In one of the those occasional miracles in the business, he was taken on at *The Voice*, which agreed to run his strip every week.

Feiffer's reasons for continuing to work gratis for *The Voice* involve more than mere gratitude, although that is not lacking. By pretending to himself that he is still working solely for *The Voice*, he can identify his audience and proceed with confidence. That audience, as Wolf sees it, started out by including a "Brooks Brothers underground"—"people uptown in New York who made their money in normal, professional fashion; people in the so-called communications industries, who felt a private kinship with Jules. He said things they didn't dare say. They carried clippings of the strip in their wallets and put other clippings on bulletin boards when the boss wasn't looking. Today he's no longer anyone's particular possession. He's a success. But nobody resents it."

It is Feiffer's recollection that he was "small, skinny and terrified" as a child and that, "in a way, I've used my childhood and the years I did things I didn't want to do as a sort of lab tryout for the way I run my life now. As a kid I just wasn't there most of the time. I was hiding. The things I wanted to do had nothing to do with what was going on around me. My clock didn't tick with anybody else's time." As far back as he can remember, which is roughly the age of seven, when he learned to read and discovered comic books, he wanted to be pretty much what he is today.

He was born in the East Bronx on January 26, 1929, in a Jewish ghetto, a block away from an Italian ghetto. The Jews and Italians threw rocks at each other now and then, but pretty much let each other alone. Feiffer has an older sister and a younger one, both of whom are married. His father was a dental technician who had to become a salesman when chemicals damaged his hands. He died last summer. Nobody bothered to bully young Feiffer, since nobody seemed to know he was around, and he was left relatively free to ride his hobby, which was simply to draw cartoons. He was graduated from high school in January, 1946, and worked for one established cartoonist or another until the Army claimed him in 1951.

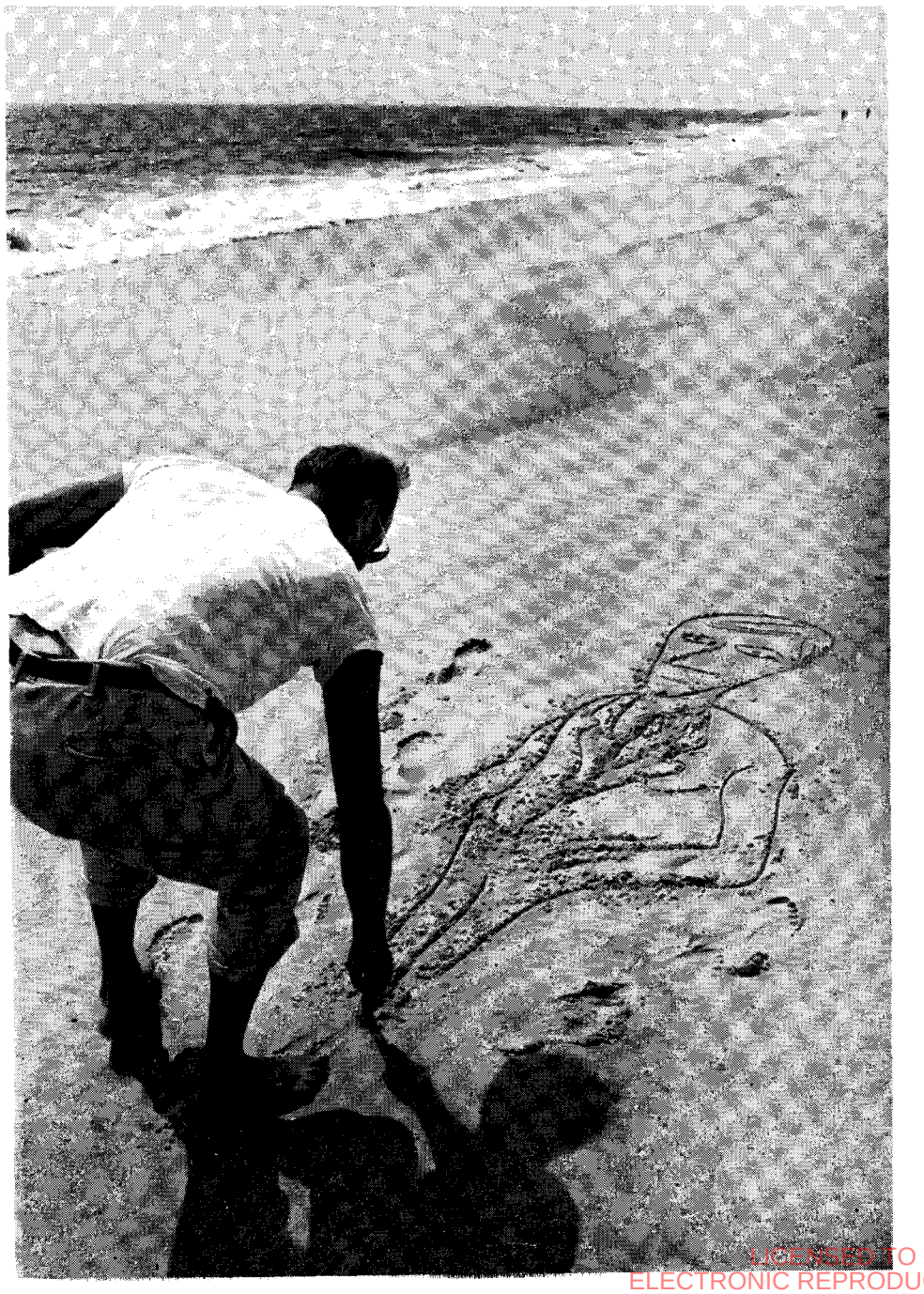
He despised the Army. "My hatred for it," he says, "was pure, in the sense that I had no real ax to grind. I had a very good deal. No one made any uncommon demands on me—it was a clerical kind of job—but the Army changed my ambition from that of being a comic cartoonist to a satirist; I had to do something to counteract the sense of continual oppression I felt." Out of the Army two and a half years later, Feiffer batted around from doing educational slides to working for Terrytoons' movies and began his career, finally, with *The Voice*.

His work habits are no model. "I don't sit down to do something," he says, "until I'm so depressed by not working that I can't avoid it any longer." He gets a lot of ideas on the subway and on buses, and he keeps no particular hours. Ideas invariably precede drawings. When things are not going well, he experiences a burning sensation in the stomach. His workroom is an indescribable mess, a wild profusion of books, magazines, cartons, unfinished and finished drawings, opened and unopened mail, a heap of detritus out of which barely rise a typewriter and a drawing table and through which Feiffer stumbles in a kind of rapt absorption.

"My basic point of view remains the same as it was when I was a kid," Feiffer says. "I had a very strong sense of where the power was. It wasn't with the kids, it was with the grown-ups, and I discovered it was almost impossible for a child's evaluation of a situation to be accepted over the contradictory evaluation of a grown-up. In essence, that is what my work is all about.

"My obsession is with the uses and misuses of authority; of how power on all levels, political, social, sexual—whatever—is used and misused. And how, in this country, it's no longer being used at all. It just evaporates." THE END

In the sea sand, Feiffer scratches out the economical line that is his weapon of satire.



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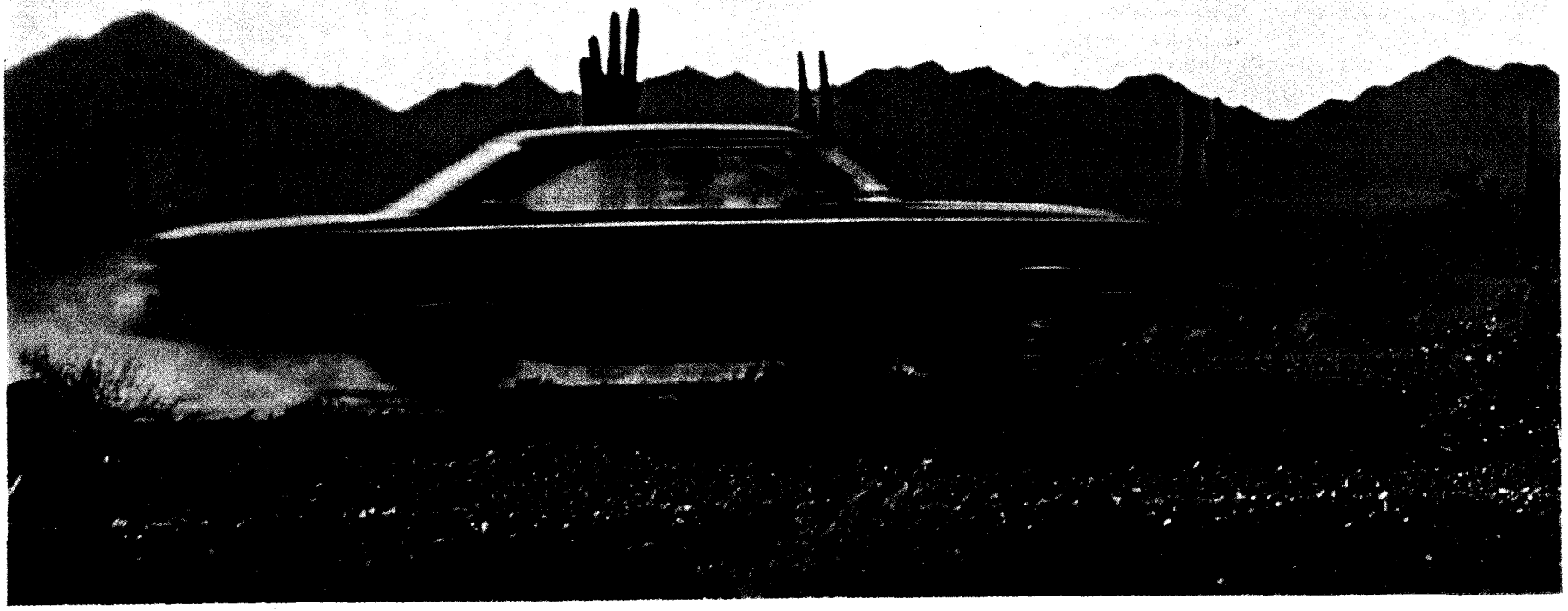

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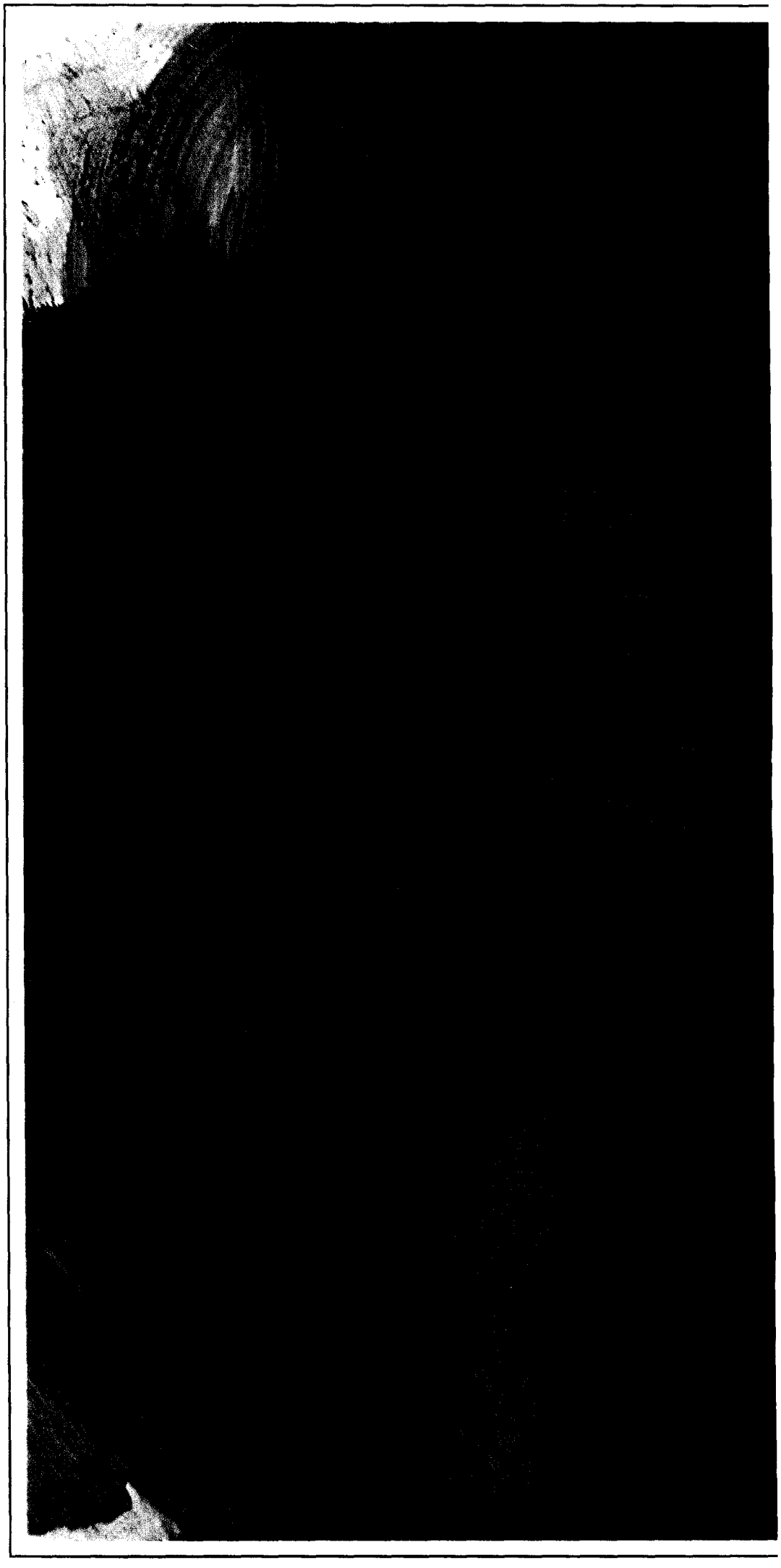
THE HOMECOMING OF THE CHILDREN

Children from broken homes are often spoiled by grandparents—but being spoiled was the last thing these kids had to worry about.



By WARREN EYSTER

Far down the lane, against a background of white smoke, the car announced its eventual arrival with a series of sharp and curt backfires. Mr. Newcomer, who was kneeling in shade-deepened grass, beside a post that had either rotted or had been pulled crooked by the wire it supported, watched the automobile labor over the flat countryside as if it were climbing a steep hill. He marveled that, spinning forward on four fine wheels, the car could encounter such difficulty and expend so much effort. It was either simply overloaded or hampered by some peculiar mechanical defect.

It wasn't the strangeness of seeing an automobile that made him draw erect beside the fence. It was a matter of courtesy. Farmers always waved to each other and exchanged pleasantries. Though the noisy engines virtually eliminated conversation, there was always considerable waving and nodding of heads. For the natural affections of country people were stirred by the sight of a friendly face, a loud cheerful voice or a hearty beckoning.

He couldn't see who was driving the car, but surmised that it wasn't anyone local, because the driver didn't know when to stay out of the wheel ruts. The log bridge over Lick Run greeted the vehicle with a hollow rumbling. Fortunately, there had been no bad weather recently, no deep holes or mud slicks. The axles and springs were the only things that suffered, except for the jostling and jolting it must have given to the occupants. The radiator cap, the varnished wheel spokes, and the proud paint on the fenders glistened. Sunlight striking the windshield made the glass appear as if it had suddenly shattered into thousands of glittering fragments, only to be miraculously restored by the passing shadow of an overhanging tree.

As the car bounced along beside the fence, Mr. Newcomer saw a man and a woman sitting up front. The man was sitting straight and tall, with a cigar clenched between his teeth, grasping the steering wheel with both hands, as if he meant to command obedience through the sheer brute force of his grip. He peered downward at the road as if he were more concerned about rough spots and protruding stone edges immediately in front of the car than he was about the general direction in which the car was moving. "He'd run into a tree to miss a bump," thought Mr. Newcomer, shaking his head.

Two sad, lonely child faces were pressed against the rear window. Not the excited faces of children to whom

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Illustration by: Joe Cleary

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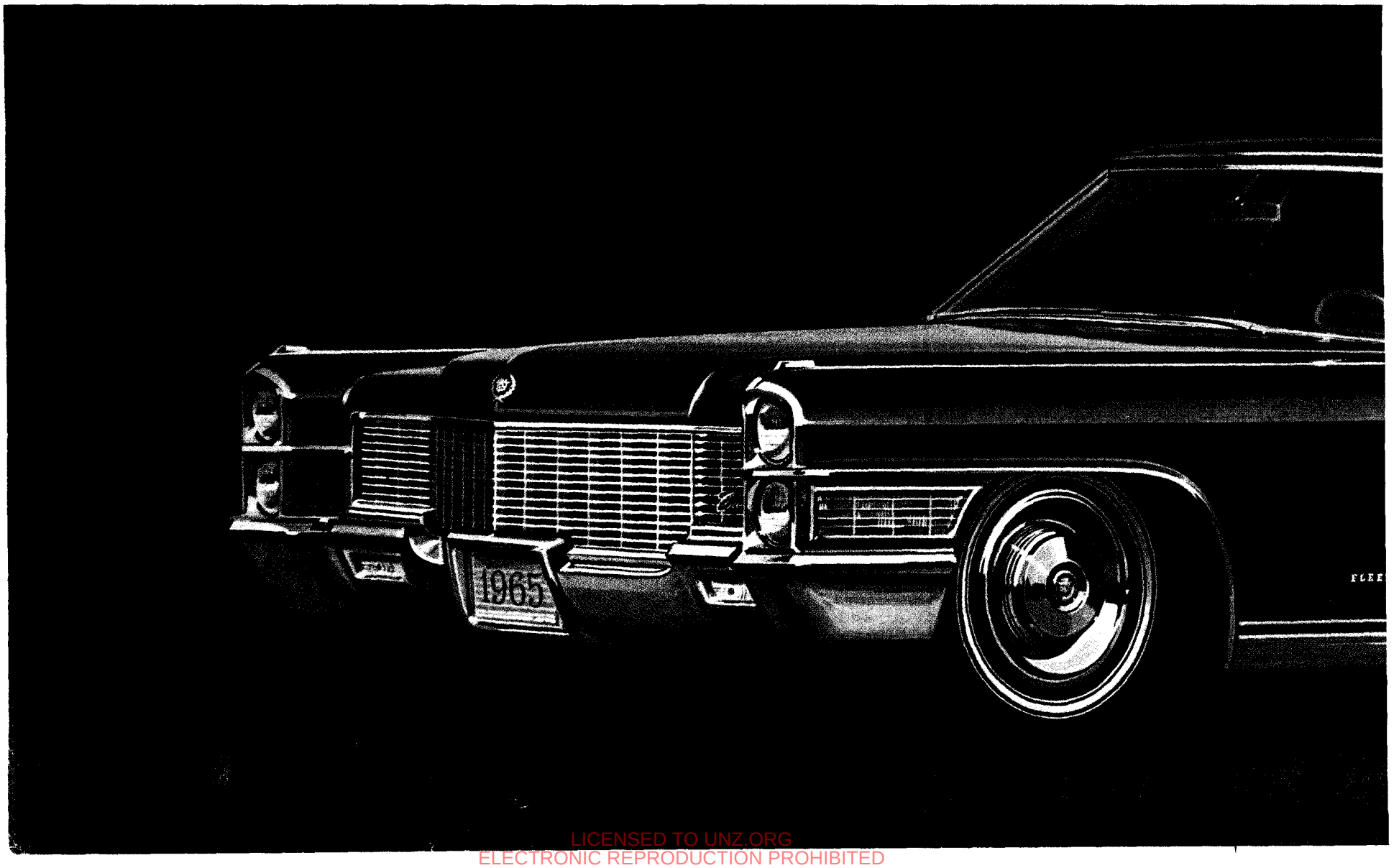
Above right, the Coupe de Ville; below, the longer-wheelbase Fleetwood Brougham.



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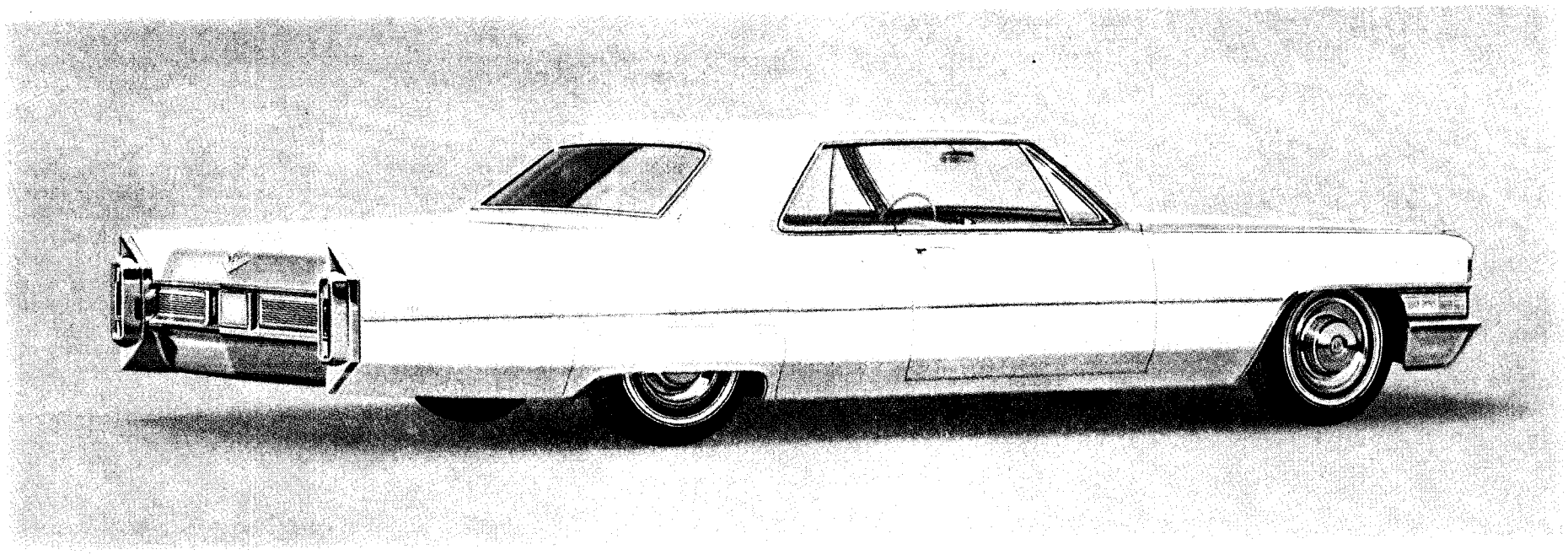

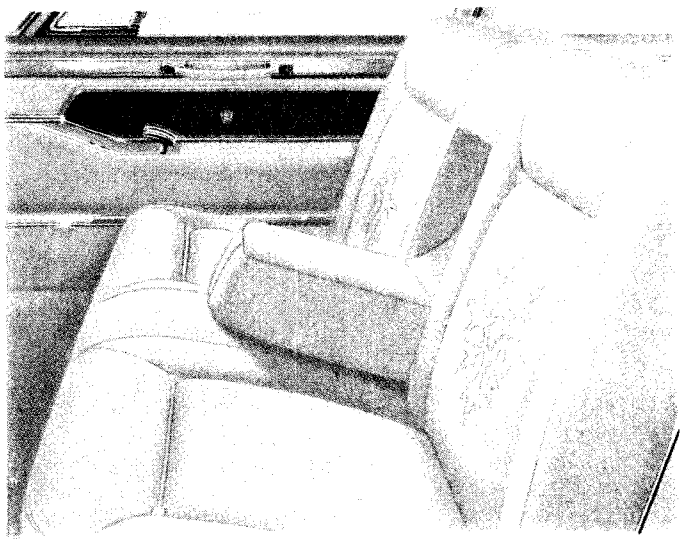

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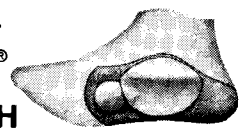

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Homecoming

riding in an automobile is an adventure. Not the joyous faces of children filled with the promise of a picnic, an outing, or a long-awaited visit. Their faces were shorn of the avid curiosity and pleasure which travel and new surroundings usually arouse in youngsters. Their true expression seemed to be one of apprehension and dismay, as if they were being dragged away from someone or someplace they loved. They were looking backward toward something that was already out of sight, perhaps beyond the mountain ridges that bordered the western sky, something hopelessly distant, but to which the wide, blind stare of their eyes remained faithful, as if by continuing to look in its direction they could remain closer to it.

He could easily have been mistaken. He didn't catch more than a glimpse of them. The warped celluloid window, which must have been difficult for them to see through, could have accounted for his impression. Riding in the back of a car often makes children sick and feverish, giving their faces a strained, frightened look. Long journeys, too, give young faces a bored, apathetic appearance. But of one thing he was certain: how similar their faces were, their eyes matching more perfectly than the buttons on his shirt, and their cheekbones with the same broad prominence. Then the swirling dust obscured everything except a vague, shadowy outline of the car and the lower half of the rear tires that spewed fresh dust into the air.

Mr. Newcomer turned his attention to the fence post, shaking it and staring at it. He was remembering the face of his son, Allan, as it had peered at him through the window of the train. No hand waving. No smile. No tears. Nothing to indicate what the boy was feeling except stubbornly compressed lips and eyes that seemed to glare at him, not with anger, but betrayed affection. The train had seemed incredibly silent and effortless of movement, as if it were the station platform that was being pulled away from it. The noise seemed to come from the rafters and corridors of the station, and from the shuddering earth beneath the concrete platform, while the train slid effortlessly. And for one useless instant Mr. Newcomer had felt his legs strain to resist, to halt what had already been decided, determined, and put into execution . . .

Had his son had the same look that he had just seen in the faces of those children? Of course not. It was only his feeling of guilt that had made him draw the comparison, a comparison based on a momentary glimpse of two faces seen through a window. His son had merely been going off to school. The boy had understood that it was for his benefit, to give him an education. Besides, Allan had been older than these children, and though there had been a natural sadness at parting, an unwillingness to be separated from his parents, it had not meant that the boy would suffer from loneliness. It had not meant that the boy would believe his father did not love him!

But it was precisely the knowledge that his son had given him a look very much like that which he had witnessed in the rear of the car that deepened the lines in Mr. Newcomer's face and made his hands shake. "My son didn't want to go. And I refused to recognize it! I refused to listen to him," Mr. Newcomer muttered. "I had to do it! For his own good!" He shook the fence post as if he meant to rip it from the earth. "He had to become a man! He couldn't be allowed to lie around here at the house, doing nothing, wasting his time! There was no other decision I could have made!"

Mr. Newcomer looked up. The same car that had passed him was backing up the lane. He was beginning to think that the car intended to stop at his gate when it halted squarely in the middle of the road. The children were no longer visible through the window. Probably they were sitting, and the high seat back hid them. From the way the woman was waving her hands and pointing up the hill, while the man kept his stout arms braced against the steering wheel, Mr. Newcomer surmised that the woman was trying to persuade him to drive up the narrow lane to the Kreider house, a steep, rock-strewn passage which no cars and few wagons had ever mastered. Mr. Newcomer did not blame the man for refusing.

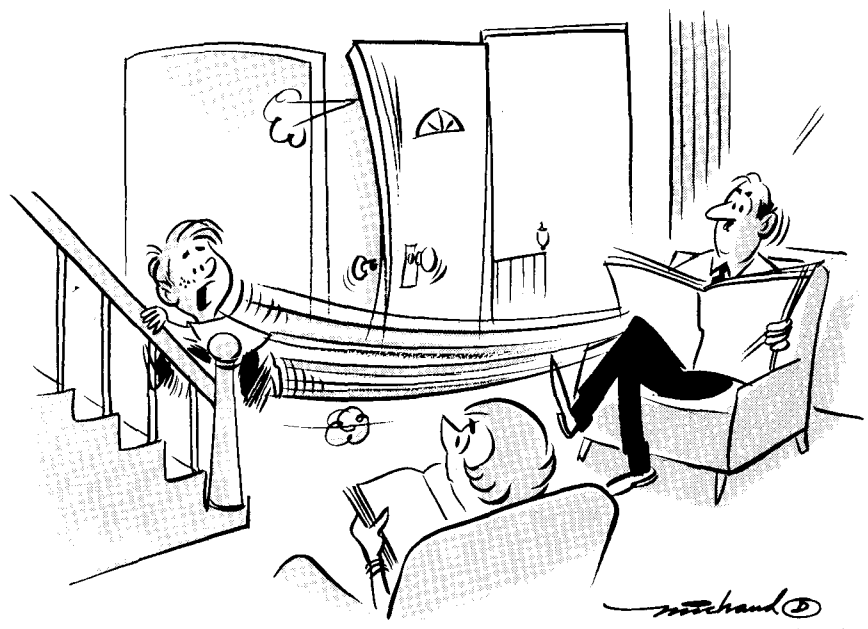
As the argument continued, however, he began to suspect other causes. Maybe they had discovered that they were on the wrong road and couldn't decide what to do. Maybe something was the matter with the car. Whatever the argument was about (possibly the man had simply halted the car so that he could safely and fully express his views), it was obvious that he had no intention of giving in, for the longer the woman talked, the harder he gritted his cigar.

Finally the woman opened the door. Being elderly and stout, she had a laborious time of it, managing her skirts, her enormous and unsteady legs, the running board that tilted with her, and the long step down. She remained unsure of her footing when she first reached the ground, as if she still had the feeling of being in a moving vehicle. She used the door handle to steady herself. Despite her age, she was a woman of unusual strength. But her weight had become a burden, and she seemed vexed by the problems which manipulating her huge bulk forced upon her. The awkwardness and impatience with which she handled herself made Mr. Newcomer suspect that she had not grown stout until her late middle years, and had therefore never become accustomed to it. Her feet revealed that—small feet, delicate, almost grotesque when contrasted against the vast mountain of flesh which they supported. Her body had little shape, despite the obviousness with which it was corseted. No doubt she had resigned herself to being stout and no longer expected anything more from her girdle than an added stiffening.

The children climbed out of the car, not eagerly or hastily, but as if in obedience to instructions. They showed no interest in their surroundings. They looked as if they would have preferred to get back into the car and return to whatever place they had come from. One of the faces he had seen in the window belonged to a girl whose head came nearly to the shoulders of the woman. The other was owned by a boy in short pants. The boy's blue suit—stovepipe pants and a round, flat hat with a black ribbon dangling behind it—might have been purchased that very afternoon. The crown of the hat was so perfectly shaped that it seemed doubtful whether the cardboard stiffener had been removed. The boy behaved as if he had been given strict orders not to get his suit dirty or wrinkled, and only an elderly woman, many years removed from experience with children of her own, could have insisted upon his wearing the hat so absolutely straight upon his forehead. Completing the boy's utter misery were brand-new patent-leather shoes. He seemed afraid to move his hands or his feet, and his eyes kept peeping upward at the brim of the hat to make sure it was still there.

A glance at the girl indicated which child the old woman favored. No girl would willingly have worn such a frayed dress. Her arms puffed out of the sleeves. The waistline had shrunk several inches above where it belonged. She had been stuffed and crammed into the dress, and looked as if an invisible hand was pulling upward on the collar at the back of her neck. Washing had removed all brightness from the cloth, but this was fortunate, since vivid coloring would merely have drawn attention to the other defects.

Her hair, dark and pleasant-looking, had been brushed harshly and forced into obedience by excessive use of water. To see hair naturally docile mistreated irritated Mr. Newcomer, who could not help feeling that girls were more delicate and perishable than boys, and owed themselves the care of gentle fingertips and self-admiring eyes. The way her hair was parted, straight and true, in the exact middle of her head, indicated that she understood neatness, but was lacking in vanity.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Don't just sit there—the place will be crawling with cops in a few minutes."

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Her cleanliness and neatness might have excused the faults of her dress, had it not been for the low shoes, without stockings or socks, which gave her a slovenly air. The shoes were battered and worn, despite the effort which had been made to clean them. Looking at the rubber sole hanging loose, flapping whenever she walked, Mr. Newcomer wondered how a toe sticking out of a shoe could be so ugly when the bare foot of a young girl is such a comely sight.

She was somewhere between the ages of twelve and fifteen. Her face was still immature, but her dress, tight across the chest, exposed her breasts in a manner that was going to embarrass her, or please her, before she was much older. Her legs were fleshy. Her bare knees were big, hinting that she would become sturdy and robust, but probably never very agile. Mr. Newcomer was certain that such terms as delicate, fragile, lovely or beautiful would never be applied to this girl. Yet, somehow, in his present state of mind, the very sense of her existence as a living and breathing being, whose heart must be beating with anxiety, whose emotions must be pitched to such a high level that she was struggling to conceal them, made him feel as if she were at least touched by the very qualities of appeal that she would never possess.

Just then the boy ran to his sister and took her hand. Their resemblance was remarkable. Though it was only when seen straight on that the boy and the girl truly resembled each other, at least to any degree surpassing what might be usual in a brother and sister, yet the likeness, once observed, was haunting. Watching them stand side by side made him feel uneasy, as if he were witnessing a freak of nature. He thought of twins, but twins are expected to look somewhat alike, and frequently the likeness is superficial. What he saw in their faces was not related to the customary resemblances found in families. Though he assumed they were brother and sister, it was precisely that relationship which did not seem correct. Except for the physical impossibility of it, he would have been inclined to believe that the girl was the mother of the child who stood beside her, clutching her hand.

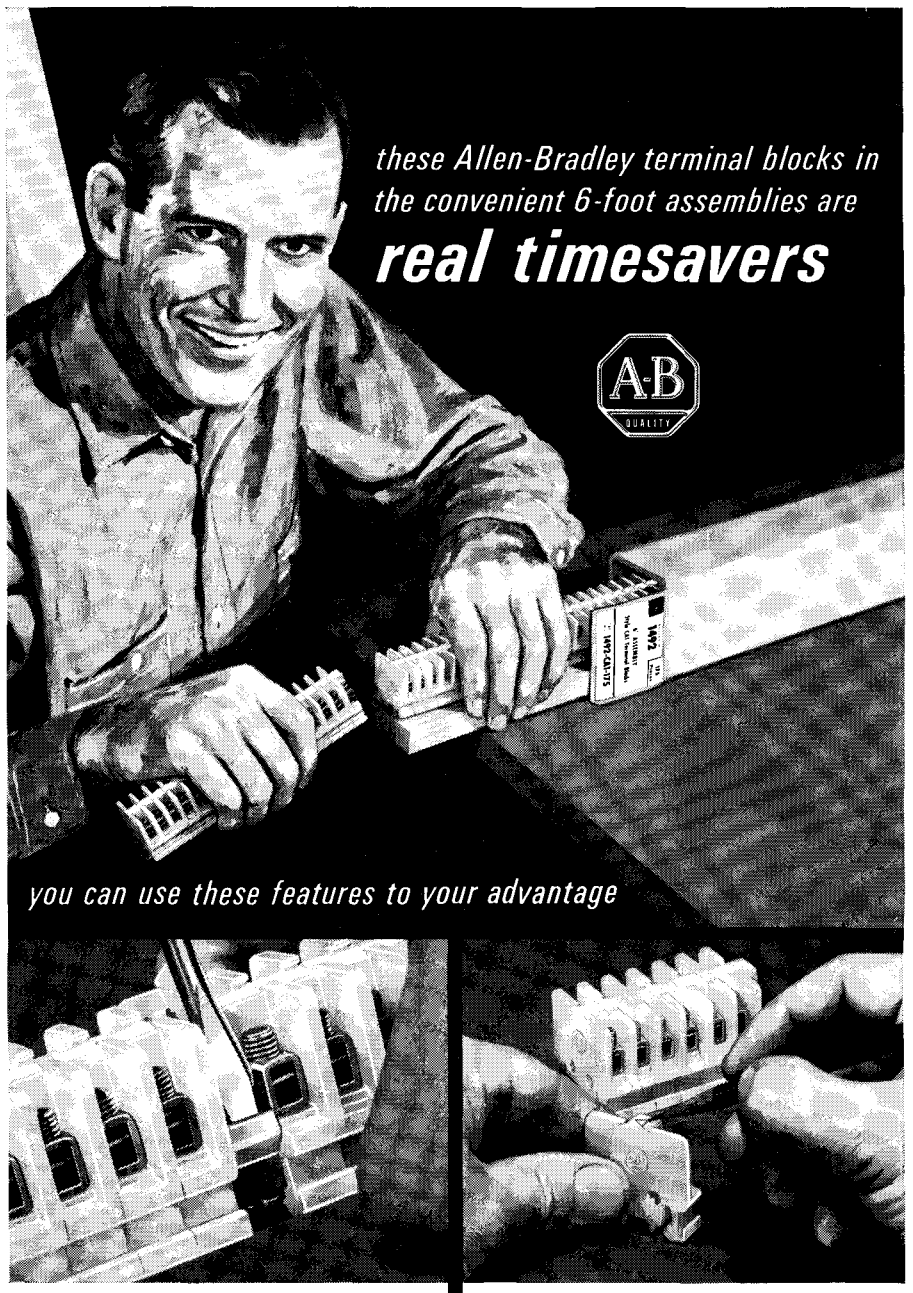
The man, who had remained in the car, was expressing impatience by racing the motor. From his cigar, a thin plume of smoke drifted through the window, then rose toward a sky so blue that the smoke seemed white against it. The movements of the smoke had a calmness and placidity which made the man's annoyance seem particularly ill-natured. He kept sticking his head through the window and looking backward down the lane. Mr. Newcomer could not tell whether he was concerned about being parked in the middle of the road, or whether he was looking for a suitable place to turn around. One thing, however, was obvious—he cared nothing about the children, and was so absorbed in his own problems that he might accidentally have backed over them, if they had gotten in his way.

The old woman was removing bundles from the car, handing them to the girl until the poor child staggered under their weight; and then to the boy, who seemed to have as much as he could handle with the first one. The bundles were loosely and carelessly put together, bound with rope and strips of cloth. No doubt the old woman's exasperation was with herself, with her clumsiness and her inability to move about in such a confined space, but her annoyance seemed to be directed toward the children in the manner in which she shoved the bundles at them.

Mr. Newcomer was astonished to see these things unloaded in front of Sam Kreider's place. He was certain that the driver must have made a mistake. No one ever visited Sam Kreider. He almost called out to them, thinking he might save them time and trouble by inquiring whom they were seeking. But when he saw the old woman move away from the car and stand staring up the hill, shielding her eyes from the sun, and seeming to know where she was, he became convinced that, whoever they were, she and the children had come to visit. The quantity of bundles, which included bedding and winter clothing, indicated more than an overnight stay, but there didn't appear to be any of the woman's clothes among them. As Mr. Newcomer looked at her, dressed in black silk, wearing a pearl necklace and cameo brooch, he doubted whether she would allow her personal belongings to be packed or handled in such a careless fashion.

Evidently the children were going to be left there. The woman was too thorough in making certain that everything had been removed from the car to doubt her intentions. Yet of all the unlikely places for two children to find a home, the gloomy, desolate farmhouse, standing on a rise overlooking the road, was it. Sam Kreider lived alone. He liked living alone, if it could be said that he liked anything. He was a stern, raucous-voiced man who lived by a moral code which only his own self-righteous mind could justify, his own brutal heart sanction, and his own remorseless spirit endure. He had absolutely no use for children and treated them as if obedience and toil were the sole purpose for their existence. Mr. Newcomer knew. He had seen Sam Kreider bring ruin to his family, handling his wife and children like pieces of iron, dominating them, swearing at them, spitting at them, lashing out at them with his bare fist, demanding from them an obedience which no spirited human being could have long endured. And the result of it had been two child-sized graves at the foot of the orchard; a daughter who had fled, pregnant with the child of an itinerant farmhand, who she probably had hoped would be her ticket to a more respectable escape; a grown son who had never returned from the Army, not because death had claimed him, but because he had found the Army a better home; and finally his wife, driven from her own house, her sole inheritance, fleeing an outburst of rage and brutality during which Sam Kreider had made ugly insinuations and accusations, followed by ten years of vindictive defilement of her memory, before he had finally ceased to mention her at all.

Mr. Newcomer looked at the boy and the girl, their arms laden with their belongings. He could not understand what these children were doing here. He could think of no one less likely to offer them refuge. Yet here they stood, not with the tear-stained faces of children recently separated from their parents, but with impassive, stolid faces, as if they had been homeless for a long time. Perhaps this was not the first time they had stood before a strange house and had been told they were going to live there. They reminded him of refugees who have been pushed from land to land, unwanted and despised. They stood in a strange place and showed no strangeness toward it. They showed no fear either, unless the way the boy stood with his legs braced, exactly as his sister's were, could be interpreted as the sign of some uncertainty which they secretly shared.



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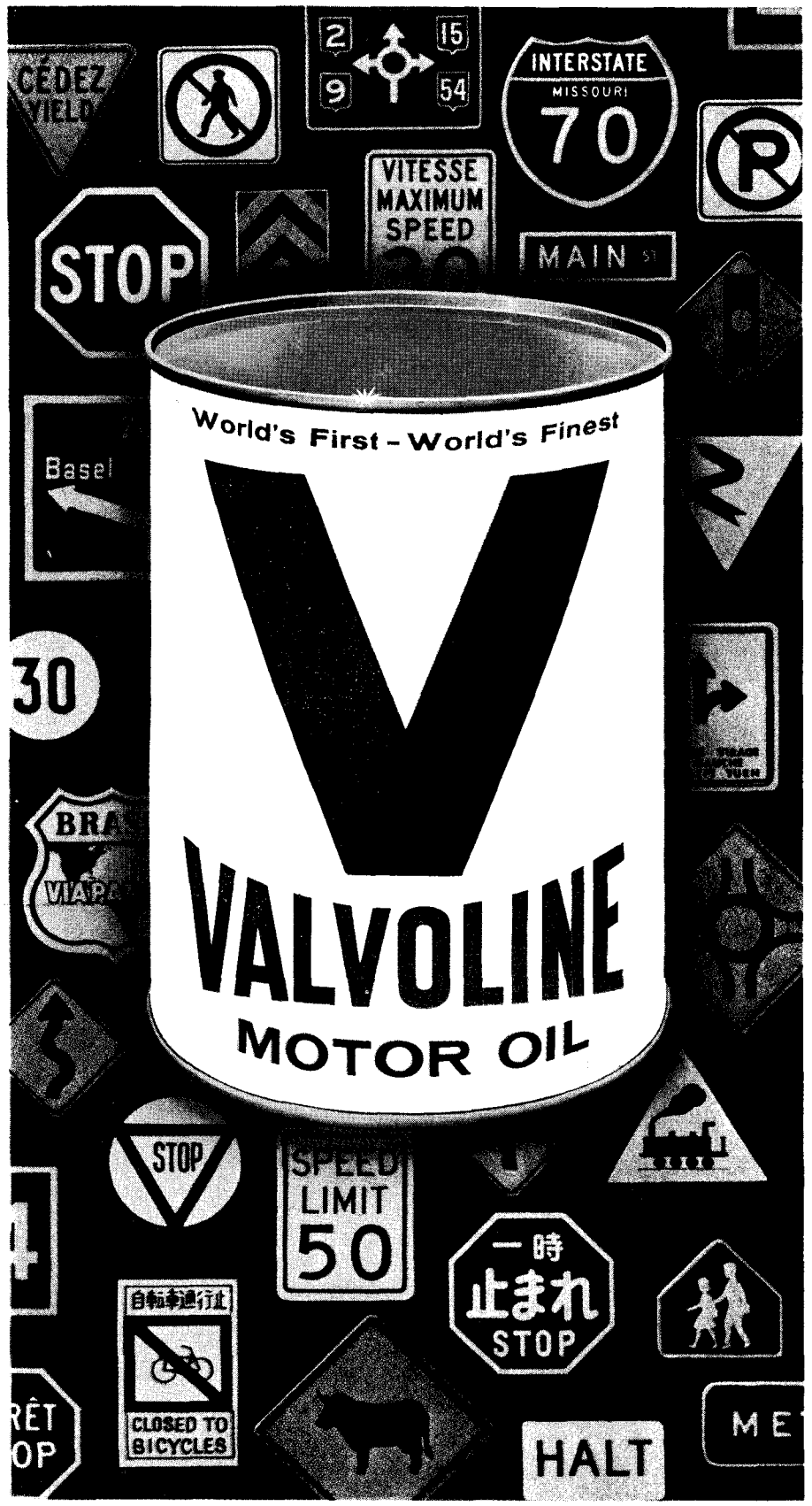

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Homecoming

The man in the car had become very impatient. He was tooting the horn. The old woman pleaded with him not to do it, but he ignored her, pressing with all his might on the round black button in the middle of the steering wheel, as if he believed that would make it louder. "There's no need for that," she said. "He knows we're coming. He'll be down directly."

The man spluttered inaudible words around his cigar before withdrawing it from his mouth. "Who does he think he is?" he shouted. "If he keeps me waiting much longer, I'll *fetch* him down here!"

He sounded the horn again.

"If you won't stop making that noise for my sake, think about them!" The old woman gazed at the children, showing for the first time concern for them. "It's them you'll be making him go hard on. They're the ones who'll suffer."

Mr. Newcomer was sure he had heard that voice somewhere before, but he still could not place her. Evidently she was familiar not merely with the farm but with the man who lived there, for she had wisely cautioned the driver against blowing the horn, and she had made no effort to open the iron gate and enter the premises. Sam Kreider had no respect for trespassers, regardless of what errand might bring them upon his land. He did not like his fences touched, much less climbed over. The gate and the footpath which led upward to the house were intended for his own use. When he was in the fields, he didn't want to be bothered by anyone. They could either return later with whatever message they bore, or be gone forever, for all he cared.

High above, on the crest of the hill, the door of the farmhouse was flung open. Sam Kreider stepped through the semi-dark opening, drawing his suspenders over his shoulders. Mr. Newcomer knew the car horn had offended. Only when he was annoyed did Sam Kreider fail to leave the house by the back door, and only extreme irritation could have made him neglect to shut the door behind him. He came as far as the edge of the porch and stood there, shading his eyes, peering down at the road. He remained standing there until he had seen everything he wanted to see. Mr. Newcomer sensed that he, too, was being observed, but with the insolent air of dismissal that Sam Kreider reserved for anyone he considered unimportant.

Sam Kreider wasn't a tall man. He had a big nose, big hands and powerful forearms that made the rest of his body seem stunted and misshapen. Across the base of his neck he was broad and sinewy, with shoulder muscles that bulged and gave him a slightly hunched appearance. Age showed in the way he squinted his eyes, in the way he was forced to take hold of the banister as he descended the porch steps. He had a tendency to grunt as he stepped downward, not with pain, but with inconvenience. Stiffness in his knee joints made his legs have a slight malfunction and inaccuracy, as if considerable effort and willpower were required to make them obey him.

Had Sam Kreider's character been more to his liking, Mr. Newcomer would have admired him, because the infirmities and encroachments of age had not defeated this rugged, unflinching old man. He still kept himself erect. He still carried himself with great pride and assurance. White hair, which seemed to become more luxuriant and undisciplined with each passing year, tumbled about his head. His face was battered and scarred, hardened by wind and sun, but strangely unwrinkled. His mouth had the ripe flesh of a man still strong and virile. Despite his lameness, he tramped down the hill as if he had never walked on earth without leaving his footprint. His trousers, stiff with grease and mud, were supported by yellow suspenders that had lost their elasticity. He kept hitching them up over his long winter underwear, hardly noticing that he did it. His eyes were hard and cold, and his mouth sullen, as if the mere necessity of having contact with human beings offended him.

He glanced at the children once, briefly, frowning at them as if they had already done something for which he intended to punish them. Despite this, he did not unleash the sharp temper, the raucous voice, which Mr. Newcomer had been awaiting. He simply stopped for a moment, staring at the people and the automobile. The look of displeasure gradually drained from his face. As he observed the bundles on the ground, his normally harsh stare was replaced by a look of satisfaction that affirmed the rightful presence of the children on his land. His chest swelled and his arrogant eyes gleamed, as if seeing them standing before his gate represented some kind of triumph for him. His jaw worked, as if he were concealing deeper emotions.

The woman had not seen him leave the house. Having finished removing bundles from the car, she was holding her hand firmly against the hollow between her breasts to soften and slow the harsh beating of her heart. Probably the pressure of her hand against her chest relieved the strain which the exertion of stooping and lifting had cost her. Facing the children, as if her watchful eye would keep them out of mischief, she did not notice Sam Kreider until he was within a short distance of the gate. But the instant her eyes fixed upon him, her hand flew to her throat, she turned pale, and her whole body jerked, as if she had been struck by some heavy object, or had suffered a sudden loss of balance.

Mr. Newcomer knew then who she was. Sam Kreider's wife! All his former efforts to identify her, to place her, vanished before the single impression of her hand crushed against her throat. For it was what he remembered most vividly about her, the gesture he had seen her make whenever her husband shouted at her, or whenever her children had been involved in an accident, such as an overturned milk pail or a basket of broken eggs. Her hand would remain in that same helpless position even while the child was being led to the barn, where her husband kept his leather and harness. Mr. Newcomer remembered the gesture because it had always seemed remarkable to him that she could actually be choking herself, gasping for breath, without being aware of what her hand was doing; and because of the suffering, despair and intense identification with her children that it must have represented.

Once he knew who she was, he recognized her. Her features seemed to reshape themselves and become familiar, making it possible for him to trace within them the woman she had once been. He was not surprised that he had not recognized her sooner. Fourteen years had passed since he had last seen her. She had aged. She was an old woman now. Gone was the raw-skinned, weather-hardened look of country life. Powders, oils and creams had altered her. Softer living and seventy pounds of new flesh had transformed her

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into a different person. Nor would she ever have worn that black silk dress, the tortoise comb, or the gold-and-onyx brooch while she had been under Sam Kreider's roof.

For a moment he wondered if he was about to witness a reconciliation. It appeared that Sam Kreider, after all these years, had finally relented and was allowing his wife to return home. Mrs. Kreider could not have made it plainer how glad she was to see her husband. Her first reaction of shock had been replaced by unmistakable gladness and pleasure. How humiliating and cruel it must have been for her, a woman of sixty, to discover herself blushing! How embarrassing it must have been for her to discover that she had little more control over her emotions than when she had been a young woman, newly married and very much in love with the man who was now staring at her. The same feminine vulnerability lurked beneath the disguise of old skin, flaccid breasts and ponderous flesh, as if no amount of experience, no bitter memories of the mistreatment she had suffered, no wisdom gleaned from the years of hardship and heartbreak that she had spent with this man, could ever completely quell what she had once felt toward him. Though she had lived apart from him all these years, she was still his wife, still bound to him by the tide of inexplicable emotions and loyalties. Age could not shield her, but merely made her less demonstrative and more circumspect, making it possible for her to regain her composure with less obvious artifice.

Although she had betrayed herself, she quickly recovered, perhaps because she sensed that her husband had made no response, or perhaps because she recognized the impossibility of disregarding the long years of separation. With only the slightest trace of deliberate effort, she composed her features.

The moment Mr. Newcomer saw this happen, he understood that there was no possibility of a reconciliation. It had existed, like smoldering ashes within the heart of the woman, waiting to be kindled by a kind word, a kind look, or an act of forgiveness. But now, even for her, it had died.

He could not help feeling sorry for her. Though obviously she was better off separated from her husband, whatever her present life might be, he had lived long enough to know that human beings do not always seek what is best for them. Men and women, in the quest for happiness, sometimes pursue hopes which they themselves know can never be fulfilled. He felt sorry for her, knowing that a milestone in her life had passed, and that one more hope was gone from the few which she must have left. Strangely, however, his feelings of sorrow seemed to involve himself, as if the scene which he had just witnessed touched upon something in his own life, some tragedy in which he had been as blameless as this poor old woman had been.

His attention turned to Sam Kreider, feeling a sudden, deep animosity for the arrogant old man, who seemed not to have been moved at all by the sight of his wife. Never had he looked more implacable than as he stood beside the gate, staring at the woman who had once shared his bed, who still bore his name, and who knew more about him than any other living person. The hostility with which he regarded his wife had been unmistakable from the instant his eyes had fixed upon her. The possibility of reconciliation had never existed for Sam Kreider.

No longer guided by love, but by courtesy, Mrs. Kreider took a step toward him. Yet this too he prevented, shaking his head at her in a forbidding manner. He stared at her with distaste, as if she had been a child with mud on her hands who had been about to touch him. "Couldn't they have come without you?" he said. "I stated in my letter that I would take them in, but that I didn't want any dealings with you."

Mrs. Kreider lowered her eyes. Motioning toward the car, she replied, "He wasn't sure he could find this place. He's not familiar with this section of the country."

"Yet you knew it would displease me? You knew I didn't want you to bring them?"

"Yes, Samuel, I knew."

"You haven't changed," he sneered. "You always were contrary. I could always count on you to be against me."

Mrs. Kreider remained silent, but her face showed that she had been hurt.

Sam Kreider stared at the automobile. "Is he the man she's living with?"

Mrs. Kreider flushed. "She's not living with him, Samuel. She's keeping house for him."

"With her, that's the same thing."

"No, Samuel. She explained it to me. She works for him . . ."

"So you still believe whatever she tells you!" Sam Kreider gave his wife a look of scathing contempt. "You still treat her like a little girl who's gone off on a Sunday-school picnic!" Shaking his head in disgust, he pointed at the man in the car. "Not living with him, huh? Why, she couldn't stay away from men if her life depended on it. That's the kind of daughter you raised!"

Mrs. Kreider turned her eyes toward the children, hopeful that reminding him of their presence would silence him.

"They likely know more than either of us. No doubt they could tell us a few things," said Sam Kreider. "Besides, if they're going to live with me, they may as well get used to my ways. It won't hurt them to hear how I feel about her." Pointing again at the automobile, he said, "That man, tell him to step out. I want to have a look at him."

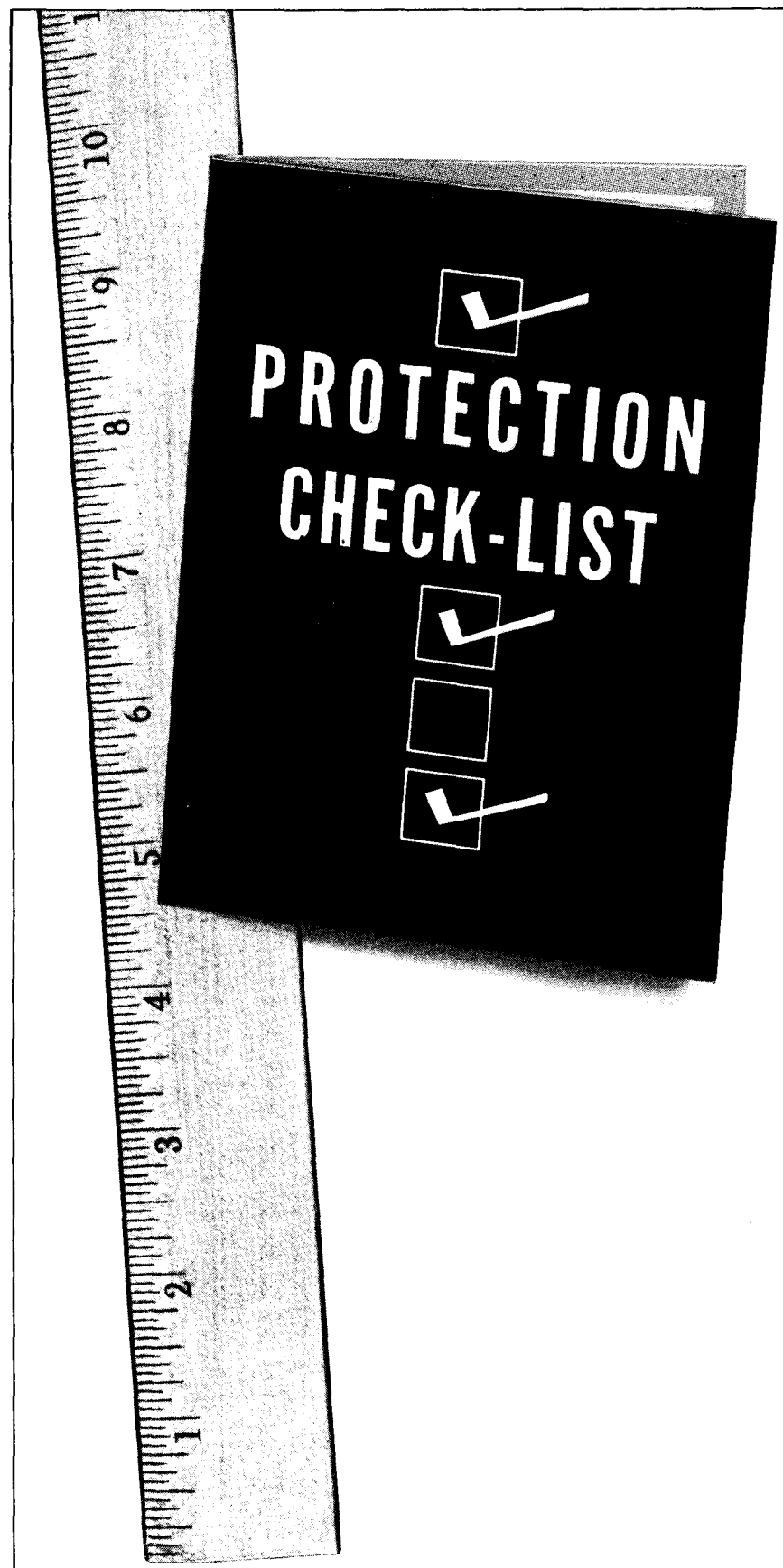
Mrs. Kreider went to the car and conferred with the driver. Then she stepped away, so her voice could be heard above the loud, sputtering motor. "He says he can't. The car might stall. He's been having trouble with it."

"Then tell him to go back to the city before some bull mistakes him for a cow," said Sam Kreider, his voice loud, as if he were offering a challenge.

The man in the car, who might not have been able to hear everything Sam Kreider had said, merely glared through the window and chewed furiously at his cigar.

Running his tongue along the edge of his mouth, like a man who has savored a piece of meat and identified it, Sam Kreider never again looked at the driver. He opened the gate. "Tell them to go up to the house," he said.

Mrs. Kreider motioned to the girl. "Run along now. Do as he says." She straightened the boy's hat, which didn't need straightening, but somehow managed to make it a fraction of an inch more awful-looking, and to make visible the red line it had cut into his forehead. Her knees made awkward bulges in the black dress as she attempted to stoop to his height. She embraced him, bundles and all. "You be a good boy," she instructed him.



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Homecoming

"Come on. I ain't holding this gate open all day."

The girl hurried through the gate. The boy tried to follow her, but Mrs. Kreider wouldn't release him. "Don't worry none," she said. "That's just his way of talking. He don't mean anything by it."

The boy showed more concern over being separated from his sister than he did interest in what Mrs. Kreider was telling him. He wriggled and squirmed. But Mrs. Kreider was too involved in her own emotions to notice. "Mind him. It's the one thing he must have. So be sure you mind him always."

Then the boy ran after his sister.

Sam Kreider made no effort to help them with their bundles, though he did hold the gate open wider for the boy and glanced at him as he passed. It must have seemed a long climb up the hill to such a small child. Sam Kreider shut the gate, turned and hollered, "When you get those things inside, come back for the rest. And be quick about it."

Mrs. Kreider seemed nervous. She had completed a task which had required considerable resolution, and now her strength was faltering. Perhaps she was having misgivings, for it appeared certain that she had played a key role in whatever negotiations had brought the children to their new home. "Be good to them, Samuel," she said.

Sam Kreider whirled. He gave his wife an awful look.

"I didn't mean anything by it," she said, apologetically. "I know you'll do what's right for them. I just wanted you to remember that they shouldn't be blamed for anything she did, or for how you feel about her . . . or me. They're innocent, Samuel."

Sam Kreider pointed at the rest of their belongings. "Is that all of it?"

"Yes."

"Then you'd best be on your way."

Mrs. Kreider retreated to the car. Then, feeling an unfinished obligation toward the children, she said, "They're going to be needing clothes. Most of those they have with them they've outgrown. But they wanted to bring them, so I let them."

Sam Kreider rubbed his grizzled chin. "I expect, woman, they'll tell me what they need. And when they've told me what they need, I'll decide whether they need it!" He poked his forefinger at her. "But I'll not stand for outside interfering, if that's what you're a-thinking on."

"I know you'll provide for them, Samuel. I just thought that, seeing so many bundles, you might think they have everything they need. Mostly it's rags they've got. No warm clothing at all." She looked at her husband, trying to gauge how much she dared say. "I had the notion to sew a few things for them. Would it be all right?"

"You'll save me the trouble of sending them back if you don't."

There was no rancor in his voice, but an air of finality. From the moment the children had entered the gate, he had sealed them off. He had made them his already. "Tell their mother she can see them, once a month, so long as she obeys the rules of my house. I'll not stop her from visiting, even if she ain't fit to be their mother. But she'll not be welcome overnight, she'll not be welcome at my table, and she'll not be welcome bringing any of her *boyfriends*. Make that clear to her!"

Evidently Mrs. Kreider decided there was no use in trying to talk with him. Treating her body as if she were angry with it, she heaved herself into the car. After she tried twice unsuccessfully to close it, the man reached across and pulled the door shut. It was the first thing he had done to help her, and he seemed not to be helping her really, but simply hastening his own departure.

As the car moved off down the lane, Mr. Newcomer wondered whether the man realized that he would have to return, since the road ended two miles farther on. Probably that was one more argument Mrs. Kreider would have to endure, being criticized for having failed to tell the driver to turn the car around. But it was doubtful whether she would mind. She had looked beyond caring what happened to her.

Sam Kreider remained standing at the gate until the girl returned. When she had gathered the remaining bundles, he said, "Now you know how the gate works. Don't ever step outside it without I give you permission. Understand?"

The girl nodded.

"Starting tomorrow, you wear dresses that cover your legs. I don't take to a girl showing her backside when she stoops."

"I don't have any dresses longer than this one."

"Then sew a piece of cloth to it, and hold your tongue when I speak. I tolerate no back talk."

"Yes, sir."

"That's better. But don't *sir* me, just do as I say. I've no hankering to punish you or the boy more'n what's for your own good, or more'n what you make me," said Sam Kreider. "You'll find rooms upstairs. I don't care which you take, so long as you leave mine be." He studied the girl. "You look pretty well growed. You been learned to cook?"

"Yes."

"Then I'll expect supper. I eat as close to six as it can be had ready."

The girl walked obediently toward the house. The boy was roaming the porch, peering into windows, curious about the interior, but afraid to enter. He seemed glad to see his sister approaching. He ran to meet her.

"One more thing," Sam Kreider called out. "Use that entrance this time, but don't let me catch you making a habit of it. You'll find the proper door around back."

Sam Kreider started walking toward the barn. Then he turned and stared at Mr. Newcomer. "Neighbor, you'd be doing yourself a favor," he said, "if you paid more attention to what's yours and less to what doesn't concern you. I don't take kindly to people putting their nose in my affairs."

Mr. Newcomer smiled. Experience had taught him that imperturbable good humor was the best way to deal with that crotchety, cantankerous, old man. It was the one thing that Sam Kreider didn't know how to respond to. He usually, as he was doing now, turned his back and stalked off, muttering and scowling, but with backward glances which were intended to inform Mr. Newcomer that his enmity was merely being held in check until some future occasion.

The small victory which he had gained over the old man did not give Mr. Newcomer any lasting satisfaction. Within a few minutes, feelings of gloom and sadness had begun to settle over him. The events of this afternoon had stirred anew in him the desperate loneliness and emptiness which he had been trying to overcome for the past two years. The very sight of those children had revived within him the anguish and remorse which he had felt in regard to his own son, his dear, beloved Allan, who had been the pride and joy of his existence, and the cornerstone of the happy married life which both he and his wife had so carefully planned and preserved.

He glanced at the farmhouse. There was no sign of the children. Their arrival had changed nothing. The house had the same abandoned, desolate look. Only a pile of ax-splintered logs, stacked crookedly against the wall, gave the house some feeling of being occupied. The countryside looked exactly as it had an hour earlier, though, with the sun lower in the sky and the shadows lengthening, the trees seemed to stand off at a slightly greater distance.

Then he saw the car returning. It must have gone all the way to the end of the road before turning around. As it approached, he saw Mrs. Kreider's face near the windshield, twisted at an unusual angle, as if she were attempting to get a better view of the hill. Perhaps she was trying to catch a last glimpse of the children. Or perhaps it was her memories of the place where she had spent the important years of her life that made her strain to see it once more. But the driver kept his vehicle moving onward, without slowing or even taking his eyes from the road.

Suddenly Mr. Newcomer found himself running across the lawn toward the road, waving his arms frantically, and shouting, "Mrs. Kreider! Mrs. Kreider! For God's sake, don't leave those children with him! Don't let him do to them what he did to your children!" But when he arrived at the edge of the road, all that his raised arm and waggling hand received was a holocaust of swirling and blowing dust that choked his voice and blinded him. Even as it moved away, the automobile continued to sound much nearer to him than it actually was. His arm faltered and then fell slowly to his side. The dust thinned, spreading outward and hovering for a brief time in the air, before settling back to earth.

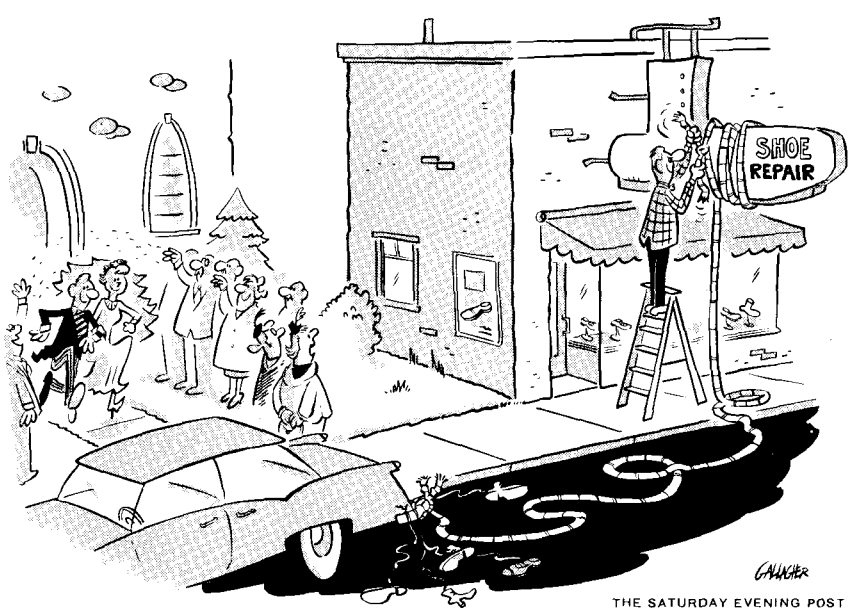
His head was bowed, with a sense of folly, and defeat. If the car had stopped, what could he have said to the old woman? What reasonable explanation could he have given for attempting to interfere in private matters? What could he possibly have told her except about his own son, how he had given him everything that a boy could want, horses to ride, books to read, guns to hunt with, freedom to roam the countryside, companionship whenever the boy had wished it, and all the affection and understanding of which he had been capable. What could he have said to her except, "The one time that I ever went against his wishes, convinced that I was acting in his own future interests, I put him on a train and waved good-bye to him. Only three people were killed when the train was derailed, but my son had to be one of them." What could he have said except, "I hate you for giving your husband another chance! But most of all, I hate knowing that my son was taken from me, and I will never have another."

As he turned away from the road, crossing the lawn in the direction of his own home, he took one last glance at the old farmhouse on the hill. He saw a light flickering in the kitchen. The girl must have lit it. Sam Kreider would let her know about that, wasting kerosene, burning a lamp before it was dark enough to need one. It would be her first lesson . . . her first of the innumerable to follow, until her spirit had been broken, or she had followed the path of her mother. . . .

Bitterness welled in him to the breaking point, not merely over the injustice which fate had dealt to him and to those poor children, up there on that hill, who could not yet know the misery and suffering that were in store for them; but the still more bitter knowledge that he would be the one to bring a little kindness, a little hope, to an unpromising and hopeless situation, even though each smile, each glance of gratitude, each sound of their young voices would make his heart ache the more for his own lost son. "It's not fair," he cried out. "It's simply not fair!"

He was overwhelmed by such a profound sadness that by the time he had reached the porch steps, he had to remind himself, "My wife, I mustn't forget to tell her what lovely children they are and how nice it will be to have young people living so near to us again."

But it was probably more characteristic of his relationship with his wife that it had not and would not occur to him to burden her with anything of what he had really seen or felt this afternoon. He simply paused there on the porch, for a few moments, to regain his composure and prepare himself for that most difficult of all human tasks, the pretense of cheerfulness. THE END



"I believe that's the fellow she jilted."

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LEON & BÉBERT

By EVAN S. CONNELL, Jr.
Illustration by Bill Charmatz

Life's a prison, of course—but it's just as bad to be locked out as it is to be locked in.

It was just past noon and Leon, dressed in white-duck trousers and a striped red shirt, was quickly finishing breakfast. He had been up until two o'clock playing cards at the Po-Po Club, then had gone around the lake to visit friends, so had not gotten to bed until dawn. Now Bébert was coming by for him at any minute. Already the lake was dotted with boats, sailboats for the most part; only here and there the white froth lengthened behind a motor. Leon, spreading marmalade over a piece of toast, squinted attentively at the motorboats. Just then he heard Bébert's station wagon climbing the hill; the noise was unmistakable. He stuffed the toast into his mouth, took a drink of coffee and hurried to the door, pausing just long enough to put on his nautical cap.

The door, however, would not open. Apparently it was locked. Leon did not remember locking it. He turned the knob again and frowned. He had been mildly drunk when he came home and there was a possibility that he had done something clever, had played a trick on himself for no comprehensible reason. Or, of course, there was the possibility that a practical joker had stopped by and done something to the door. He took the knob with both hands and tried to turn it, but it would not move. Just then Bébert honked. Leon rattled the door and banged the knob with his fist.

Bébert honked again. "Come on!" he shouted. "Are you asleep?"

"I'm coming, save your breath," Leon muttered. He could not understand why the door would not open.

"Let's go, Leon!" Bébert called.

Leon switched the lock back and forth and tried the door again.

"What's going on in there?" Bébert called.

"Stop shouting, I can hear you," Leon said. Then raising his own voice he called, "The door's stuck!"

"What's that?" Bébert sounded astonished. A moment later he came walking down the gravel path toward the house.

Leon looked at his hands, which were beginning to feel swollen from twisting the knob. He took hold of it delicately with two fingers and tried it, but it would not open.

Just then Bébert rang the bell.

"For God's sake!" Leon said. "I'm right here, what are you doing?"

"Do you know what time it is?" Bébert called. "Almost twenty past twelve!"

"That isn't my fault," said Leon angrily. "You told me you'd be here by twelve at the latest. Now this damn door is stuck."

"Where are you?"

"Here. Standing right next to you, obviously. Is anything wrong outside?"

"What do you mean? I don't understand."

"I mean," said Leon, "does it appear to you that somebody has wired my door shut, or anything like that?"

"No, it looks just fine."

"Then would it be too much to ask it you'd take hold of it and see if you can get it open? I'd appreciate it very much. I seem to be locked in."

"That's so," said Bébert a moment later. "It won't open. I guess you'll have to open it from inside."

"Which way did you turn the knob?"

Bébert was silent. "I tried it again," he said finally. "Both ways. It won't budge."

"Do it once more. I want to watch and see if it moves on this side."

"All right. Here goes!"

"Well, it's jammed," said Leon.

"You'd better hurry up and get it open," said Bébert. "Otherwise we'll miss our ride. They said they were going to start at twelve-thirty whether we were there or not."

Leon seized the doorknob and struggled to turn it, but it would not move. "You'd better go without me!" he said furiously. "I can't get out, that's all there is to it! This damn thing is broken and I'm trapped."

"Is this the only door?" Bébert asked. "I remember there's a door opening onto your sun deck."

"Yes, and what else do you remember about it?"

"That's right," said Bébert finally. "It's quite high off the ground because of the hillside. I forgot about that."

"Approximately twenty feet, to be exact. Personally I wouldn't care to break a leg by leaping off the sun deck like a musketeer or somebody. Perhaps you would, but I wouldn't. Not even for a speedboat ride."

"What are you going to do?"

"There's nothing I can do, my hands are already practically blistered. You try it. Take hold of the knob and rattle it. I'll kick the door from inside. Maybe it's slightly sprung."

"I should say so!" Bébert laughed. "That's the major understatement of the week! No, it simply won't budge," he added. "You're right, it certainly is 'slightly sprung.'"

Leon gave the door a savage kick.

"I can just see you!" said Bébert, laughing. "There you are hopping up and down on one foot, clutching your toes in an agony of pain."

"Oh, don't be stupid," said Leon. "Do you think I'm subnormal? I kicked it with my heel."

"And a lot of good it did! I can see the door's still closed. Who's talking about being stupid?—that's what I say."

"Well, I suppose you could stand around out there all day and amuse

Leon and Bébert were first introduced in Evan S. Connell's The Suicide *in* The Post *for May 2, 1964. Mr. Connell, author of the novel* Mrs. Bridge, *is also one of America's finest short-story writers. He lives in San Francisco and is editor of* Contact *magazine.*

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yourself at my expense, but in the meantime that isn't going to get this door open."

"True. However, I'm not a locksmith. I don't know what you expect me to do about it."

"There's an idea," said Leon quickly. "Why don't you run down the hill and get a locksmith?"

"It's Sunday."

"Doesn't that old man in the bicycle shop stay open on Sundays?"

"That old man with the wooden leg?"

"No, no," Leon said impatiently. "He hasn't got anything to do with the bicycle shop."

"I've seen him there several times."

"Well, maybe he's a friend of the locksmith. The locksmith is the old man with the Scandinavian accent."

"Oh, yes, I know who you mean. I had no idea he was the locksmith."

"Well, he is!" said Leon, glaring at the door. "Now why don't you jump in your car and go down and see if you can find him."

"I doubt if he's there on Sunday."

"Maybe he is, maybe he isn't! Have you got a brighter idea?"

"Don't shout at me, Leon. We're not twenty-four inches apart."

"I'm sorry. I'm getting claustrophobia. I want to get out of this place."

"I'd certainly like to see you out. Don't think I wouldn't."

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Leon & Bébert

"Splendid," said Leon. "We're agreed. Now, tell me what time it is."

"Close to twelve-thirty!" Bébert exclaimed.

"We'd better work fast. Listen. You can make it down the hill to the dock in three or four minutes. They won't have gone by then. Tell them we'll be there but we'll be a few minutes late. They'll wait for us, I'm sure. Then go over and get the locksmith."

"Telephone. That would be simplest. Call up Rick and—ah, no, that wouldn't work because he'd already have left his place. He must be at the dock."

"It also wouldn't work because I don't happen to have a telephone."

"I just now remembered that," said Bébert. "Why don't you have one? Everybody else does."

"It's a long story. I had an argument with the company, but I didn't want one anyhow. I never did like telephones. But let's not get into that. Now will you please jump in that station wagon and hurry down the hill? Maybe Rick knows something about locks. Bring him back with you. The main thing is to let them know we're going to be late."

"Can't you get out a window?"

"Well, I painted the house a few months ago and all the windows are stuck. Now listen, Bébert, would you please ——"

"My watch is wrong! I'd forgotten, but it stopped the other day and I simply took a guess when I set it. I think actually it must be about twelve-fifteen."

"Wait," said Leon. He ran into the bedroom and looked at the alarm clock. "You're right," he said, returning to the door. "It's not quite twelve-fifteen. That gives us a little leeway."

"Good! I've been thinking. Do you have a piece of wire? A hairpin, for instance. You must have thousands of them in there," said Bébert, laughing.

Leon clutched his head and rolled his eyes. "I could find one. What do you want with a hairpin?"

"I used to be pretty good at picking locks. Nothing spectacular, of course, but once when I was about nine or ten my brother couldn't open the lock on his bicycle so I picked it. Everybody insisted I'd been practicing. My father said I'd end up in the penitentiary."

"That's very amusing," said Leon.

Bébert was silent.

"What's the matter?" Leon asked.

"Not a thing," Bébert replied. "Not a thing. I can't say that I particularly care for your sarcasm, but otherwise there's not a single thing the matter."

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have spoken like I did, but I'm getting nervous. I never could stand being trapped anywhere."

"I know how you feel. I accept your apology. I get the exact same feeling in elevators. They give me the willies. But it's odd that you should feel trapped in your own house."

"Here, I found a hairpin! What'll I do with it?"

"Slip it under the door."

"It won't go."

"How strange. There's a crack on this side. It ought to slide under. Try again."

"It won't go, I tell you! I'm sorry if I sound edgy, Bébert. This hairpin's too big. It's one of Gloria's, I think. Anyhow, I can't get it through."

"I used to date a girl in Philadelphia who had the most monstrous hairpins I ever saw in my life. One evening we were at a very nice restaurant eating mackerel *au fenouil* when one of her hairpins fell out and dropped on the plate with the loudest clink you could imagine. A couple at the next table actually turned around. She was so embarrassed she wanted to sink through the floor."

"We're going to miss that boat," said Leon, "I can feel it."

"It's my fault, I'm awfully talky today, I don't know why. Now you try to pick that lock and meantime I'll scout around out here and see if I can find something."

"I'm no good at this," Leon said. "I'm too nervous. He gave the door another kick. "Bébert, listen, this is a complete waste of time. Bébert? Bébert! Are you still there? We've got to do something! I'm going stark raving mad. Where are you?"

"I'm out in back!" Bébert called.

Leon ran through the house to the sun deck and looked down. There was Bébert wearing sneakers, Bermuda shorts and a suede jacket, with a pair of binoculars hung around his neck.

"Any luck?" cried Bébert.

"I don't know how to open things," Leon said. "I'm worse than a woman. I'm helpless. God, how useless I feel!"

"Maybe you should take a trip. Ordinarily that helps."

"I should take a trip," said Leon, leaning on the rail. "I can't even get out of my own house, but I should take a trip."

"Well, you *are* in a bad state, I can see that."

"I'm ready to jump."

"This ground's not as soft as it looks."

"I don't care," said Leon.

"I must say I've never seen you so changeable. A few minutes ago when I suggested jumping off the deck you said you didn't want to break a leg. By the way, did you know that Winston Churchill once jumped off a train trestle? It's the truth. I read about it somewhere. When he was a boy he was playing with some other boys and they chased him up on some high trestle and were about to capture him, so he simply waved his arms and leaped off. As a matter of fact, I think he did break his leg or something. He's an amazing man."

"If I stay in this town much longer," said Leon, "I'm going to go berserk. I'll be as mad as a hatter."

Bébert, shading his eyes, looked up with an expression of concern. "What did you say? I couldn't hear. Are you all right?"

"Of course I'm all right!" Leon shouted. "It's a beautiful day! I'm in perfect health! The Government just sent me a tax refund, what more could anybody ask? Certainly I'm all right. I just would like to get out of this damned house and go for a speedboat ride, that's all I want, but I can't. I don't know why I can't, it doesn't seem like it's asking a very great deal. Does it seem to you like that's asking a lot? Please do speak frankly."

"I can't understand a word you're saying. You puzzle me."

"Ah well," said Leon. "Ah well, the hell with it. I'll go inside and try to unscrew the hinges."

"That's not the way to do it."

"What do you mean that's not the way to do it?" Leon said furiously. "Who the hell gives you the right to tell me that's not the way to do it? What do you know about it? If you'd come by when you said you would, why we'd be at the dock by now."

"How so? I admit I was late, I admit that, but what does that have to do with your front door being stuck? Is that my fault?"

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"At least that would have given us time enough to open the door."

"I've got an idea. Let's figure out some way to get me inside, then I'll open it."

"What makes you think you can open it?"

"I don't know, but I think I can. It's just this feeling I have. There must be something wrong with the inside. You got in last night without any trouble, didn't you?"

Leon nodded.

"Then that means that the trouble isn't on the outside, it's on the inside. That makes sense, doesn't it?"

"I guess it does," said Leon. "I don't know. I'm so frustrated I can't think."

"Of course it does. Now, how can I get up there? Do you have a ladder?"

"There's a ladder next door but the people are away and they have a big dog in the yard."

"Where do they keep the ladder?"

"Well, wait a minute." Leon cautiously climbed up on the rail of the sun deck and peered through the trees. Then he got down and said, "Usually it's in the yard beside the fence. I thought I might be able to see it, but I couldn't."

"If that's where they ordinarily keep it, it must be there. They wouldn't be taking it with them."

"I don't think you'd better go over there," said Leon. "That dog is vicious."

"What kind of a dog is it?"

"It's an Airedale. A couple of months ago it bit the gas-meter reader."

"I used to have an Airedale," said Bébert. "They're friendly dogs. I'll have a try at it."

"I wouldn't if I were you," said Leon.

Bébert walked across to the fence and stood on tiptoe.

"Is he there?" Leon asked.

"I don't see a soul," replied Bébert.

"What about the ladder?"

"Yes, it's here. Do you have a box of any sort?"

"A box? What for?"

"I have to get over the fence in order to borrow the ladder, don't I? I can't simply leap it. I'm not the athletic type."

"There's a wooden packing crate underneath the deck, I think. Unless somebody's stolen it."

"That should do. Let me look." Bébert disappeared beneath the deck. Presently he backed into view dragging the crate. "This ought to be just right," he said, and dragged it over to the fence. After testing it with both hands he climbed on top and had another look into the neighbor's yard. Leon watched silently. Bébert whistled and then called, "Here poochy! Here poochy!"

"Is he there?"

Bébert shook his head.

"Well, I'd be careful anyway. He could be hiding somewhere waiting for you to get over the fence."

"It certainly is warm down here," Bébert said as he began to climb the fence. "It's much warmer than it was in front."

"There's never much of a breeze where you are," said Leon. "All that shrubbery. Don't snag your fly."

Bébert suddenly stopped with an expression of terror and then fell backward into Leon's yard. There was a scuffling and clawing and the fence rocked. The neighbor's shrubbery rustled.

"I told you," said Leon. "That's how he got the gas-meter reader. Are you all right?"

"Yes," said Bébert, sitting up. "I believe I'm all right. I'm just a little shocked."

"He's a funny dog. He doesn't bark. He just lies in wait like a serpent and then *pow!*"

"I don't think he's an Airedale. He's too big."

"Well, he is. They've got a bunch of silver cups in the house with his name inscribed on them."

"My dog was the friendliest thing," said Bébert.

Leon belched. "I guess they're like people. You get decent ones and then you get these ornery sons-of-bitches. It makes you wonder."

"Look! Isn't that a hummingbird?" asked Bébert.

"Yes," Leon said. "Quite a few birds live around here in these trees. I don't recognize too many of them, but it gives the place a sort of cheerful atmosphere."

"I'd say you have an absolute little Garden of Eden—that's what I'd say."

"Well, it's pleasant," Leon admitted. "I like it here. Sometimes there are so many birds and bugs and squirrels and cats and God knows what else that you'd think it was Noah's Ark, but generally it's restful. Except right at this moment I've got a bellyful of it. I want to get out."

"I understand," said Bébert. "You know, I believe I've torn my trousers."

"I thought I heard something rip," said Leon.

Bébert was examining himself. "Maybe not," he said finally. "I've simply got to shed a few pounds, though. All of my clothes are tight."

"Isn't that a new jacket?"

"Yes, do you like it? I bought it day before yesterday. Jessup's was having a sale. In fact I bought it with today in mind. I'd been wanting something new and I said to myself that this speedboat ride was a perfect excuse."

"We'll never make it," Leon said, squinting at the lake. "You'd better go without me. Go ahead."

Bébert glanced up, startled and pleased.

"Go ahead, don't pay any attention to me. I've been on a speedboat before."

"But you've been saying for the past three weeks how you'd love to wangle a ride on the *Sea Bishop*."

"The *Sea Bishop* isn't the reason. The real reason is that I want to meet that movie starlet Phluger runs around with."

Bébert was amazed. "Seriously? I had no idea. I thought you admired his boat."

"It's a nice enough boat," said Leon.

"Well, this is quite a surprise. Although now that I think of it, I might have known. It's so typical of you."

"Bébert," Leon said, "did you ever get a good look at that broad?"

"Only from a distance. She swished into the post office one afternoon dressed up like a zebra while I was on my way to the Laundromat. That's as close as I've ever come to her, and it was altogether close enough, thank you."

"If I ever get within six feet of that broad," Leon said, "I'll explode. I'll go up like a two-dollar skyrocket."

"Will she be on the boat?"

"I guess, I don't know why not. She's Phluger's houseguest, isn't she? Where he goes, she goes."

"And *that's* the reason you've been so bearish! I should have guessed."

"I'd been counting on this afternoon. Oh, God, when I think of it! I could weep, Bébert. This is cruel."

"We can make it, if we hurry."

"There's not a chance. I'm locked in. You'd better go."

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Leon & Bébert

"I won't! We're going to get you out of there and furthermore we're going to make it on time. I can feel it in my bones."

"That's nice of you, Bébert," Leon remarked, smiling down at him. "You're a very sweet guy."

"Now don't be silly," Bébert answered, waving his hands. "You'd do the same for me, if not more."

"A little while ago when you came by and that door wouldn't open I almost went out of my mind. I thought it was a plot. I thought Phluger had discovered what I was really after. I could have committed murder, I was that infuriated."

"It's not my business, of course, but in a way I don't think you're being very honorable."

Leon took off his cap and scratched his head.

"I heard you pretending such an interest in the *Sea Bishop*," Bébert continued. "You said one flattering thing right after another. It was embarrassing."

"I was embarrassed too," Leon admitted. "But Rick was talking about going out today and said Phluger had told him to bring along some friends and all of a sudden I couldn't stop myself. I just had to get an invitation."

"Well, we're frittering time away. Let's see. How am I going to get up there? Don't you have a rope? I could climb up."

Leon shook his head. "What about that box? If you put it directly beneath here and stood on it I might be able to reach down and get your hand."

"Then what? You'd need a windlass to haul me up. Besides, you couldn't reach me."

"Let's try it."

Bébert went to the fence and came back dragging the crate. "Our hungry friend's still there," he remarked. "I could see him watching me through the bushes. I haven't been so startled in years."

"You've got new sneakers," Leon observed.

"Yes," said Bébert, and climbed up on the box. "Now, see if you can reach me."

Leon stretched out on the sun deck and put one arm over the edge.

"You see? We're not even close."

"Jump."

"Don't be ridiculous. I doubt if I could reach you and if I did I'd break your arm or pull you off the deck. You're strong, I admit, but I wouldn't say you were a professional trapeze artist."

"Try it. If it doesn't work you can let go."

"Oh, all right, but just this once," said Bébert. "I certainly hope nobody's watching us. We must look like perfect fools."

He took off his binoculars and set them on the packing crate. Then he crouched and gazed up with a determined expression. Leon, holding to the rail with one hand, reached down as far as possible, clenched his teeth and nodded. Bébert leaped and clutched at him, but failed.

"You can jump higher than that," said Leon.

"I don't trust this box," said Bébert. "This whole idea is absurd, in fact. I mean, honestly, Leon, suppose you were a stranger watching."

"Try it again. Really jump. Put your heart into it."

"I've never felt so imbecilic in my entire life. I just know this isn't going to work." He crouched again and looked up. Ready? Here I come!"

"Wait a minute!" cried Leon.

"What's the matter?"

"One of your shoestrings is untied."

Bébert knelt and tied it while Leon watched.

"All right, that takes care of that," said Bébert. "Get a good grip on the rail now because I'm heavier than I look."

Leon took several deep breaths. Bébert rubbed his hands together.

"Set?"

Leon nodded. Bébert cleared his throat and sprang but he did not get much closer.

"I suppose you're right," Leon said. "What'll we do now?"

"Why don't you knot a sheet and let it down?"

"I doubt if that would work either."

"Of course it would work. It's done all the time."

"No, I think that's one of those fables like boiling water when a woman's about to have a baby."

"What do you mean a fable? I don't understand."

"Just that it isn't necessary."

"Boiling water?"

"Yes. It's not essential."

"Is that a fact! I always supposed they needed it for some reason."

"No. For years I thought the same, but then recently I read that this was merely a dramatic convention in the movies."

"How interesting," said Bebert. "I never knew that."

"Yes, and I suspect that this business about escaping from resort-hotel fires by means of a knotted sheet is pretty similar. It doesn't sound plausible. What I mean is, it *does* sound plausible. Too plausible, if you follow me. It sounds much too easy, like boiling water. The sheet would rip, I think. But I don't know. On the other hand, it might be feasible. I guess we could try it, there's nothing to lose. I've got to get out of here someway. All right, why not!" Leon jumped to his feet and went into the house and came out with a sheet.

"Three or four knots," Bébert suggested. "They ought to strengthen it and give it a ropelike quality."

Leon sat down on the sun deck and gathered the sheet in his lap.

"I can't see what you're doing," Bébert said, "but it occurs to me that the smartest way to do it would be to roll the sheet into a sort of roll before tying the knots."

Leon, who had not thought of this, quietly got up and spread the sheet across the deck and then began rolling it.

"It certainly is warm down here," Bébert said. "By the way, did you know there's a wasps' nest under the deck?"

"I can't hear you."

"I say, there's a nest of wasps directly underneath you."

"Yes, I know," said Leon. "It's abandoned."

"No, it isn't either."

"I can't hear you, Bébert. You're mumbling."

"I said there are about a thousand wasps crawling all over that nest. I'd do something about it, if I were you."

Leon got to his feet and came over to the railing and looked down. "Are they excited? Did you bother them?"

Bébert laughed. "You must think I'm an idiot. Nobody in his right mind would disturb a nest of wasps."

"Then why did you suggest I do something about it? Do you want me to get stung?"

Bébert gazed up at him in astonishment.

"You resent the fact that I'm not able to get out, don't you?" Leon persisted.

"I haven't the foggiest ——"

"Please don't interrupt! The truth is, you know we're not going to get to the dock on time and you blame me for it."

"That's not true."

"Yes, it is. I can see your side of the matter, Bébert. If I were in your position I'd be extremely resentful."

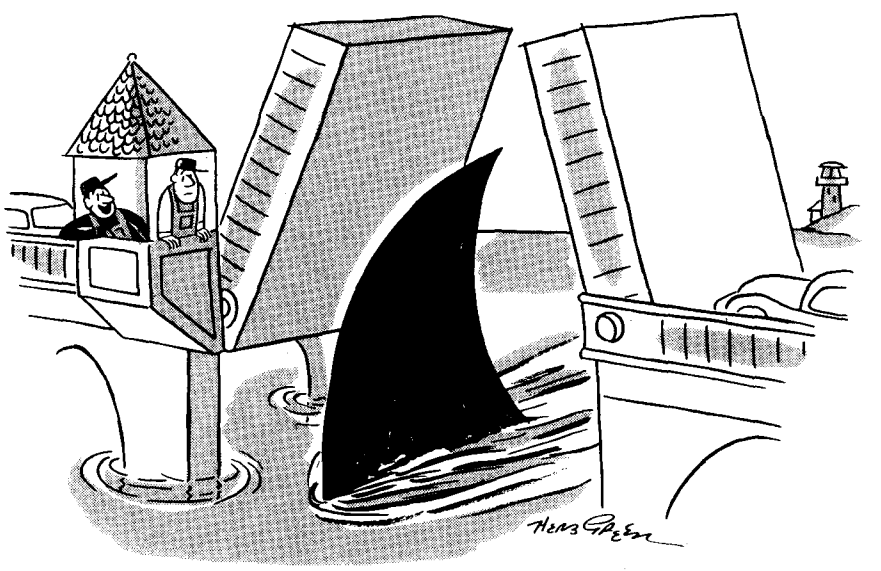
"You would?"

"Even though I might recognize that the door getting stuck wouldn't be your fault, still I couldn't help blaming you. Consequently you see that I understand your attitude."

"But I don't have any such feelings, I swear!"

"Never mind," said Leon and went back to the sheet. "Let's just not discuss it. I appreciate the fact that you've stayed this long. That was decent of you. I'll get out somehow, tomorrow maybe. You go on down to the boat. They're waiting for you."

"I've a good mind to stir up those wasps right this moment."



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Boy! Things will sure be humming in the bay this afternoon."

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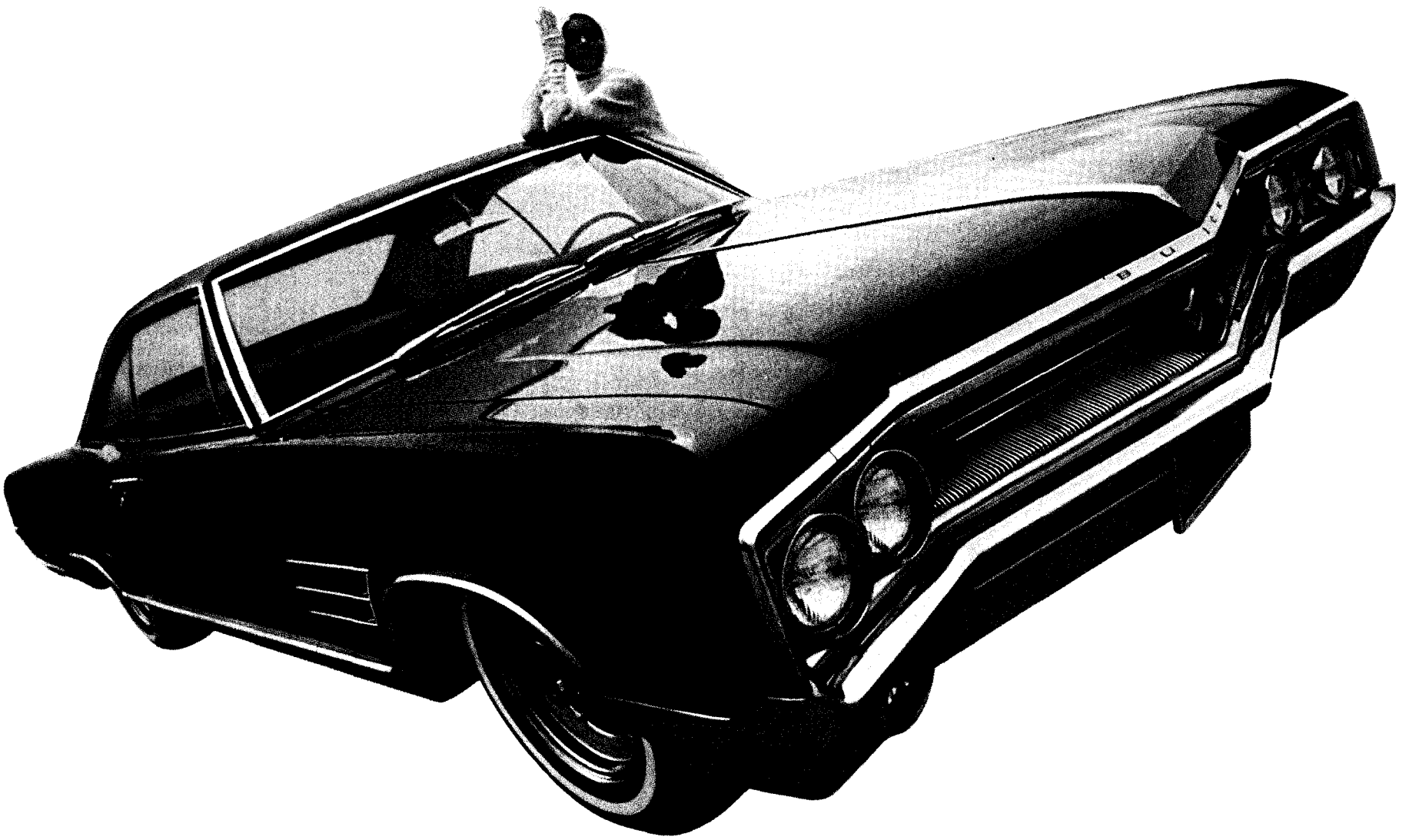

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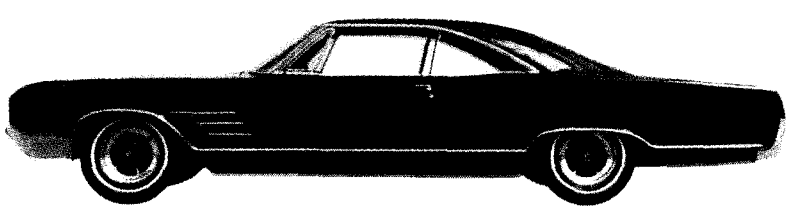

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Leon & Bébert

"Yes, you do that. You can run away from them, but pretty quickly they'd come swarming up on the deck and into the house."

"If you keep speaking to me like that I certainly will! In the meantime, why don't you stop feeling sorry for yourself and finish tying those knots?"

"Here, it's done," Leon said, coming to the rail with the sheet. He threw one end of it over and looked down. "That's too short. It won't work."

"I'll be able to reach it if I stand on the packing box. You just tie your end around the post. Make sure it won't slip."

"If you want to stir up those wasps," Leon remarked while he was tying the sheet, "kindly direct them to the Airedale."

"Oh, he's just lonesome," said Bébert. "He's a good dog."

"I didn't see you trying to pet him. Well, grab hold of your end and try it. Don't start climbing yet, because I'm not sure whether this knot's going to hold. Just pull on it."

"I've never done anything like this," said Bébert. "I'm glad I'm wearing sneakers."

"How does it feel? Does it feel strong?"

"It feels pretty good," Bébert said uncertainly. "How does it look up there? Is it slipping?"

Leon was silent. At last he said, "Maybe it's just drawing itself up tighter. Knots will do that sometimes. Pull on it harder. Swing on it. Be sure to keep your footing."

Bébert cautiously lifted himself from the box and dangled for a few seconds, then lowered one foot and gave a gentle push. The railing began to creak.

"I don't like the sound of that!" he called. "What about it, Leon? Is it safe?"

"I think so."

Bébert was very slowly revolving on the sheet. "I'd rather you were positive!" he called.

"There isn't anything much to worry about," Leon said. "Come on up."

"All right, you'll tell me if it starts to slip. I haven't done any climbing in years," Bébert added as he started up the sheet. "I must say it's rather stimulating."

"You're doing fine," Leon said. "Keep at it. I've got a finger on the knot so I can feel if it gives way."

Bébert stopped to rest. "I'd almost forgotten how to climb. We climbed ropes in school during the gymnasium period but that was a long time ago. There was a certain way you used your feet. Listen, can't you stop the sheet from turning around? I'm getting dizzy."

Leon peered over the edge of the deck. "You really are turning, aren't you? I didn't know it was going to do that. Are the wasps bothering you?"

Bébert laughed. "No, no. They've got better things to do. This *is* rather fun, although I feel terribly foolish. How's the knot?"

"It's in pretty good shape," Leon said. "However, if I were you I wouldn't wait too long. I mean, I don't want to get you excited, but it wouldn't be a good idea to hang there all day."

Bébert glanced down at the box and then up at the sun deck. After some hesitation he continued climbing. "This is a mistake," he said. "I'm going to regret this entire affair."

"Hurry up," said Leon. "Please hurry up."

"I don't think I'm going to make it," said Bébert. "I think I'm going to fall."

"Well, whatever you do, don't land on that box. If you have to fall, fall on the ground."

Bébert stopped again.

"You're almost here," Leon said. "Two or three more and you've got it. Don't give up now. I've got my foot on the knot."

"Yes, but I'm slipping," said Bébert desperately.

"There's nothing to worry about, only get a leg or an arm on the deck as soon as you can. In fact, the sooner the better."

"All right, here I come. Keep your fingers crossed."

"Upsy-daisy," Leon said. "Climb! That's the boy. Again! You've got it now, Bébert. Once more!"

"I'm absolutely exhausted," Bébert said, hooking his chin over the edge of the deck. "I believe I'll just park right here."

"It would have been easier if you'd taken off your jacket."

"Yes, I should have. It's awkward and it's so warm. I'll take it off as soon as I get up."

"Will it help if I give you a pull?"

"No, I don't want you to upset my balance. That's what happens to mountaineers. They go along all right, but then some outside force throws them off balance and they're killed."

"I hadn't thought about it," said Leon vaguely. "You look more like a burglar than a mountaineer. What are you going to do with the binoculars?"

"Oh, I just thought I'd bring them along. Can you see anything from where you are?"

"Phluger's boat, you mean? No, the trees are in the way. Listen, Bébert, I do wish you'd stop dangling there like something on a Christmas tree and make an effort. You really should get up here on the deck. It's dangerous clinging to a sheet."

"I'll try," said Bébert. "Incidentally, I didn't need to climb up this sheet, you could have climbed down."

"You're right! You are absolutely right. I never thought of that. Isn't that strange?"

"Neither did I until just now."

"Hm'm. Well, anyway as long as you're here you might as well come on up."

Bébert, after several deep breaths, climbed a little higher and grasped the railing; Leon reached down, took him by the belt and lifted him up onto the deck.

"Well, that was something!" Bébert exclaimed as he got to his feet and began brushing himself off. "However, all's well that ends well. Now let's have a look at that door. What did you do with the hairpin?"

"It's stuck in the lock."

"All right, sir, let's have a look," Bébert said, rubbing his hands. He took off his jacket and marched into the house.

"Do you want a beer while you're working?"

"No, I've got a wicker basket full of beer in the station wagon. I thought it would be nice to drink on the lake."

"I'll take a few bottles out of the icebox so we'll have plenty," Leon said. "By the way, if you need anything like pliers or a hammer you'll find them in the kitchen drawer."

"I'll need a screwdriver to work on the catch."

"It's there too. In fact there are so many gadgets in that drawer I'm afraid to open it. I get a feeling they're alive. It's like some kind of mechanical zoo. Well, anyway, I'll be on the deck untying the sheet."

A few minutes later Bébert called, "Did I ever tell you that I once met an actress?"

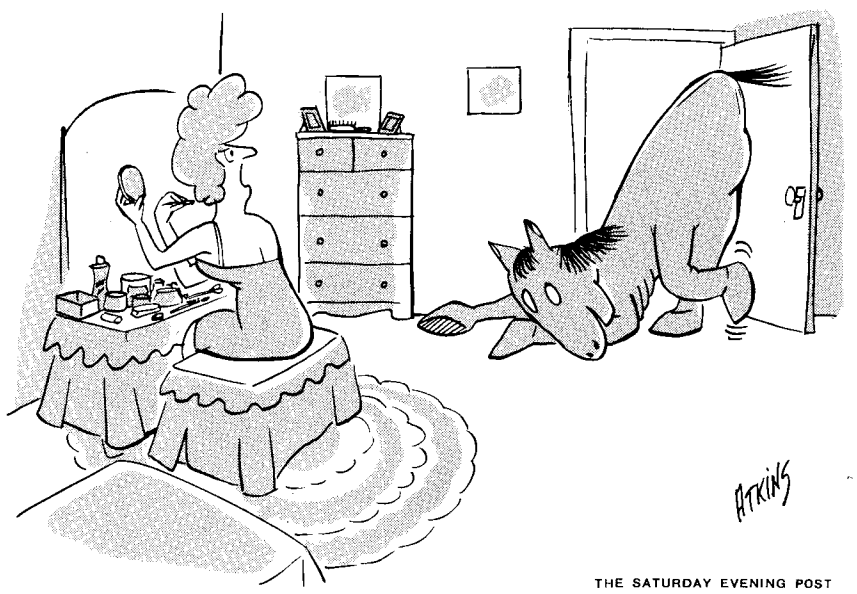
"Not that I remember."

"She was very famous. It was about eight or ten years ago. I was interviewing her for our school paper. I can't think of her name at the moment, but the boys were mad about her, of course, and when I returned from my interview they asked if she had seduced me. They couldn't believe nothing had happened. It was dreadful."

Leon, who had been sitting cross-legged on the sun deck with the sheet in his lap, looked around with an expression of interest.

"What *did* happen?"

"As I say, not a thing. It was terribly disappointing. She offered me a cup of tea, then I asked which movie she had most enjoyed working in and she said she enjoyed them all, she loved working in the movies and hoped to become a better actress. That's all there was to it. I only stayed about five minutes. She had an appointment of some sort. At least that's what she said. I believe she simply wanted to get rid of me. But of course nobody took my word for it."



"Stop pawing the ground, I'll be ready in a little while."

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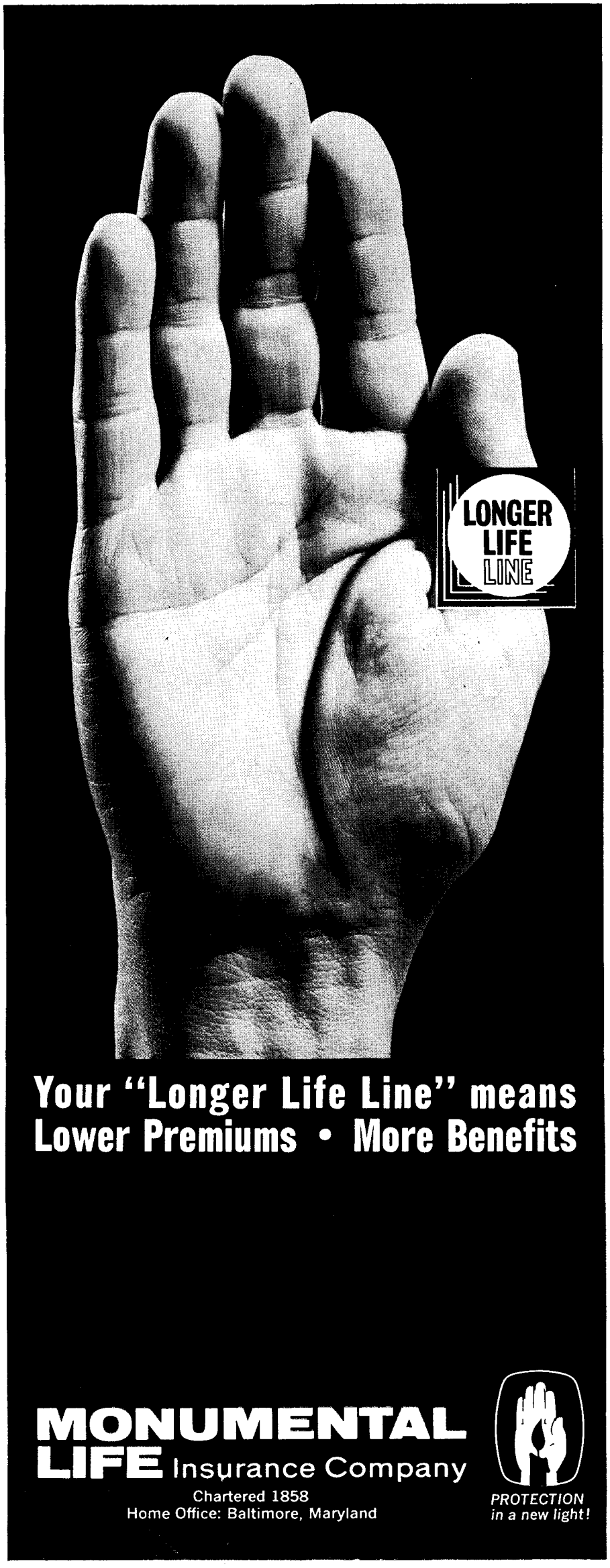

Leon & Bébert

"What about that lock? Are you making progress?"

"I think so. Yes, I think I am. I'm beginning to understand this lock. I do believe I'm actually going to get it."

"Keep after it. You've got me almost convinced."

"Leon, you'll never believe this," said Bébert a few moments later, "but the door is open."

Leon sprang to his feet and rushed into the house, and it was true, Bébert had succeeded.

"Let's go!" he shouted and ran outside. "What time have you got?"

Bébert glanced at his watch. "Nearly a quarter to one but I don't think they've left, I haven't heard the *Sea Bishop*'s motor."

"I forgot the beer," Leon said, running back into the house. He hurried into the kitchen, filled a paper bag with bottles and ran outside.

"You shouldn't have slammed the door," said Bébert.

"What difference does it make? Let's go!"

"Well, but you may not be able to get back in."

"I thought you fixed the lock."

"No, no, you misunderstood. I just got the door open, that's all. I didn't say I'd fixed it. You shot by so fast I didn't have a chance to explain. I won't guarantee that you'll be able to get back in."

"I'll worry about that when the time comes," said Leon. "I'm so glad to be out of that house I don't care if I never get back in. What are you standing there for? Come on, come on!"

"I'm thinking," said Bébert.

"We haven't got time for that!" shouted Leon, who was already halfway up the path to the station wagon.

"Yes, but, I think," Bébert called weakly, "that I've left my keys in your house. They're in my jacket."

Leon ran a few more steps up the path and then gradually sank to his knees with the bag of bottles nestled in his arms.

"I'm awfully sorry," said Bébert. "You don't know how ashamed I am."

Leon, still on his knees, put down the bottles and stretched out full length on the path. An instant later he lifted his head and shouted:

"The door! Bébert, try it! Maybe it works!"

Bébert rushed to the door and seized the knob; Leon watched him for a few moments and then rolled over.

"I just wish the earth would open right up and devour me," said Bébert. "You have no idea how this makes me feel, words just couldn't begin to convey it. I'm so embarrassed."

"You haven't got an extra key to the car, by any chance?" Leon asked without looking at him. "No. No, of course you haven't. I can tell."

Bébert didn't answer.

"I suppose it could have been worse," Leon said. "You could have fallen off the sheet and broken your back, for instance."

"That might have been best," answered Bébert, who was sitting on the step with his head in his hands. "I don't know if I can ever forget this day."

Leon, who had been plucking dandelions from the hillside, said, "I feel degraded somehow. I don't know exactly why. I keep thinking about last night, how I spent half an hour flattering Rick in order to get this invitation. Now I see that it was wasted. All on account of a little casting-couch actress, damn her soul."

"Well, there she goes!"

"What do you mean, there she goes?"

"The *Sea Bishop*. Hear the motor?"

Leon lifted himself to one elbow. "Is that it? Are you sure?"

Bébert nodded. "That's Phluger's boat. Probably we'll be able to see it when it gets out further on the lake. But I don't think we could have made it even if I hadn't left the keys inside."

"Yes, we could have," Leon said grimly. "We could have been on the *Sea Bishop* this very minute and I could have been sitting right next to that—oh, God, God!" he exclaimed and slapped the ground. "Why must I torture myself! It's over, the chance of a lifetime. Gone! Gone, Bébert. All on account of a miserable key. It's so senseless."

"A key, perhaps, or a door," Bébert remarked. "Then, too, I was a few minutes late, so you might even say that was the cause."

"I ought to move out of this town," Leon said thoughtfully. "I've been here much too long. Do you know how long I've been here?"

"How long?"

"Six years."

"Well," said Bébert, "that's what I thought. I've been here almost as long. But I must admit I like it."

"Where are you from, by the way?" Leon asked, looking at him curiously. "It occurs to me we've known each other all this time, but the fact is we're strangers."

"Yes, that's odd. So many people seem to congregate in this town and they see each other practically all the time and then they disappear one way or another and you realize you never did know the first thing about them. It's a bit frightening."

"Remember that crazy broad with the Dutch bob that used to come into the Po-Po Club every night? Every time she came in I was afraid to move for fear I'd fracture myself. Do you remember that one?"

"I think I do," said Bébert. "But there are so many girls. It's utterly impossible to keep track of them all."

"It was a year ago last spring she was around. Some oaf that looked like a pro wrestler always had hold of her by the arm so I never got a chance to meet her. Then all of a sudden she disappeared. Her name was Ingrid, that's all I could find out."

"Yes—well, that happens," said Bébert. "I was attracted to a girl who used to eat supper every Wednesday at the Fiddler. I thought she was one of the most appealing things I'd ever seen."

"So?"

"Nothing came of it. I was afraid it would be conspicuous if I spoke to her. I should have, I suppose. I'm such a coward. I think she liked me. But then, too, there was something else. I happened to see her downtown one afternoon at the grocery store with her hair done up in pink plastic curlers, and whatever feeling I had for her simply evaporated, once and for all. She looked like an absolute tramp. It made me rather angry, to tell the truth. Don't you think it's common for a girl to chase around in public like that? I do. It's not only insulting but vulgar, that's my opinion. Andrea tells me it's a 'class' thing. At any rate, it's too late now. She's gone, whoever she was."

"Damn, damn, damn," Leon said, sighing heavily. "I don't know which way to turn. I really ought to get out of this

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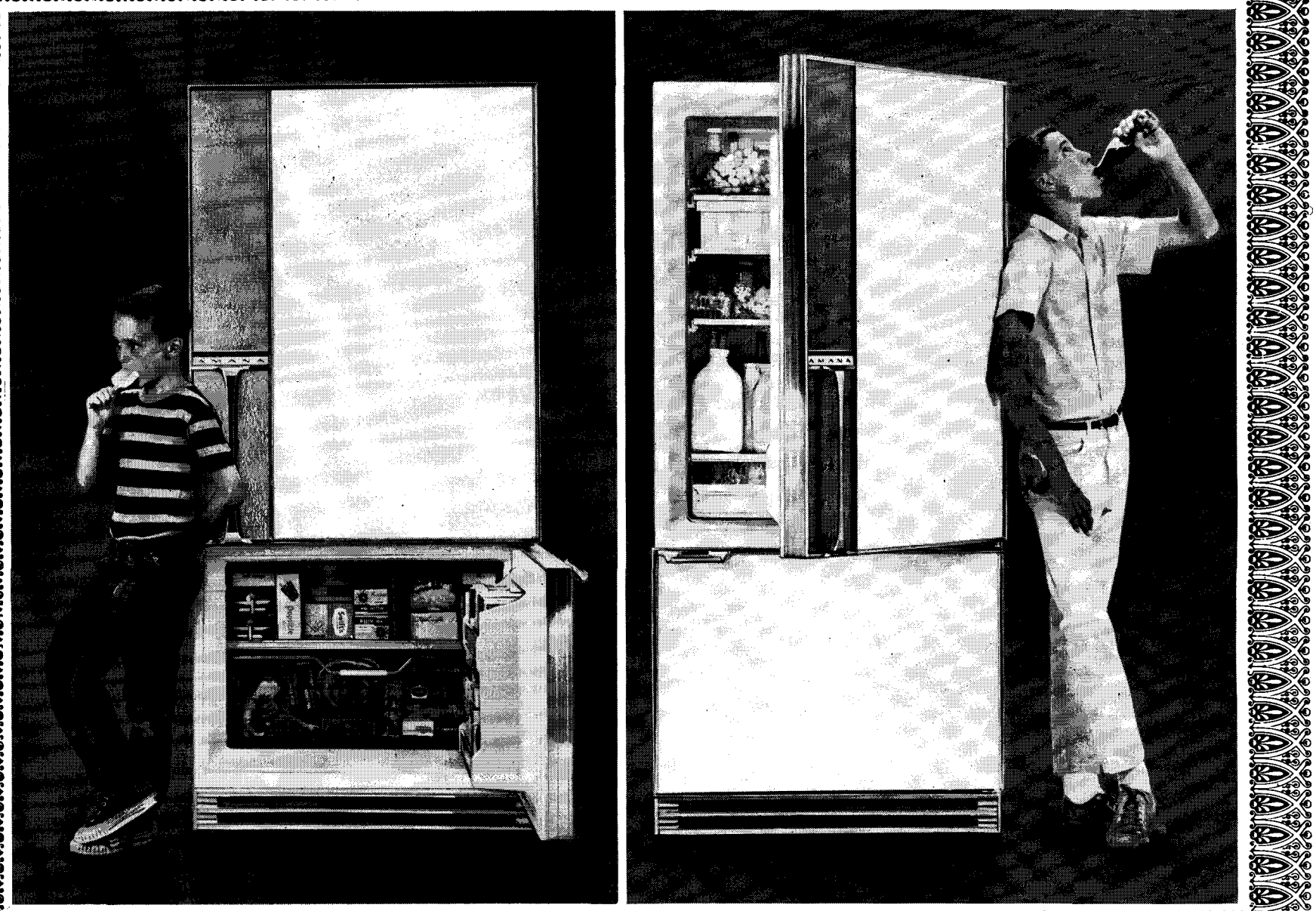

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Leon & Bébert

idiotic town. I need to go somewhere and actually accomplish something, that's my trouble. It's ridiculous and degrading to lie around here all the time. If I had the guts God gave a celluloid duck I'd pack up and leave. I'm in a horrible rut. Sail around on the lake, go to the Fiddler or Lamott's for dinner, then end up at the Po-Po Club practically every single night. It's monotonous and humiliating and stupid. I mean, it *is*. Do you know what I mean?

"I agree wholeheartedly," said Bébert, nodding. "In fact, it's a vicious circle."

"I've decided to get out. I'm not going to waste my life here, you can bet on that!"

"When are you going?"

"Next winter."

"We'll miss you. The club won't be the same without you."

"I'm not leaving right this moment."

"I understand. But I do want you to know that I'm terribly sorry about what happened just now. Our afternoon's ruined and I can't help thinking it was my fault."

"All right, it's your fault. I'm in no mood to argue about it."

"What do you think we ought to do now?"

Leon slowly got to his feet. "Go to the Po-Po Club, I suppose. It's cool there, anyway. We might sit on the patio and have a beer. I can't think of anything else."

"Do you have plans for supper tonight?"

"No. I wasn't sure what time we'd get back from the speedboat ride so I didn't make any plans. Have you got an idea?"

"Oh, nothing exciting. But this is Sunday and I rather like to eat at the Fiddler on Sundays."

"All right, that suits me. We can spend the afternoon at the club and then walk over to the Fiddler. Somebody said they've got a new waitress."

"Yes, that's so."

"What does she look like?"

"She's quite pretty, but too flamboyant for my taste."

"Is that a fact!" said Leon, looking at Bébert with interest. "What's her name?"

"I don't know. She waited on me twice last week, but I neglected to ask her name."

"Hm'm," said Leon. "I haven't been to the Fiddler in quite a while. That sounds good. That's a good idea."

"All right, let's get started. How are we going to get in?"

"Get in? Get in where?"

"Into your house. I've got to get my keys."

"Oh my God," said Leon. "Not again."

"Well," said Bébert crisply, "I'm not looking forward to it any more than you are. Maybe you have a better suggestion. Shall we walk?"

"Why don't we coast down the hill? We could coast almost into town."

"Yes," said Bébert. "Then my car would stop somewhere along the edge of the lake and the keys would still be up here in your house. That would be sensible now, wouldn't it?"

"I don't know what to do," Leon said. "I'm so frustrated and exhausted I can't think. Nothing makes sense anymore."

Bébert was studying the house. Finally he said, "I hate the very thought of this, but I suppose I could climb up that sheet again."

"No, you can't, because I folded it and put it in the bedroom."

"In that case, how are we going to get in?"

"I think it's impossible," said Leon.

"It's not impossible," said Bébert. "There must be a way."

"There's one very easy way. Hop over that fence again and make friends with the dog so you can borrow the ladder."

"If only we had a piece of meat to give him."

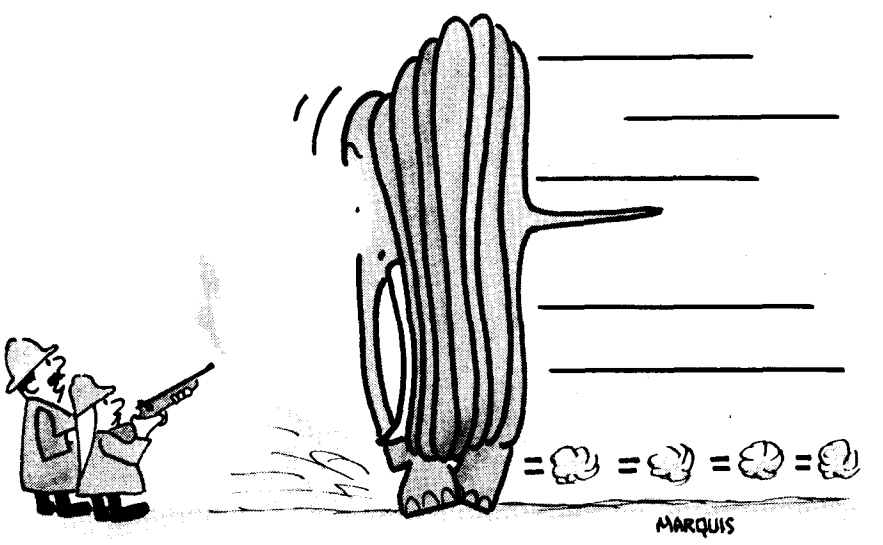
"There's meat in the icebox," said Leon, "but if you can get to the icebox you don't need the ladder, if you follow me. You're putting the cart before the horse. Anyway, if you want my opinion, throwing that Airedale five pounds of meat would only whet his appetite. You've got a better chance of making friends with a hammerhead shark."

"Let's walk around to the back, there's obviously no way to get in the front."

"If there's one thing on earth I don't want, Bébert, it's to get back into that house right now."

"I know, but it's imperative. We simply don't have any alternative. I realize how anxious you were to get out, Leon, but we've just got to get back in."

"I know, I know," said Leon gloomily. "All right, let's have a look. Maybe I could stand on the packing crate and give you a boost, or something." THE END



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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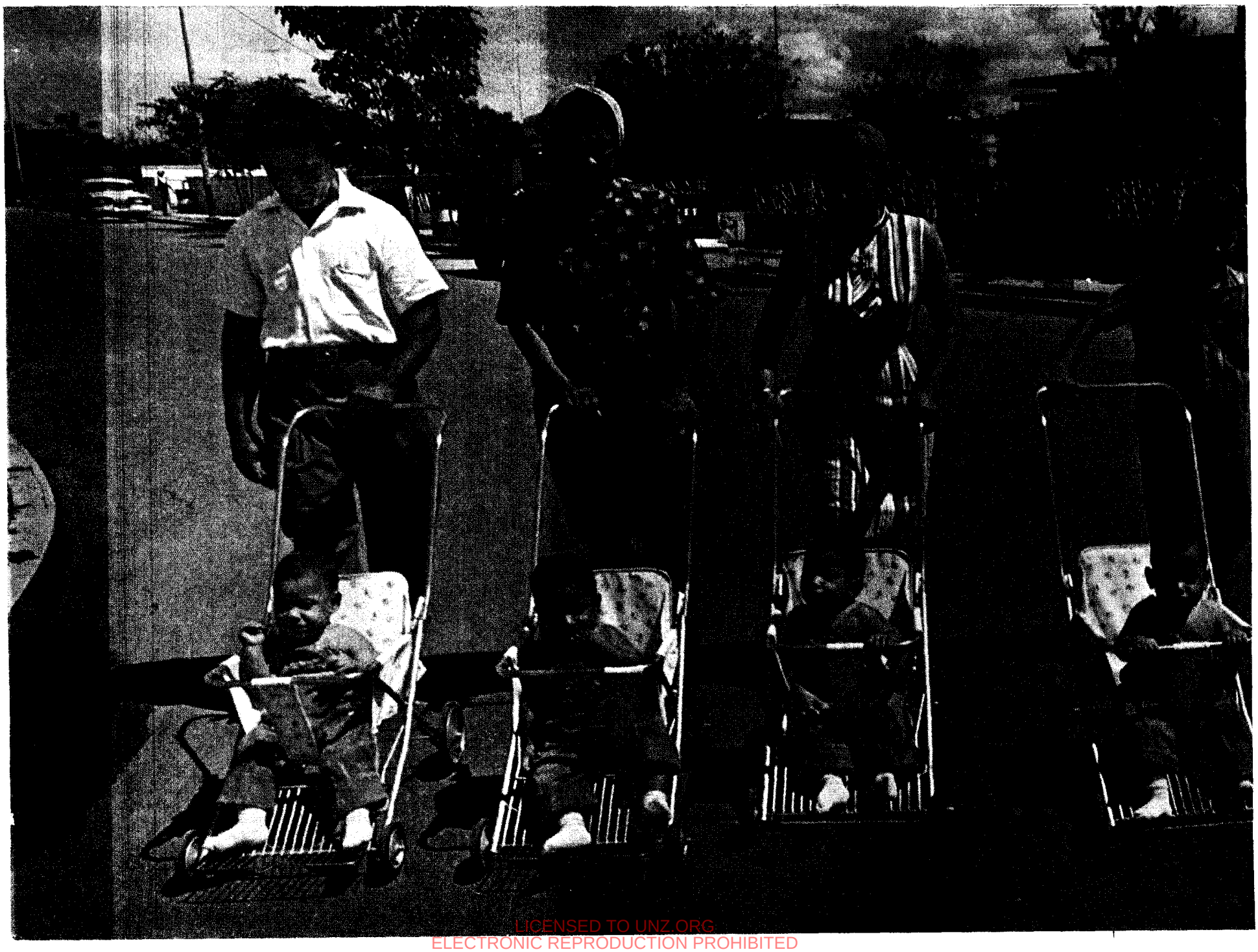
L. to r., top: Mario, Fernando. Bottom: Robinson, Otto, Juan José.

By HAROLD H. MARTIN • Photographs by LYNN PELHAM

'THEY ARE LIKE LITTLE BULLS'

After an extraordinary year of problems, the parents of Venezuela's quints look toward a serene future.



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At four o'clock each afternoon, bathed, powdered and dressed in identical white suits, the Prieto quintuplets—all boys—are rolled out on the open porch of a $30,000 home in the town of Tamare on Venezuela's Lake Maracaibo. Here, lined up in a row like small bronze Buddhas, they receive the homage of the admirers who come to lean on the pink concrete wall that surrounds the little yard, murmuring, "*Qué hermosos!*" "*Qué monos!*" "*Qué gorditos!*"—How beautiful, how cute, what little fat ones!

The iron gate is kept locked at such times, and the visitors are not allowed to come closer, though Inés, the mother, who does not wish to appear inhospitable, will go out to the wall and answer questions. Of late the questions have revolved around Señora Prieto's next *accouchement*, which will take place in March, and there is much gentle jesting on the part of the strangers as to whether or not she would care to go through the ordeal of having quintuplets again. "If God so wills it," she says, "they will be welcome."

The Prieto quintuplets, who were one year old last September 7—just seven days before the Fischer quints reached their first birthday—are a Latin-American as well as worldwide miracle. In Venezuela one out of four premature babies dies before his first birthday. The Prietos' five boys, born two months premature, are fat and healthy. They eat prodigiously, sleep soundly from dusk to dawn, and in their waking hours crawl about the smooth granite floors of their new five-bedroom house, naked from the waist down, snatching toys from each other.

When Efrén, the father, is home from his work as an oil driller, he joins the babies on the porch, where he exchanges mildly ribald pleasantries with the visitors beyond the fence. Occasionally he and Inés will put the babies through their little repertoire of tricks.

"They are like little bulls," Efrén will announce proudly. "Watch this." Lifting Mario from his stroller, he grasps him by the ankles and holds him high above his head. Mario balances unsteadily for a moment, then collapses laughing into his father's arms while the crowd applauds.

Efrén, to the surprise of those who knew him before the quints arrived, has turned out to be "a father of fathers," according to Inés. When he comes home from his night's work on the oil rigs in the lake, he strips to his shorts and beds down on the floor of the air-conditioned nursery, sleeping on an improvised mattress of crib pads. When the babies wake, he rises and helps Inés and her daughter Edalina feed and dry them. When the babies want to play, he tumbles them about roughly until they are ready to go back to sleep.

With Efrén and Edalina helping her keep the babies fed, bathed and watered, and with her two small sons, Alexis and Irwin, standing watch to see they do not get into mischief, Inés finds caring for her babies no great task. She has in fact suggested to Efrén that she would be happy if he would bring to the house eight other small children that are his by a previous wife.

"Where there is room for ten, there is room for twenty," she says placidly.

The Prietos' mood of tranquillity came about only recently. For a good part of the past year they were plagued with problems. The difficulties stemmed largely from the ignorance and bewilderment of two simple people who suddenly found themselves a focus of world attention. It was augmented by the pride, arrogance and, in some cases, the greed of those who tried to help them.

Their problems began some two months after the quintuplets were born in the University Hospital at Maracaibo. In late November, the doctors told Mrs. Prieto that she could go home, taking with her Mario, Otto, and Robinson, the strongest of the quints. The other two, Juan José and Fernando, would have to remain in the hospital. "'These two are sick,' they told me," said Mrs. Prieto. "'They need more care than the others.'

"I told them, 'I am the mother. I will give them special care.'

"'No,' they said. 'This is not a sickness that a mother can alleviate. When we feel the children's bodies with our fingers we discover that their livers are too large for their sides. The X rays show that their spleens are also enlarged. There must be tests to discover the cause of this, so that the proper treatment may be determined.'

"'Very well then,' I said, 'If they must stay, I will stay with them.'"

It was not until late December that Señora Prieto agreed to leave, and then only because President Betancourt had invited Efrén and herself to Caracas for a television speech. She enjoyed this first taste of freedom, and came back to the hospital more resolved than ever to take her children home. The doctors again agreed that only she and the three strongest quints could go. Again she refused.

Then, in early February, something occurred which upset her greatly. She learned that a biopsy was planned for Fernando and Juan José. Mrs. Prieto asked a doctor whether a biopsy was dangerous. He said it might be if the needle—used for withdrawing tissue for future examination—was improperly directed so that it struck an artery.

"I resolved then that I would leave and take all my babies with me," she recalls. On the day before the biopsy was to be performed, she called the chief of pediatrics and told him of her firm intention. The doctors, after asking her to sign a paper assuming all responsibility, agreed to her request.

That afternoon the babies were taken downstairs to the car where Efrén and Julio Cesar Cuervo, her sister's husband, were waiting. "None of the doctors who had been so kind to me, who had been so tender and gentle with my children, came to say good-bye," she says. "This hurt me deeply. But as we drove away I closed my eyes and said, 'God, I commit my babies to Thy care.'

"That night, my children slept from dark until dawn. In the hospital I had to feed them twice in the night. I think this was because they were hungry. In the hospital they got only their formula and a teaspoonful of Pablum. When I got home I doubled this. A month after we were in the house a man from Gerber's came and said his company would give us free all the food our babies needed. Now they eat nine cases a week—soup, vegetables, fruits, meat—everything. They are fat and strong and they sleep all night without waking."

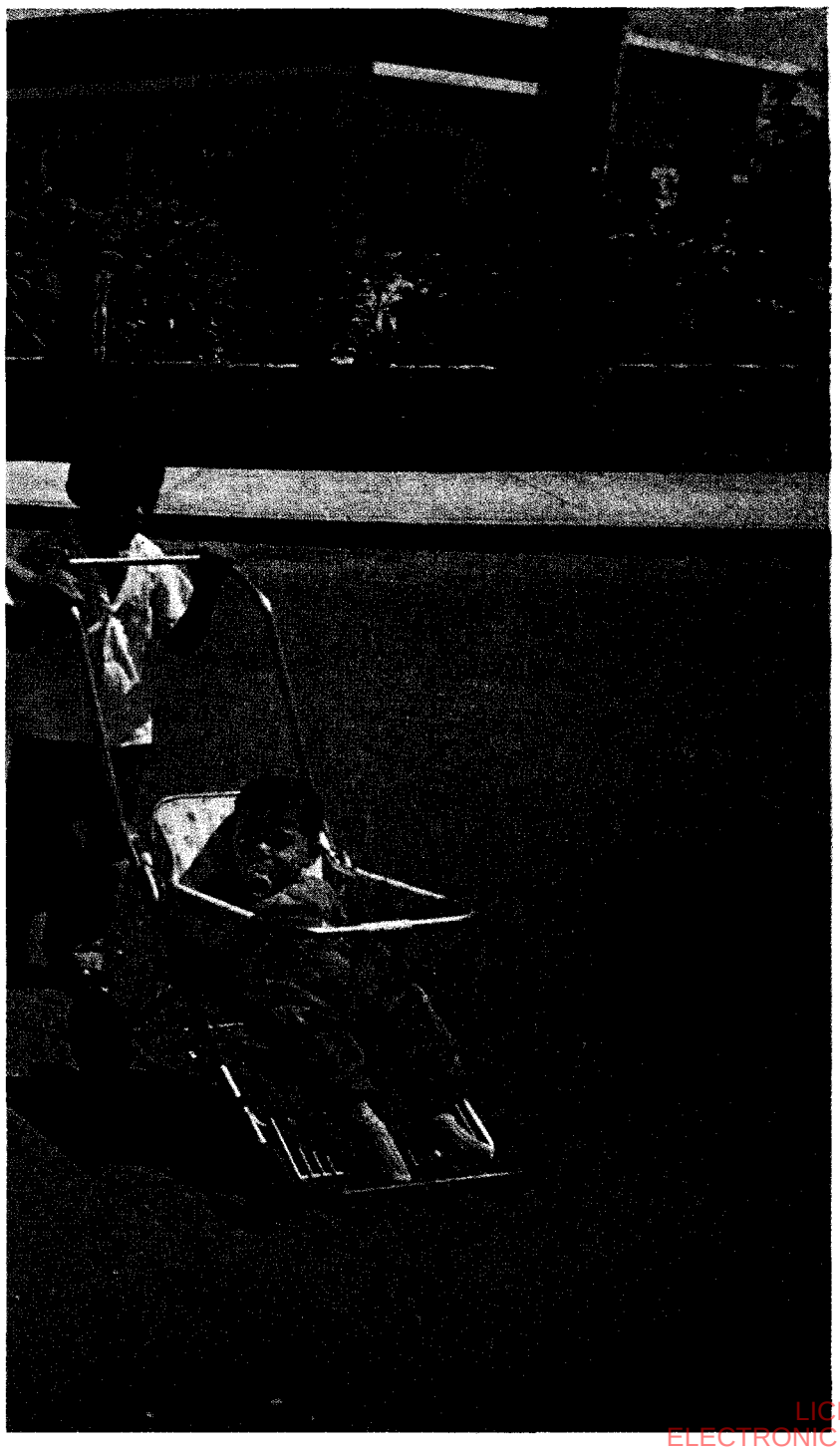
While Mrs. Prieto was fighting her stubborn battle with the doctors, Efrén, at Julio Cesar's urging, was launching a frontal attack on the F5V—the Fundación Quintuples Venezolanos. The foundation, made up of doctors, social workers and civic leaders, had been set up to manage the affairs of the quintuplets, and to use whatever resources were available to provide for their needs. It was also authorized to provide for the 10 children Efrén had sired by two other women, and the five children Inés had borne by two other men. If any funds remained they were to go to nurseries and clinics founded by other organizations devoted to the welfare of needy Venezuelan mothers and children. The Prietos and Julio Cesar, the family representative on the foundation, felt that all the money and gifts received should go to the support of Efrén, Inés, and their children. "If it were not for my babies," said Efrén, "there would not be any foundation."

Efrén and Inés told the press that they were dissatisfied with the way the foundation was handling its duties, implying that the members of the foundation were more interested in getting their pictures in the paper than in helping the Prietos achieve a life of tranquillity. This statement brought a snort of anger from Dr. Carlos Castillo, the noted baby doctor who headed the foundation. "The family," rumbled Doctor Castillo, "should not be the victims of a false sense of opulence."

Doctor Castillo's point was well made. The cash the foundation had received for the quintuplets totaled roughly 60,000 *bolívares* or $13,000, which was hardly enough to take care of the babies until they came of age. To Efrén and to Julio Cesar, however, this sum represented "the Pearls of the Virgin—all the wealth in the world," as one foundation member put it, and at every meeting of the foundation, Julio Cesar, a short, bald, gold-toothed man, demanded that the foundation spend it lavishly.

"He was like a labor leader addressing management," said Pablo Antonio Villafane, the member of the foundation responsible for maintaining the quints' financial resources. "Every meeting he was demanding 'More, more, more. Efrén wants this,' he would say. 'Inés must have that.' Finally it was necessary to tell Señor Julio Cesar we did not give a damn about what Efrén and Inés wanted—the money was for the babies and would be spent for their benefit."

The first controversy arose over the house the foundation picked out, a large, rambling structure. Efrén, Julio said, would not accept such an old, dilapidated house. Thereupon Julio went out and rented a new two-story house, but at a rent of 800 *bolívares* a month, which was 200 *bolívares* more than the foundation was willing to pay. Efrén, fed up by now



Ordinarily leery of crowds, the Prietos take the quints for a leisurely stroll along the street near their new five-bedroom home.

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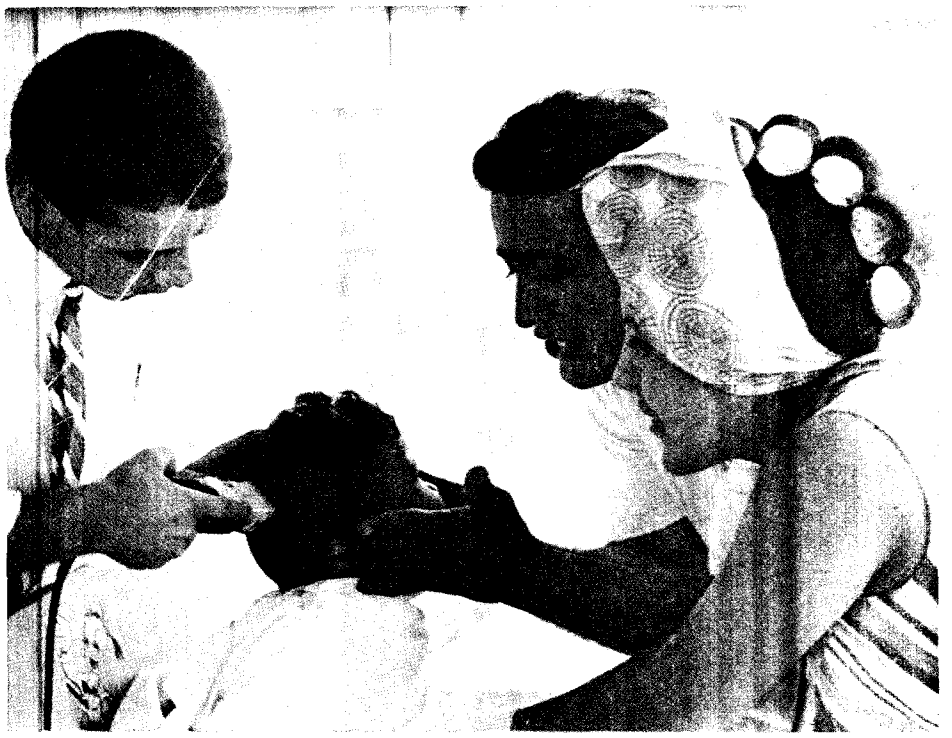


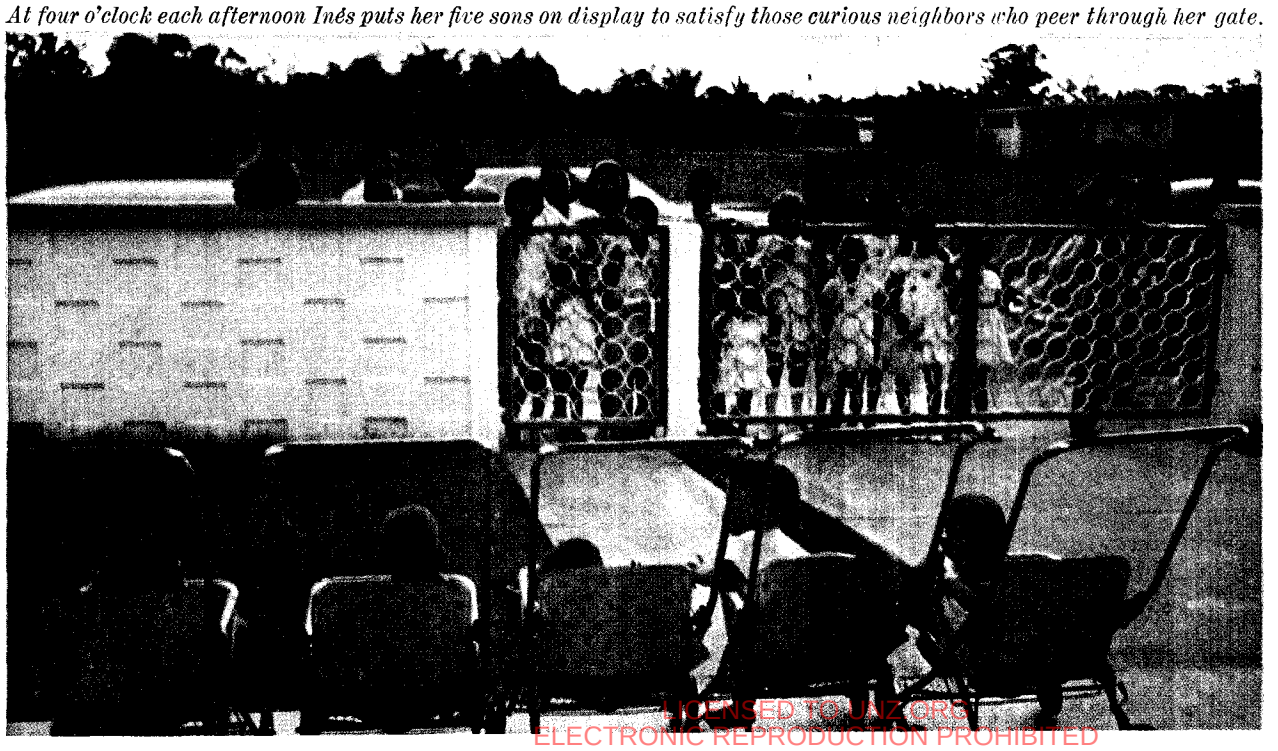
Efrén and Edalina, daughter of Inés, comfort Mario at his first haircut.

Inés hangs diapers on 30-foot line. She washes two loads daily in her washing machine.

Efrén's magnificent dreams of great wealth soon went aglimmering.

Suffering from colds, the Venezuelan quintuplets squirm and squeal while a priest blesses them in a ceremony at a local church.

At four o'clock each afternoon Inés puts her five sons on display to satisfy those curious neighbors who peer through her gate.



Venezuelan Quints

with both Julio and the foundation, went out and found a third house. It was small, and barely adequate, but the foundation approved it, and paid down the first six months' rent of 3,600 *bolívares*.

The next row came when Julio announced to the foundation that the furniture which Inés had picked out would cost $3,080. The foundation refused to pay, and harsh words were exchanged. The impasse was resolved when the owner of the furniture store, a Mr. Levine, announced that he would sell the furniture to the foundation for $1,540 as his contribution to the quints.

The open break came on January 7 when Efrén announced to the press that he was asking the courts to revoke the power of attorney he had granted to the foundation, and was conveying that authority to two lawyers, Dr. Raymundo de Jesus Echeverría Jugo and Dr. Atilio Zuleta González.

In turn the foundation sought its own dissolution in a higher court. It gave an accounting of all the money it had received and spent, and of all the goods and articles which it had bought or received in the name of the quintuplets. After buying furniture for the house, giving Efrén 3,000 *bolívares* to pay off a mortgage on a small rancho he owned when the babies came, contributing a Christmas gift of 2,000 *bolívares* to Efrén's children by his first wife, and paying the first six months' rent on a house, there still remained 34,065.70 *bolívares* in the treasury—about $7,500. The foundation recommended that one-half of this money be given to the quintuplets and that the other half be distributed to various children's charities.

"It was a moment of great relief when the foundation washed off the hands in this matter," a member said. "The birth of the quintuplets was a biological phenomenon, but a social disaster. Efrén is a pacific person, not aggressive. But the reach of his mind is not great and it

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Three quints take a whirl in a park near their $30,000 home. The house, supplied by the oil company for which Efrén still works as a driller, is rent-free.

was easy for him to be persuaded to make unreasonable demands."

On April 19, Judge Roger Devis, of the Civil and Mercantile Court, ruled the foundation dissolved. Instead of dividing the money, he ordered that all the foundation's cash reserves be transferred to the Children's Court for the sole benefit of the quintuplets. Efrén, Julio and the lawyers lost no time in seeking the release of this money.

"First," said Efrén, "it was necessary to show that I was in sore need of funds. The lawyers drew up an affidavit attesting that I owed my cousin Heriberto Nava 12,000 *bolívares*. Cousin Heriberto was employed at that moment looking after my three dogs. The lawyer also explained that the doctor he had employed to look after the health of the quints was going to submit to the court a bill for 5,000 *bolívares*."

Efrén agreed, a request for 17,000 *bolívares* was submitted to the Children's Court, and was quickly approved.

The money was released to Efrén's lawyers, who presented Efrén with a check for 1,000 *bolívares*.

"What is this?" asked Efrén.

"That is your share," Señor Echeverría said.

"Where is the other 16,000?"

"That is our fee," Señor Echeverría replied.

Señor Echeverría then reminded Efrén that when Julio had sought his services he had offered the lawyers 20 percent of any money obtained from the foundation, or from other sources. Efrén, he pointed out, had signed a paper agreeing to this. The lawyers had obtained through the courts and other sources a total of 78,500 *bolívares*. Twenty percent of this came to 15,700 *bolívares*—and there had been small legal expenses in connection with filing the papers.

His dreams of wealth aglimmering, Efrén clutched his head and pocketed his 1,000 *bolívares*. Shortly afterward he had occasion to clutch it again. The doctor arrived asking for his 5,000 *bolívares*. Efrén protested mightily, and they finally settled for 3,000 *bolívares*.

With their financial affairs temporarily settled, Efrén and Inés began to enjoy an almost euphoric happiness. Their family was together at last. They were free of the foundation, which had guarded the money with such care, and Julio Cesar, who was an accountant for an oil company, had been transferred to Caracas.

But their sense of well-being soon began to give way to a growing discontent. Their real home was in the dusty little oil

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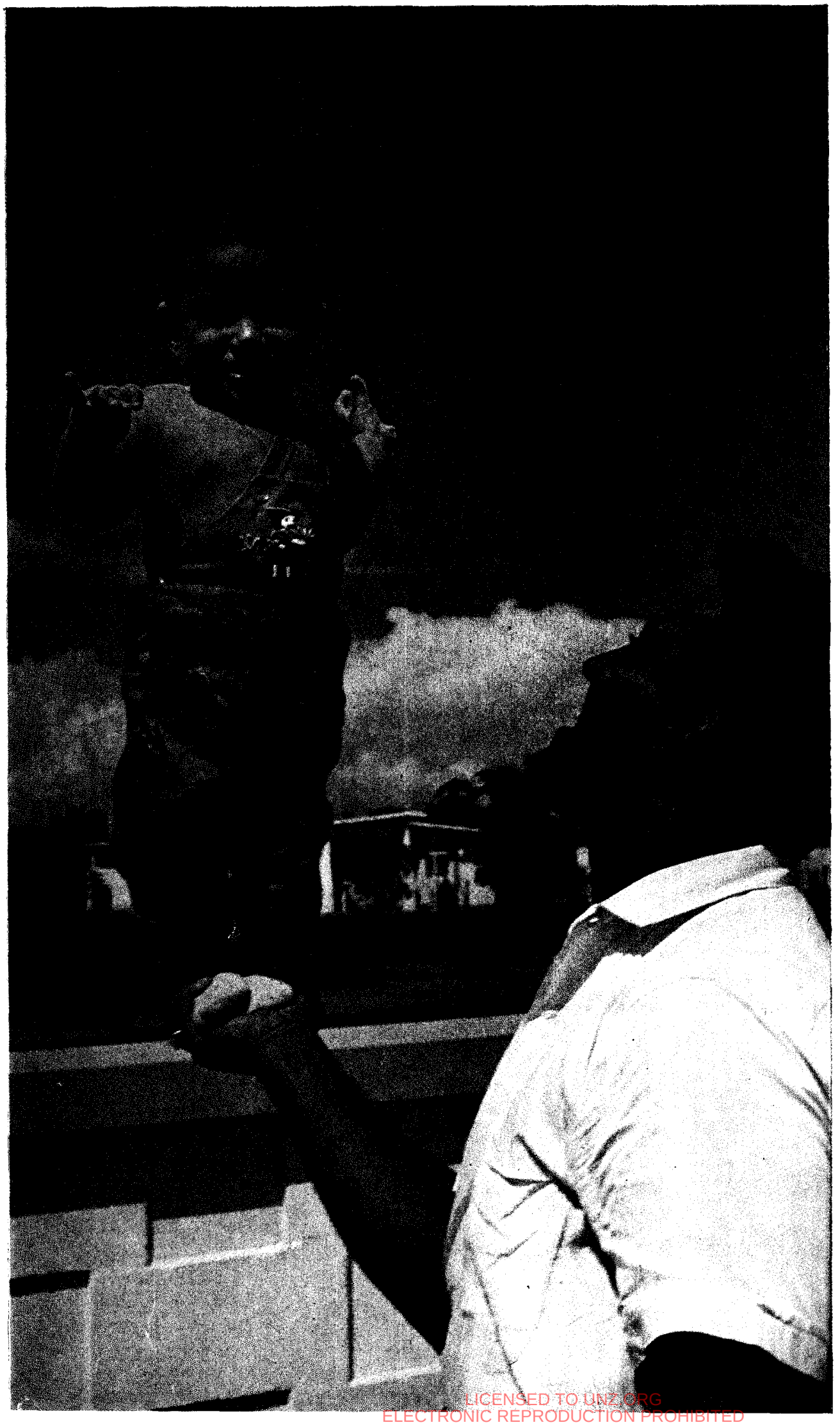
The quintuplets will always have a roof over their heads.



towns across the lake, and they could not feel tranquil in Maracaibo. To Efrén, working by night, sleeping by day, the weekend journey back and forth across the lake was a hardship.

"There were other things that caused me disquiet," said Efrén. "In my troubled state of mind I was not able properly to care for my dogs, and two of them died. I realized also that the six months' rent the foundation had paid on the Maracaibo house would soon be exhausted, and I would have to pay the 600 *bolívares* myself. I knew then that I must return here, to the place where I work, even if it meant moving back to the little two-room house where I had lived with Inés before the babies came."

Fortunately this was not necessary. When the quints were born, the Creole Petroleum Corp., for whom Efrén works as a driller, had offered to give the babies and their parents a new house near the oil fields. The foundation had agreed, with the stipulation that the quints remain in Maracaibo for a year so that the University Hospital's pediatricians could keep an eye on them. Creole's offer of a house was still open, and on August 15, Efrén, Inés, and the children moved into a gray stone-and-stucco house in Tamare, a Creole residential suburb adjoining the oil town of Tia Juana. With ceiling fans in every room and an air-conditioned nursery, it was furnished with the furniture the foundation had provided. To this the company added all the gadgets necessary for the well-being of the babies, including a washing machine which could handle 150 diapers a day.

Actually Inés and Efrén are the guests of their quintuplets. The spacious house was given to the five boys for their use until they reach 21 years of age, when it will become their property. "We fixed it so that no matter what happens, the kids will have a roof over their heads," an officer of Creole explained. "Even if Efrén quits his job, the house will still be theirs, and they will still be entitled to medical care by company doctors and schooling at Creole's expense."

So far Efrén and Inés seem supremely content with the new arrangement. "All I ask is that God keep my babies healthy," Inés said. "And He has done this. They have almost doubled their weight since they left the hospital. Juan José and Fernando, too, are healthy and strong. If they have a sickness inside, it has not revealed itself."

Sitting on his porch, his children around him, Efrén surveys the future with satisfaction. The street is a pleasant one, its new houses shaded by Hibiscus, Bougainvillaea, and flaming Acacia trees. His neighbors are fellow oil workers.

"I am a man of work," Efrén says. "I am not a man of business. I am not a lawyer. I do not understand these things. All I want is to be allowed to work, and sleep and play with my babies—and to be left alone. At this moment, I am content." THE END

Efrén holds aloft his beaming son, Otto, the most adventurous of the quintuplets.

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Pictured hiding its reasonable price under all that luxury is a '65 Chevrolet Impala Sport Sedan.

Beautiful Shape for '65—CHEVROLET
Everything over, under and around you will be beautifully different

The roof, front, back, side, height, length, room, trim, windows, dash, upholstery, frame, suspension, colors—everything's new, finer, more luxurious everywhere you look.

What this new Chevrolet amounts to is almost a new kind of land travel!

Chevrolet for '65 meets the road with Wide-Stance wheel design and silkier Jet-smooth ride. Carries you along on a new frame that's as silent as it is strong. Baffles bumps with an ease that must make other cars jealous.

Inside, there's enough to make a Royal Suite jealous. Step into an Impala Sport Coupe or Sedan and find door-to-door carpeting, luxuriously upholstered seats designed to be lived in, an instrument panel that lives up to its simulated wood-grain trim. All this feels even better with new roominess to enjoy it in. More shoulder room. More front leg and foot room with smaller floor tunnels. And the added luxury of curved glass side windows.

For '65, you set it all in motion with Sixes and V8's ranging from a 140-hp Turbo-Thrift Six to a 400-hp Turbo-Fire V8 available at your order.

Then link this action to your fingertips in one of these four ways—Powerglide, Overdrive or 4-speed Synchro-Mesh shift, if you request it, or standard 3-speed Synchro-Mesh. We should also mention a best seller list of luxury and convenience equipment that's yours for the ordering.

All that's left is the looks. But why try telling you what you can see so clearly for yourself? . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

Now turn the page to see the first all-new Corvair in 5 years.

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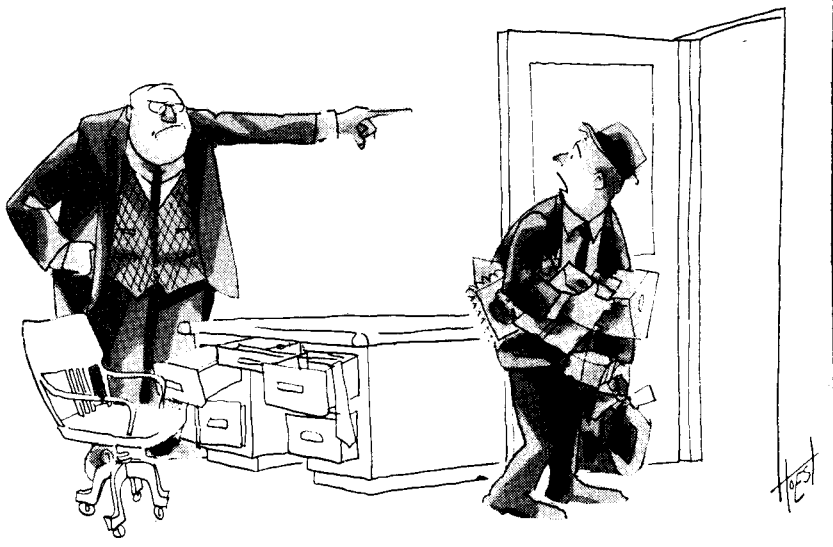
post scripts

"Well, which is it? Was he very tall or very short?"



"May I give you as a reference, sir?"

"Mom! You didn't empty my pockets!"

"You have no idea how nice it is to have someone to talk to."

"My dear Clara, this is probably the hardest letter I've ever had to write."

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Monza Sport Sedan—one of 7 new models in the Corsa, Monza and Corvair 500 series for '65.

Beautiful Shape for '65—CORVAIR
If this one doesn't knock you right off your chair, we can't imagine what would

It took one of the most dramatic car changes ever made to bring you this new beauty with the international look. Here, briefly, are some of the wonderful things we've done to the 1965 Corvair.

First, there's racy new hardtop styling on every Corvair Sport Coupe and Sport Sedan—even the lowest priced ones.

And all are longer and lower than Corvairs of old, yet with curved side windows to give you more shoulder room inside.

The steering is even quicker, too. The ride is steadier with its new 4-wheel independent suspension. The brakes are bigger. The wheels, both front and rear, are spread farther apart to keep them as cemented to the road as the pavement itself.

There's an interior in Monza models that reminds you of those you've seen in some frighteningly expensive sports cars. Bucket seats, door-to-door deep-twist carpeting, business-like control panel with all the dials grouped into a cockpit-like cluster.

There's a whole brand-new top-of-the-line series of Corvairs for '65 called *Corsa* with special trim, special instrumentation and very special performance. The standard rear engine is 140 hp or there's a new 180-hp Turbo-Charged version that you can add instead.

We can't help but feel that the '65 Corvair is the new sporty American car Europeans will be clamoring to import. We can't help but feel you're going to be clamoring, too. So hurry and see one now at your Chevrolet dealer's. Then try to give up the idea of buying one. Just try. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

Please turn the page for more that's new.

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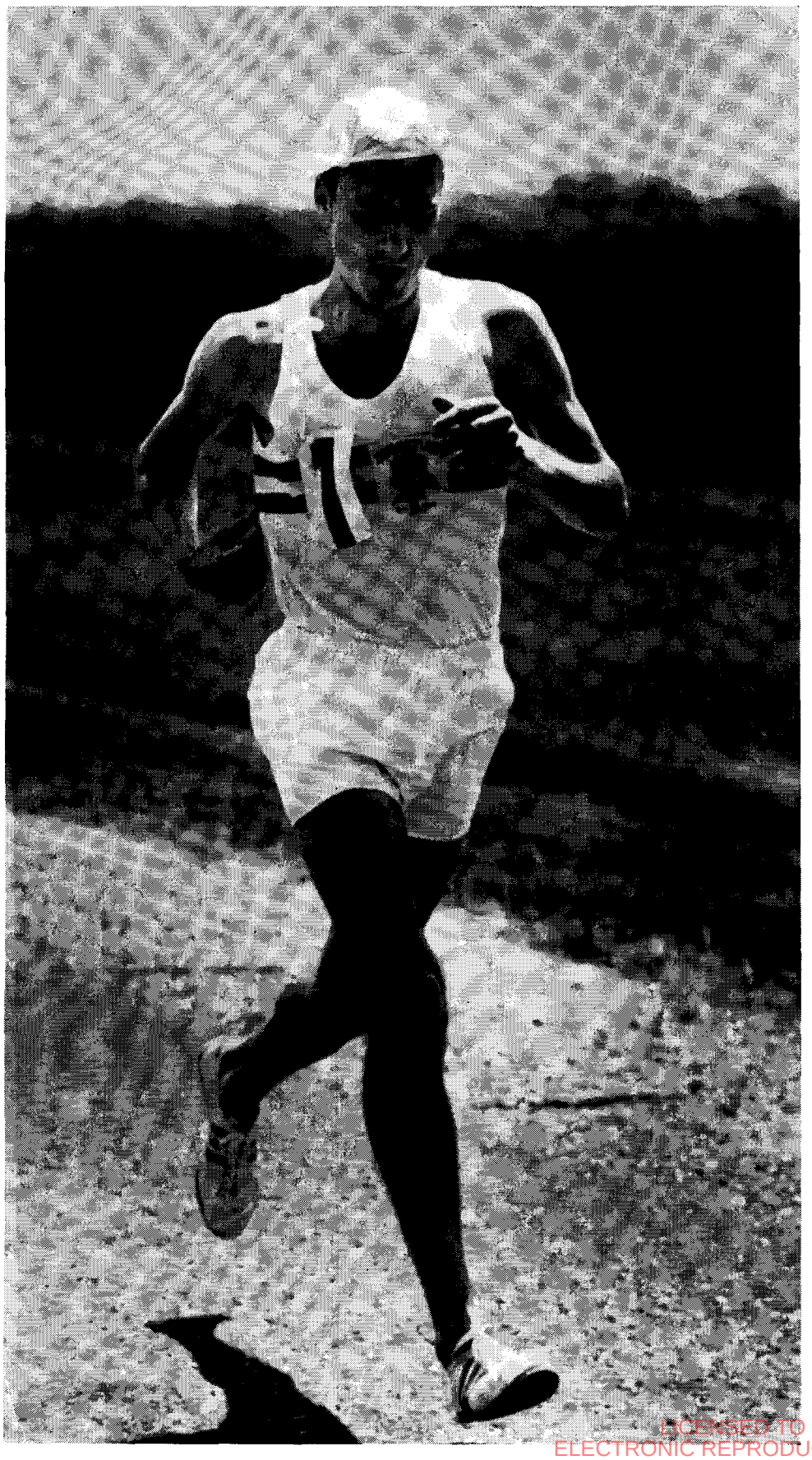
"There are times when I go out to run that I start hurting myself. I do get a certain pleasure out of it."

PAINFUL PATH TO GLORY

By Leonard Shecter



FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 56 YEARS AN AMERICAN IS FAVORED TO WIN THE OLYMPIC MARATHON. FOR BUDDY EDELEN, THE AGONY OF THOSE 26 MILES COULD BE LIFE'S SWEETEST ACHIEVEMENT.

Buddy Edelen, an American expatriate living in Britain, can run a mile in five minutes. This wouldn't be remarkable, except that Edelen can do 26 five-minute miles consecutively, which makes him both the top marathon runner on the U.S. Olympic team and an extraordinary man.

Only the most finely tuned athlete could hope to keep up to Edelen's destructive pace. "I'd love," Edelen has said, "to run against one of those four-minute milers and then, after a mile, say, 'All right, mate, that's one.'"

In the process of working himself to the edge of human endurance, Edelen has earned a tableful of dusty trophies, three portable radios, much pain and total exile. He lives in a gloomy, one-room flat in Westcliff-on-Sea, a clammy seaside resort 50 miles east of London. He has a teaching job which pays him $130 a month. In a sport whose participants and fans are called track nuts, Edelen sticks out as an oversize pecan.

On a raw and murky British morning not long ago Edelen set out, as he does each day, to run from his flat at 41 Westbourne Grove to the King John School in Thundersley, four and a half miles west along the London road. He was wearing three shirts—a mud-brown polo shirt next to his sinewy body, a Kelly-green rugby shirt over that and, finally, a faded purple sweat shirt that hung limply over his running shorts. The shorts clung precariously to his hips with the help of a large safety pin. He does not, the citizens of Westcliff have noted, worry about what he looks like.

What Edelen *has* worried about so single-mindedly for four drudgery-filled years is running the marathon distance—an excruciating 26 miles and 385 yards—faster than anybody else in the world. Because of this single-mindedness the United States, for the first time in 56 years, is considered a real contender to win the event at the Tokyo Olympics.

Since 1908, no American has been able to take down a gold medal in any Olympic footrace longer than 1,500 meters. This year, however, Edelen is actually the favorite—over such as Heatley of Britain, Chudomel of Czechoslovakia, Kimihara and Terasawa of Japan and Abebe Bikila (the barefoot Ethiopian who won in Rome four years ago). The reason is simple: Buddy has run the marathon in two hours, 14 minutes and 28 seconds, a record, when he made it last year, that no other human has ever been able to match.

There is no official record for the marathon because different courses vary so much. But when Edelen (pronounced Ee-delen) ran the marathon on a broiling May day at Yonkers, N.Y., to qualify for the Olympics, he was almost *20 minutes* ahead of his nearest rival.

The man who started this curious event was a Greek, whose name is forgotten, who, in 490 B.C., raced from Marathon to Athens to bring news of the Greek victory over the Persians, and then died from the effort. He could not, Edelen believes, have been trained properly.

Edelen's spirit-crushing training program, which involves "bashing out" some 130 miles a week, is observed with awe by residents of Westcliff

Edelen runs slightly knock-kneed, his hands curling in toward his thin body.

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New Malibu Super Sport Coupe in Regal Red, one of 13 new Chevelle colors for '65.

Beautiful Shape for '65—CHEVELLE
New ride, new style and an engine that makes any driver feel young

On one hand, the '65 Chevelle makes you feel settled and wise and rich with its smooth new ride and plushness all about. But then on the other hand, there's a frisky power story!

There are enough changes in this '65 Chevelle to make it look and act like another whole new car from Chevrolet.

The front's been restyled. So has the back. The interiors are done up in some of the richest looking vinyls and fabrics around.

The ride is amazing. We've patterned Chevelle's Full Coil suspension after those in cars costing far more.

And if you'd like to hear how quietly it rides with its softer springs and extra body insulation, just put your fingers in your ears and listen.

As for that frisky power, you get it in either of two V8's you can add, ranging all the way up to 300 horsepower. That makes five engines for Chevelle now, including the standard 120-hp Hi-Thrift Six.

And the list of special options and accessories you can order goes on and on. Four-speed manual shift. Automatic Powerglide. A luxurious vinyl roof cover for the Sport Coupes. A new AM-FM Stereo radio that makes you think the musicians came with the car.

Twelve Chevelle models in four series and in 15 colors (13 new) to choose from for '65—and all available with big V8's! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

Coming next—
the most powerful tightwad in town . .

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and nearby communities where the man and his odd running costumes have become a familiar roadside sight.

In addition to those nine miles he runs going back and forth to school every day, he does sprints every noon on the grassy school track: 110 yards fast, 110 at a jog, and so on, ad nauseam. Edelen changes when he runs. His fair, angular face with its gentle, crooked smile, hardens into flatness. His hazel eyes seem to turn dark. His posture straightens and his thin chest broadens visibly. He runs slightly knock-kneed, and his hands curl into his body spastically. He runs on his heels, and the soles of his feet make slapping sounds. The pace of his breathing seldom changes.

During most of the year Edelen competes on Saturdays in cross-country races in England and on the continent. This is a rugged business. "I've had to go through mud up to my hips for a hundred yards," Edelen says. "I enjoy it."

Edelen usually turns Sunday into his toughest grind. He runs 22 miles in the morning at a racing pace, then six more in the evening. On the road from Westcliff to Chelmsford, a route Edelen sometimes uses for his Sunday run, there is a steep hill he made famous. That was where he caught up to and passed a heavily loaded truck that was laboring up the grade in low gear. The driver, Edelen recalls, had a strange look on his face as he ran by.

Edelen settled in England to do his training for a variety of reasons. One is that the British are mostly oblivious to eccentricity. More important is that track competition there is on an entirely different level than in the U.S. There are over 1,000 clubs in Britain, all made up of track nuts.

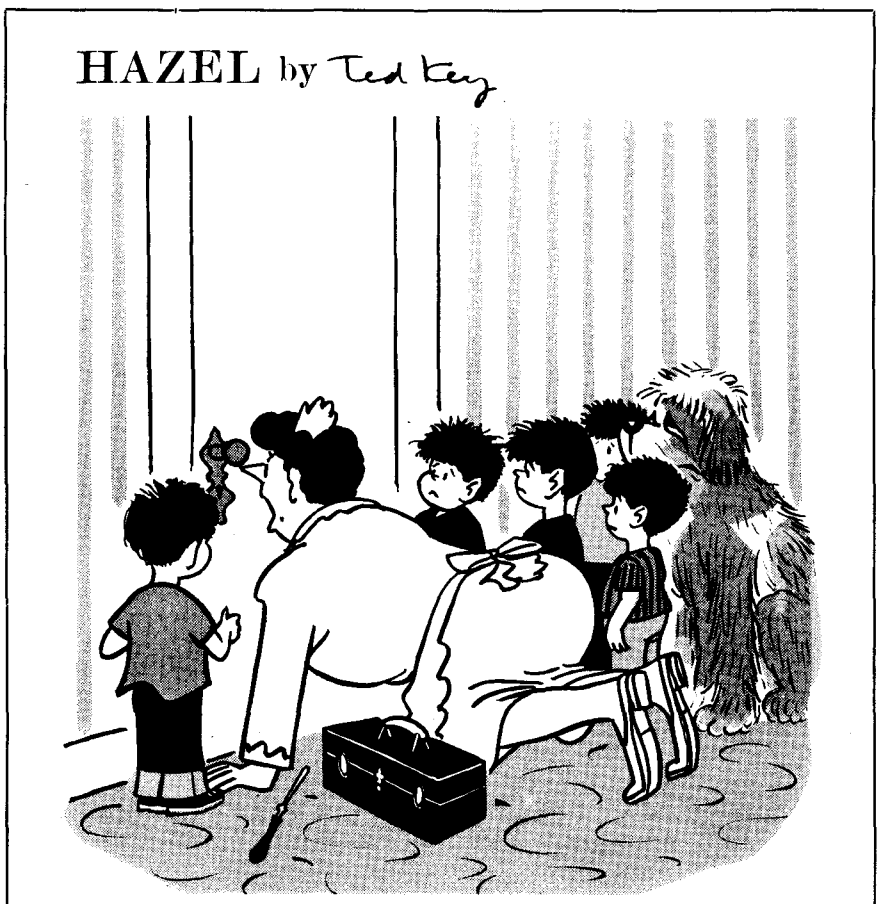
In addition, Edelen, whose hometown is technically Sioux Falls, S. Dak., has become a bit of an Anglophile. When he left the United States four years ago he considered himself a Joe McCarthy Republican. He is now an ardent Laborite and champion of the National Health Service. Even his speech has taken on the idiom of the British. He says shedule for schedule, talks about "nipping out to the pub for a pint."

The British austerity with which Edelen faces life (he can't, for example, afford a telephone) extends even to his diet. Although there are only 140 pounds on his five feet ten inches, he's convinced he's a compulsive eater and goes to great lengths to keep himself away from food. He has no refrigerator in his seven-dollar-a-week flat. "I don't keep food around, mate," he says. "I might eat it." Restaurants, he says, are too much for him. "I snack all the time. I scoff a pint of milk immediately I get to school. And I eat a lot of peanuts."

Edelen sleeps in his "running kit," a warm sweat-suit-type garment, but not just so he can get up and start running. "From October to April," he says, "it's so cold in my flat I can see my breath." He leaps out of bed in the morning and has coffee and toast with honey. At noon he limits himself to a cheese sandwich. In the evening he buys a small piece of liver or a bit of fish which he grills on his small gas stove. He seldom spends more than 40 cents for his dinner—all of which means there's little danger that he'll return to the figure that earned him the name of Butterball Buddy in high school in Minneapolis. Butterball stood five feet six inches, weighed 160 pounds, and was a tackle on the football team. "I had no speed as a runner," Edelen says. "I still don't. It's the one thing I wish more than anything else, that I had natural speed."

Leonard Graves Edelen IV was born on Sept. 22, 1937, in Harrodsburg, Ky., the son of a salesman. His mother was institutionalized when he was six, and he went to live with an aunt in Alabama. Later he lived in a boarding school and then with his father again when the latter remarried. Buddy didn't "get on" with his stepmother and the marriage, at any rate, was brief. By the time his father married for the third time and settled in Sioux Falls, Buddy Edelen was a most self-reliant young man.

He went to the University of Minnesota where he worked as a bus boy in a sorority house, watered the indoor track and roomed free upstairs at the fire station in return for running errands. It took him five years to get through school.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Please don't cry. Can you hear me, Allen? We'll get you out. Now listen, Allen, you see that little handle under the knob? If you turn that to your left, Allen?"

"Too many Americans go cap in hand to their parents," Edelen says. "If I wanted help from my father I'd have asked. At the same time, he didn't offer."

While at Minnesota, Edelen set a Big Ten record in the two miles at 9:03, won the Big Ten cross-country championship and ran the six-mile with good results. It was at this point that Fred Wilt, the FBI agent and former miler, became interested in Edelen. "He's a dedicated runner," says Wilt, who has coached several other Olympic athletes by mail. "He'll put out, he'll suffer. It's not easy to find somebody like that."

Edelen failed in the 10,000-meter Olympic trials in the U. S. in 1960 because, Wilt says, he starved himself into anemia. In a last-ditch effort to make the team, he worked his way to Finland on a freighter, chipping paint, swabbing decks. When he got there, though, he found no races to enter and no way to show Americans what he could really do. He worked his way back to England where he had a letter of introduction from Wilt to a man named Derek Cole who was interested in track. "I can pinpoint the moment when I became a long-distance runner," Edelen says. "It was the day I stepped on British soil."

With Cole's help Edelen found his teaching job and it turned out that he was a good teacher. "He's first class," Headmaster Bert Evans says. "There are some who think he couldn't teach here if he weren't a runner. Rubbish. Bud could have a place in my school if he had a wooden leg."

Edelen's view of history, the subject he teaches now, is that it's boring. So he relates it to current events and his students respond well. Edelen has something else going for him: a short, stout stick. "I call this my independent deterrent," he says. "The kids call it the American hit parade. It works very well."

Edelen's life may be Spartan but it isn't monkish. In his flat one afternoon he rummaged through his desk to find a stack of smashing photos. There was a Judy back in Sioux Falls—and a Jenny, a Carol and a Vivian, who were British. "I almost married them all," Edelen says. "Especially Vivian. She ran a good race, but she wasn't quite fast enough."

Actually, Edelen longs for the kind of home and hearth a good marriage can provide. "I like kids," he says. "Not having some of my own is one reason I've regretted not being married."

In a way, this is just another sacrifice that his running demands. "To tolerate me, a woman would have to be bloody understanding," Edelen says. "There are stretches where I don't see a film for months. I try to be in bed every night by ten. You don't have time for running and anything else."

One thing Edelen does find time for is something that infuriates Wilt—drinking beer. "Buddy doesn't know anything about physiology," says Wilt. "The beer interferes with his heat-regulatory mechanism." Edelen says it's Wilt who doesn't understand. "Do me a pint, mate," he calls to the man behind the bar, and the bartender pours two bottles into one of those enormous tankards which are standard in British pubs.

"I wouldn't tell an athlete to drink beer," Edelen says, "but I don't see how anybody can tell me, at the age of twenty-seven, not to. I've seen athletes who have no vices. But they don't have the perseverance for the work. Work counts, the beer doesn't."

At three shillings fourpence (47 cents) for a pint of Guinness, a strong, dark stout loaded with iron and vitamins and recommended to nursing mothers, this is a big item in Edelen's budget. Some nights he will slosh down from two to four pints of the stuff.

It may be the beer alone that keeps Edelen's feeble pulse going. As soon as he opens his eyes in the morning he tests his pulse. He says it is an index to his condition. "When I'm fit it's about thirty-eight." A normal rate is about 78. If Edelen lays off training for 10 days or so, his pulse rises into the 50's. "One theory is that long-distance runners are born with slow heart beats," Edelen says. "I believe otherwise. I believe you have to work bloody hard to get it down."

Does Edelen *like* that bloody hard work, the pain involved in running? "There are times I tell myself I'm going out for a steady run. But then I start hurting myself. For the last few miles I start bashing it. I *do* get a certain amount of pleasure out of it."

During a race, sometimes, Edelen starts hurting all over: legs, arms, lungs. "When you get that tired you're preoccupied with pain," he says. "People shout things at you, nice things really, shouts of encouragement, and I have a tendency to shout back a dirty word."

But with all the pain there are rewards. Not trophies, of course, but the kind of thing that happened to Edelen in Kosice, Czechoslovakia, in October, 1963. He won the marathon, the most famous in Europe, in a record two hours, 15:09.6, beating the Russian Sergei Popov by half a mile. There was a lot of emotion and some tears in the crowd as Edelen covered the last two laps. And at the finish, 50,000 voices rose in a great measured chant: "Ee-da-len, Ee-da-len, Ee-da-len."

"It was," Edelen says, "a feeling that will take some beating."

There have been other high points for Edelen—the marathon over the original course in Athens when he broke the record of Abebe Bikila; the Polytechnic from Windsor Castle to Chiswick which he ran a scant three weeks later to set his world record of two hours, 14:28; the Yonkers run, where he reached his four-year goal. But the honors count less than the running.

"Oh, it's all worth it," Edelen says. "The feeling of accomplishment even in defeat, the nervousness before the race, the race itself. You drive yourself harder and harder until at the end you've driven yourself senseless just to beat the bloke in front of you. Afterward you're bloody tired, but happy. All the tension is gone. It's a tremendous feeling."

Even though Edelen may be the oldest U.S. competitor in Tokyo, he doesn't yet see the end of his career. Win or lose in 1964, he will start planning his race in Mexico City in 1968. "I'd like to run the rest of my life," he says. THE END

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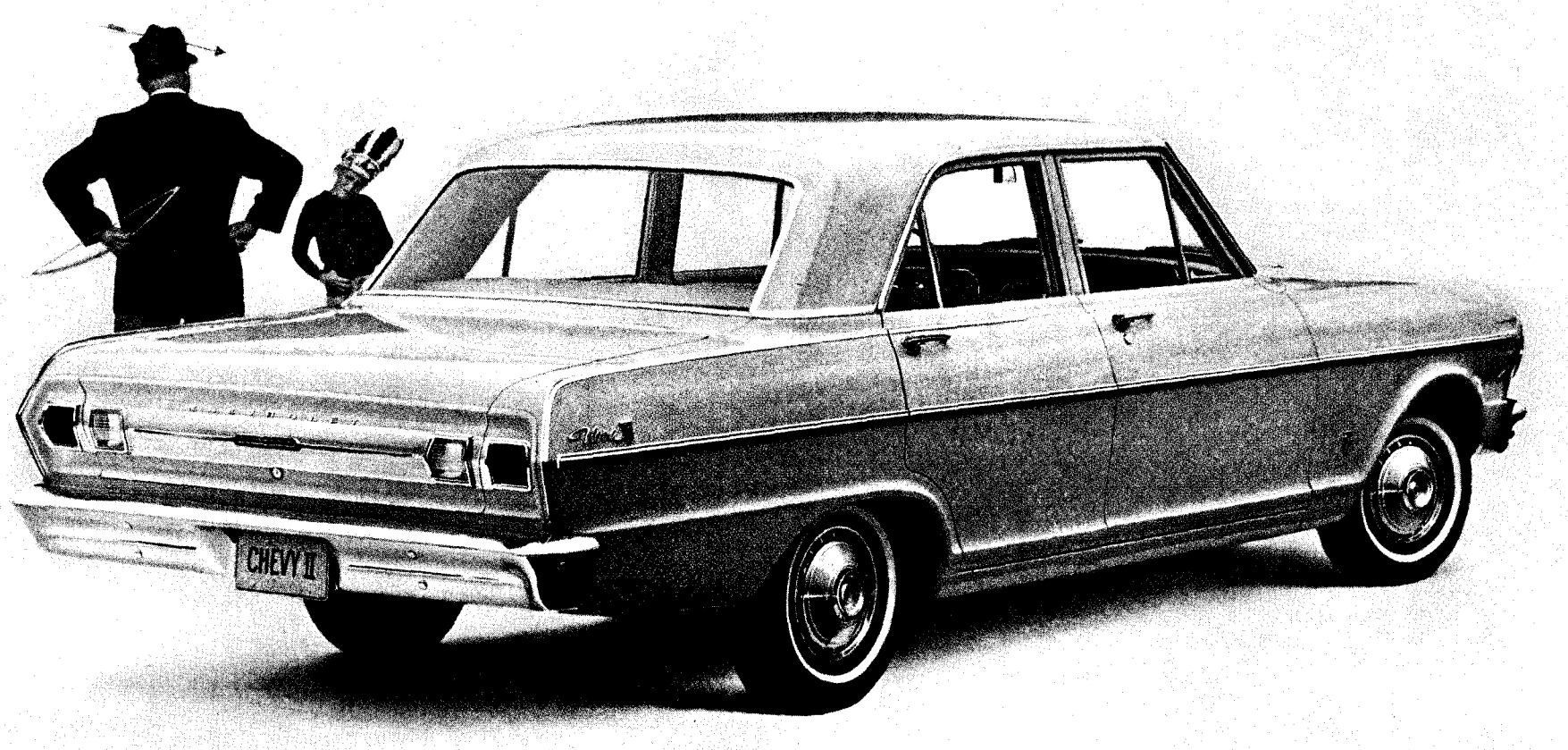
'65 Chevy II Nova 4-Dr. Sedan—who says economy can't be fun'



Beautiful Shape for '65—CHEVY II
Look who just turned into the most powerful tightwad in town

Now you can even have a 300-hp V8 in your new 1965 Chevy II. There are new interiors and new styling, too. Chevy II never hid its economy and practicality so well!

Guess what? Quiet, practical little Chevy II just grew fangs.

For the first time ever, you can now ask to have a big 250-hp or 300-hp V8 engine put under the hood of your next Chevy II Sedan or Sport Coupe. The meek just inherited the road.

Standard engines this year are the 195-hp V8 or the 120-hp Six, depending upon the model you choose, along with your choice of a 4-cylinder gas-saver on the Chevy II 100 sedans.

As for the rest of the car, well, it's new in front; new in back; and as you've probably noticed already, the sedans have a sleek new roof line on top.

Inside's new, too. Richer fabrics. Plusher vinyls. Dressed up instrument panel. Scuff-proof cowl side panels. Standard color-keyed seat belts. And you can surround all that with living-room-toned music by adding an AM-FM Stereo radio.

Then of course there's Chevy II economy. No Chevy II story would be complete without a word on *that!* The word is miserly....Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

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Six RCA television cameras took thousands of pictures of the Ranger 7 impact area

From close-up pictures of the moon...

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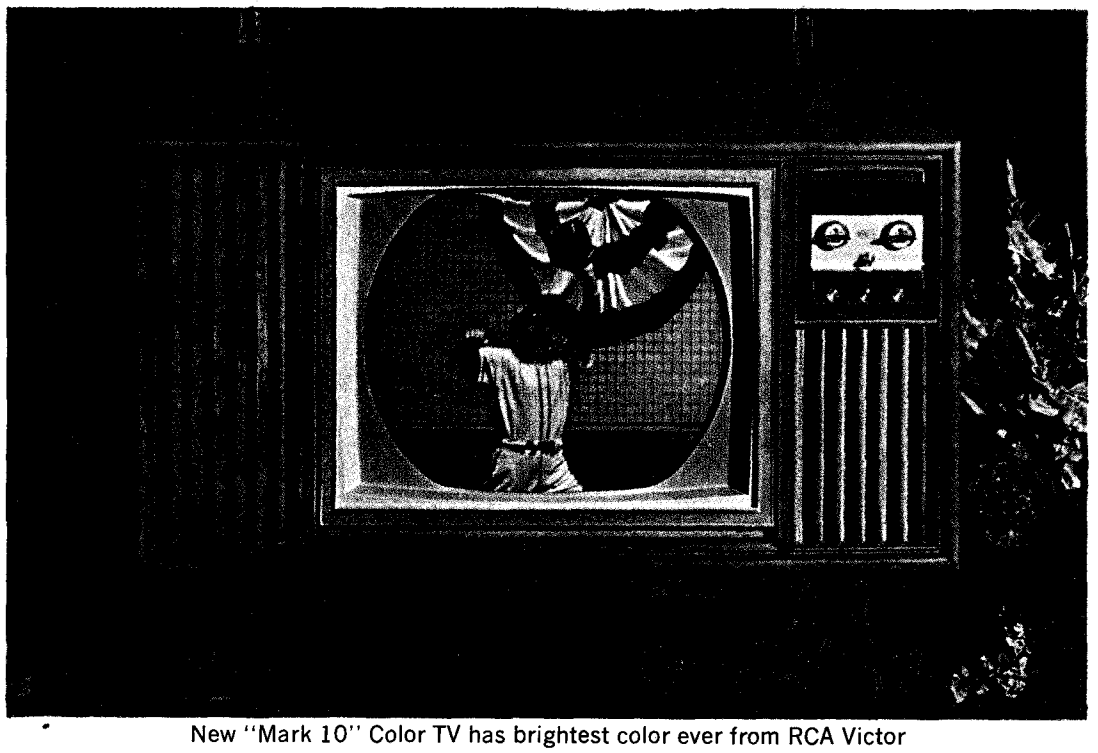
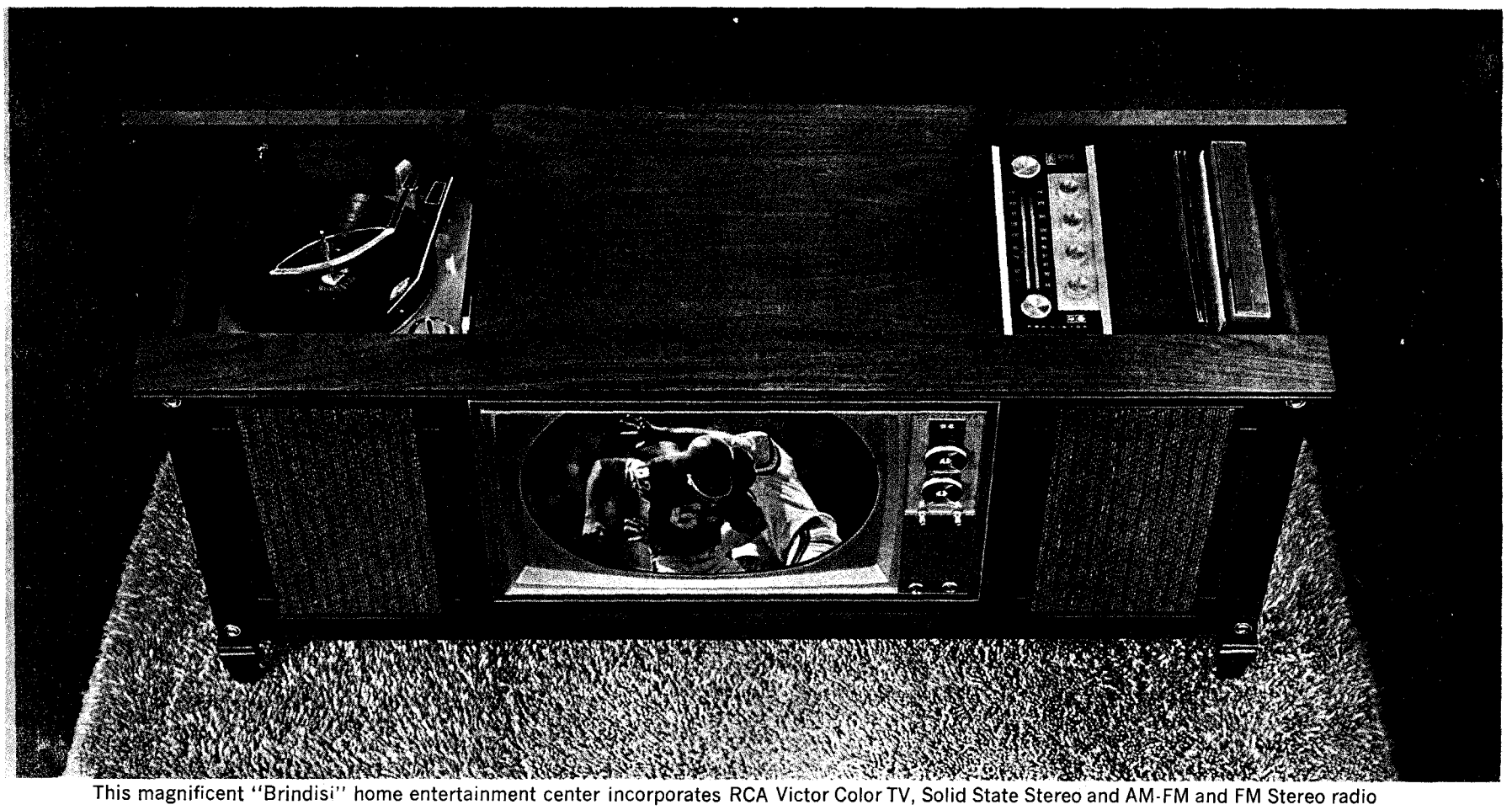
RCA Victor "Sweet 16" portable TV shows Ranger 7



New "Mark 10" Color TV has brightest color ever from RCA Victor



This magnificent "Brindisi" home entertainment center incorporates RCA Victor Color TV, Solid State Stereo and AM-FM and FM Stereo radio

) the finest in home entertainment...

RCA is part of your life

RCA engineering skills that resulted in :he first close-up TV pictures of the moon are also at work for you in de-veloping RCA Victor home entertain-nent products—stereo, radio, tape :artridge recorders and, of course, :elevision.

For example, RCA pioneered and developed television, both black-and-white and color. Today, RCA engineering and production skills are working to bring the modern marvel of Color TV within the reach of more and more Americans.

Look to RCA, the most trusted name in electronics, for the *next* engineering advances that will make your world still wider . . . and more wonderful than ever!

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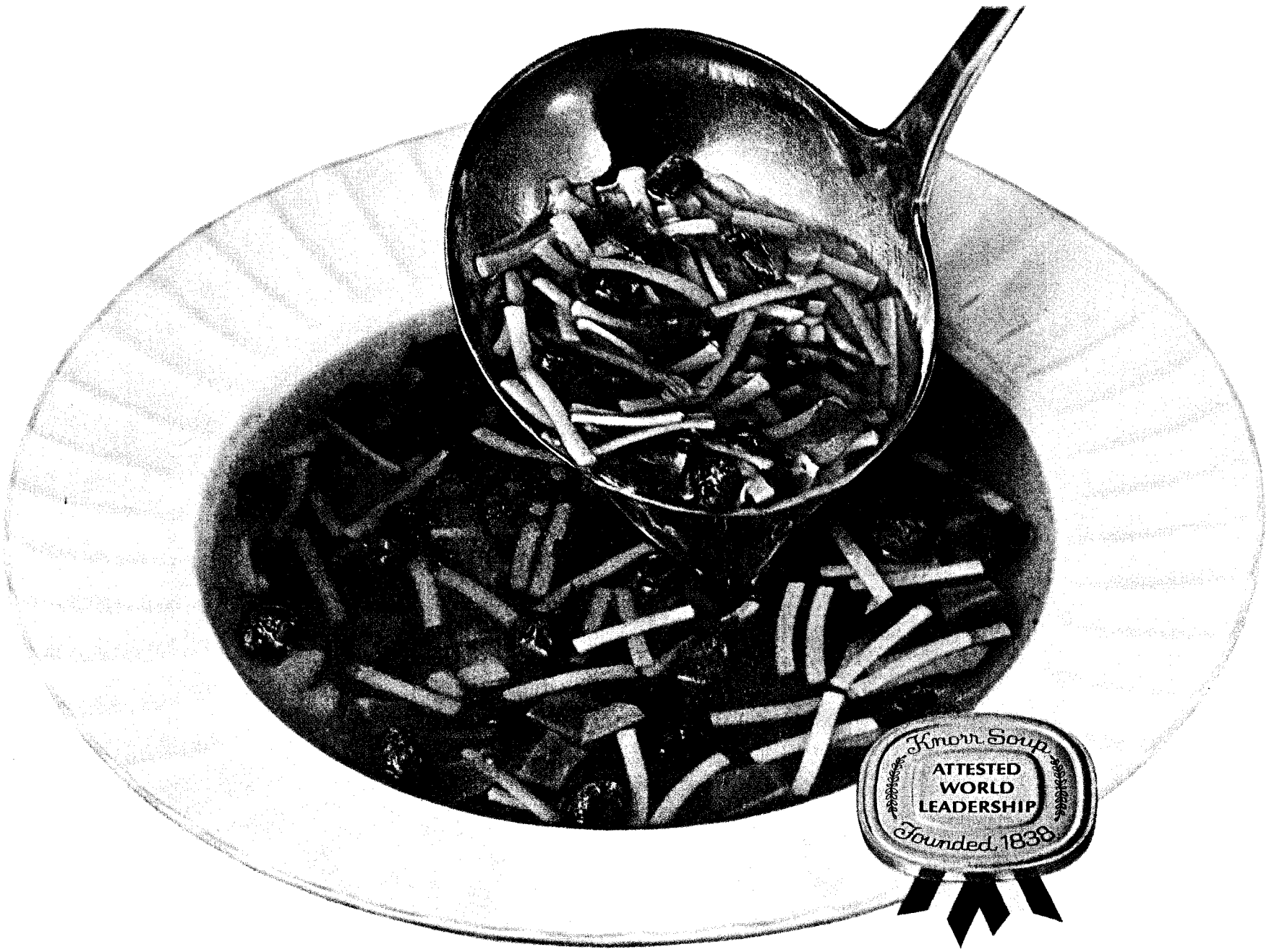

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(It's uncanny.)

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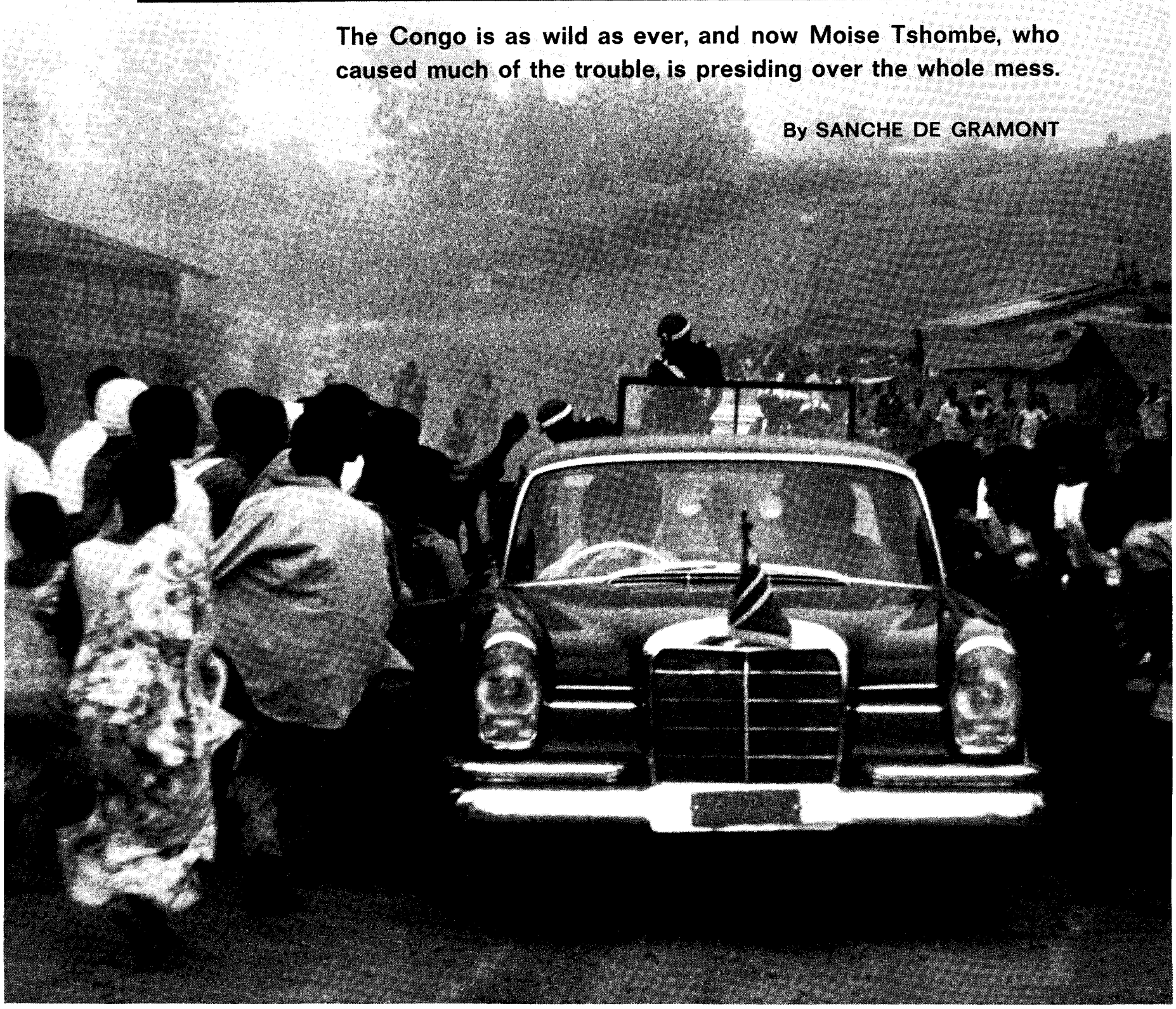
Tshombe in Wonderland

The Congo is as wild as ever, and now Moise Tshombe, who caused much of the trouble, is presiding over the whole mess.

By SANCHE DE GRAMONT



Touring the Congolese interior, Premier Moise Tshombe receives the adulation of crowds in Bukavu. Rebels attacked the city soon afterward, but army turned them back.

There was a grin as broad as the Congo River on Moise Tshombe's moon-shaped face as he rode through Léopoldville's teeming African neighborhoods in a stately black limousine. Women in bright cotton prints lifted their gawking children high for a better view, and men ran beside the car to touch him, as if he had some healing power. Sworn in as premier on July 10, two weeks after his return from a year's exile in Spain, Tshombe spoke exuberantly of his new "Government of National Reconciliation." It was almost as if Jefferson Davis had been elected President of the United States after the Civil War as the only man who could possibly carry out the Reconstruction.

For Tshombe was now head of the Congolese central government that he had openly defied ever since its formation. When the Congo was given its independence by Belgium on June 30, 1960, Tshombe had waited exactly 11 days before announcing the secession of his mineral-rich Katanga Province. His soldiers fought bloody battles with U.N. troops before Tshombe finally capitulated. Now, with the army falling apart and rebellions raging in three provinces, Tshombe was back trying to unite all the squabbling political factions in a single transition government.

As Tshombe maneuvered to conciliate rival politicians and put an end to the fighting, the United States moved promptly to give him its full support. President Johnson sent Tshombe three B-26 bombers, armed with machine guns and rockets, and four C-130 Hercules jet transport planes. Paratroopers from the 82nd Airborne Division went along as guards. The United States had already provided 23 airplanes, including six T-28 fighters piloted by Cuban exiles, and six million dollars' worth of transportation and communications equipment was on its way.

This increase in military aid led Senate Majority Leader Mike Mansfield to warn that the United States should avoid trying "to solve every problem where it crops out," and that "the mess in Africa is not of our doing." But the Congo, already receiving about $60 million annually in U.S. aid, is too important to ignore. At the hub of central Africa, the Congo shares

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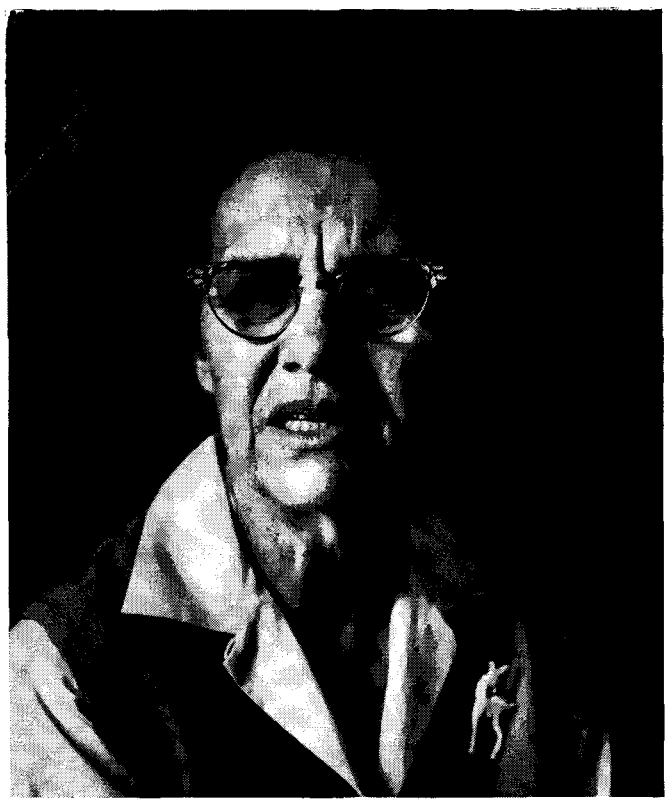

Ruth Hege, now back in Ohio, describes her colleague's murder.

MY CLOTHES WERE BLOOD-SOAKED, BUT I NEVER MOVED

An American missionary recounts four days of terror among the rebels.

By RUTH HEGE with BARD LINDEMAN

The crash of breaking glass woke me. Then came a series of horrible, piercing shrieks. I knew instantly that the terrorists had broken into our mission. My friend, Irene, and I had time only to throw on a few clothes before they grabbed us. They were frenzied, and kept shouting, "Bima, bima [Things, things]." They wanted our money, linens, clothes—anything valuable. I was sure that they all were drugged from smoking hemp (marijuana).

Several of the Jeunesse pulled us by the arms, while others pushed and kicked us. They dragged us out the door, down the steps and into the night. They ripped my skirt off and tore at my blouse. In the moonlight I saw that they wore only shorts or loincloths, and carried machetes, clubs, and bows and arrows. I prayed they wouldn't torture us or mutilate our bodies.

They mauled and kicked us, and while I watched, helpless and horrified, I saw a Jeunesse notch an arrow in his bow and aim it. The arrow hit Irene with terrific force, at the base of her neck, on the left side. Blood gushed from a great, gaping wound. She pulled the arrow out with both hands, took a few steps and then said, "I'm finished." She fell forward, and I knew she was dead. I fell beside her, never realizing until later that I myself was bleeding from an arrow wound. I lay there feigning death and believing that Irene's murder was a blessing, for she was beyond their torture now.

The ground was cold, and my clothes were blood-soaked, but I never moved. Four times the Jeunesse stood over me, breathed on me and laid their hands on me to see if I were alive. "Fwa"—she is dead, a savage said. Then, because they believe the hair from a dead person gives strength, he yanked at the crown of my head. It felt as though he had pulled out a fistful of hair. It was a miracle that I didn't scream, but the Lord gave me strength to be quiet.

This was the longest night of my life.

The Congolese terrorists, called Jeunesse, or youth, had been murdering and looting throughout Kwilu Province. Reportedly Communist-inspired and -supported, they made Christian missionaries like me and Irene Ferrel, my Baptist co-worker from Jerome, Idaho, their special enemies.

In the summer of 1960, when riots, killings and an army mutiny followed the Congo's independence, the United States had evacuated all American missionaries, but the following fall I was allowed to return to my home at Mangungu. Despite the spreading "white hatred," Irene and I determined to prove that the Christian missionary belonged in the new, independent Republic of the Congo.

Mangungu mission station was four hours southeast of Kikwit, capital city of Kwilu Province, over rugged Congo roads. There were 125 pupils in our grade school, 18 student ministers and their families in the Bible school. Our dispensary, with 10 hospital huts, often cared for 100 outpatients a day. At no time did we feel unsafe or resented.

From our first meeting, there was never any friction between Irene and me. We seemed to complement each other. At 43 (15 years my junior), she was full of energy and wonderfully versatile. To the delight of the music-loving Congolese, Irene played the accordion and organ. She directed the grade school, while I had charge of the Bible school. She taught music and sewing to the women; I looked after our building program.

Then last year we became aware of a serious threat to our work at Mangungu. His name was Pierre Mulele, the former education minister in Patrice Lumumba's government, who the newspapers said had been trained in Communist China as a guerrilla leader. He gathered several thousand followers, the Jeunesse, and set out to overthrow existing authority in Kwilu. In a newsletter to one of my home churches I wrote, "Supplies are scarce, and now the village women are afraid to work in their gardens, so there will be more hunger. Perhaps our days here are numbered."

Several of our teachers came to us one morning with the terrifying news that a Congolese Catholic schoolteacher and a village chief had been killed by the Jeunesse not far from Mangungu. They were excited and frightened and asked us to close the school, and Irene and I agreed that a two-week recess was not unreasonable

At three o'clock on the Friday afternoon when our recess was to begin a small missionary plane circled overhead and dropped a note tied inside a copy of the New Testament. The message said, "Kandale mission burned and Mukedi missionaries evacuated." It said that a United Nations helicopter would evacuate Irene and me. We spent the remainder of the day packing and arranging for the work of the mission that would continue under the Congolese leaders.

Around 10 o'clock that night some of the schoolteachers and the Bible students came to the house, and we held a farewell service. It was a beautiful tropical night, and the doors and windows were open wide. With Irene playing the organ, we sang hymns. The strong male Congolese voices blended with the thinner female voices, and our harmony carried across the mission grounds. Unknown to any of us in the living room, machete-wielding terrorists less than 50 miles away had just murdered three Belgian priests and mutilated their bodies.

While two of our friends sat up to call us when the U.N. helicopter came, Irene and I went to bed. On other nights I sometimes lay awake, listening to the birds or the thud of mangoes falling from the trees, but I was very tired now and dropped quickly off to sleep. The next thing I heard was the Jeunesse smashing in the windows with clubs and rocks.

Now, as I lay there, the dew was dropping on me from the trees, and I started to tremble. I prayed hard then that the Jeunesse wouldn't come back and see that I was alive.

I could hear them inside the schoolhouse hacking up the benches with their machetes. Moments later they set the building afire, and the glow lighted the grounds. They ran from building to building, destroying what they didn't steal. Finally, after what seemed hours, it was quiet, except for the crackle of the burning building.

I crawled over to the garage, wrapped myself in some sacks and lay down to wait for daylight.

At dawn my friends found me.

The day before, Irene and I had given our houseboy, Timothy, dresses and slips for his wife, Rebecca. Now we all wept as they helped me wash Irene's body and dress it in these same clothes. Pastor Kusa Luke went to find men to build a coffin and dig Irene's grave. I then walked to the dispensary and Gaston, our male nurse, cleaned and dressed my shoulder wound. It was an ugly thing and even then was still bleeding.

Although I still hoped the U.N. helicopter would come any minute to rescue me, I decided to send a note to Intshueme, a village 10 miles away, where there was a mission orphanage. "Irene Ferrel is dead, killed by an arrow," I wrote. "The Jeunesse left me for dead. I'm alive, but my heart is near breaking. God, come and help me."

Shortly after my frantic note reached Intshueme, carried there by one of our brave Bible students, the orphanage was evacuated by a Congolese Army unit. The missionaries tried to persuade the soldiers to rescue me, but the soldiers wanted to leave the rebel area as fast as they could.

Toward evening Pastor Luke told me that Irene had been buried. The villagers were still so afraid of the Jeunesse that he had been unable to get anyone to build a coffin. "We wrapped her body in a reed mat and prayed over the grave," Luke said. "But there was no singing. They were afraid the Jeunesse might hear us and attack."

I followed Luke to the dispensary, where he said I was safest. He brought me some rice and eggs, the first food I'd had in 24 hours. In a few minutes I heard Luke locking the door from the outside. I lay down on the examination table and began to think of all the horrible things that still could happen to me. The Jeunesse will come again, looking for the drugs kept in the pharmacy, I thought. Maybe they'll set fire to the dispensary, trapping me inside. By now it was completely dark and I didn't have a flashlight or matches. I felt terribly alone.

I knew the hours ahead would be hard. But I was familiar with hardship. In these dread hours my mind wandered back to my childhood. I grew up in a three-room tar-paper shanty in Aberdeen, Idaho, and I learned to love the pioneer life. My father, a German-born Mennonite, carved a farm out of sagebrush country, and although we lived in poverty, faith in God held a central place in our lives. By the time I was a teen-ager, we'd sold the farm and moved to Wellington, Ohio, where we joined the Baptist Church. I worked my way through college, and a year after being graduated from Wheaton in Illinois, I decided to become a missionary. On a raw,

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old night in January, 1932, the congregation of my ittle Baptist church gathered at the Wellington rail-oad station to see me off—their first missionary to lark Africa. I stood on the platform of the last car, rying very hard to be brave. But when the train ounded the bend and they could no longer see me, could not keep from crying.

Through all the 32 intervening years as a mission-ry in Venezuela and the Congo, I had put my trust n God. Alone on that dark night in the dispensary, ny faith was still there. I recited the 46th Psalm: 'God is our refuge and strength, a very present help n trouble. . . . Therefore will not we fear. . . ."

At daybreak Pastor Luke unlocked the door, and fter I had a breakfast of bananas and coffee, Luke ed me to one of the hospital huts where a village arpenter was to stand guard for me.

"Don't worry, Mademoiselle," he said, "there is o need for you to be afraid with me here." We sat ogether, but before long we heard shouting and the ound of people coming. It was the Jeunesse. When he carpenter saw them, he raced off, calling over is shoulder for me to follow. I tried to hide in the rass, but moments later I saw an angry-faced eunesse looking down at me, holding a bow and rrow. "I'm going to kill you," he said. I was terri-ed, but instead of screaming, I found myself easoning with him. I even believe that my voice vas calm.

"I'm prepared to die," I said. "I'm going to wala ya Nzambi [Village of God]. But how about ou? Where will you go? I'm going to heaven because od loves me. He loves you too."

The Jeunesse dropped his bow to his side and the ard look in his eyes softened. "You have many nemies," he said, "but I'm not going to kill you. ome, I'll take you to a safe place."

Not sure of what was coming next, I followed him long way through the grass, and then he left me. lours later several of the Christian villagers found ne. I spent the rest of Sunday hidden away in nother hospital hut. That evening Pastor Luke rought me some bread and soup.

"We are very sad for you and we suffer with you," uke said to me. "But, Mademoiselle, why does the lane not come for you?"

I spent Sunday night in a village hut near Luke's ouse. On Monday afternoon, when still no plane ad come, I agreed with several of the Mangungu hurch leaders that I should go to the airstrip at diofa, 25 miles north. I realized staying on in the illage would endanger my Mangungu friends and heir families, who had already done so much to eep me alive.

We started down the road at nightfall, and I don't think we'd gone five miles before the Jeunesse suddenly surrounded us, waving weapons, pushing and shouting, and then marched us to their leader's house. I fell exhausted into a canvas-backed chair and closed my eyes.

"Mademoiselle," said a rasping voice, "I'm getting ready to cut your throat."

I opened my eyes. A Jeunesse was slapping a long knife against his palm.

"I'm not afraid to die," I said.

"What kind of mademoiselle are you? If you're not afraid to die, maybe I'd better kill you."

The Jeunesse leader then stepped forward and said, "We know who you are and where you want to go, Mademoiselle, but Idiofa is in flames. Between here and there are many other Jeunesse leaders who would kill you. We let you live because we know you."

In the morning they returned me and my companions to Mangungu. The Jeunesse chief said they would come back for me the next day, and that I was to join their movement.

Nothing seemed to be making sense anymore. I knew only that it was Tuesday, my fourth day as a fugitive, and still I was running and hiding, and still no plane had come. Pastor Luke found an abandoned storage hut safely away from the mission and I moved in with my camp cot.

I was sitting there when I heard the plane. I ran into the road, waving my arms and screaming so loud my throat hurt. I saw three U.N. planes circling near the dispensary, but it was so far away that I was afraid they would give up before I got there.

I began to run. Then I saw a villager with a bicycle, and I jumped on the crossbar. He pedaled toward the dispensary while I held tight to the handlebars with one hand and waved frantically with the other.

The planes were making a second, perhaps a last, circle above the mission when they saw me. One of the helicopters dropped straight down behind the dispensary and landed. I leaped from the bike and ran through the grass, stumbling and fighting to keep my legs under me. As I reached the side of the plane, a Canadian lieutenant stepped down to catch me. He lifted me into a seat, climbed up behind me, and we were in the air seconds later.

We flew to Tshikapa, and then I went on to Léopoldville in an American-embassy plane. By the end of the week I was home in Ohio. Despite everything, I would like to go straight back to Mangungu, but the fighting there has not stopped. If God is willing, someday I will go back.

Miss Hoge (left), Irene Ferrel, later killed, and nurse pause on Congo roadside.

Government troops threw down their arms and ran whenever the rebels appeared.

Tshombe

borders with 10 countries. It is large, it is underpopulated (one third the size but less than one tenth the population of the United States) and it is rich. It produces 80 percent of the world's industrial diamonds, 60 percent of the world's cobalt and eight percent of the world's copper. The atomic bombs that were dropped on Hiroshima and Nagasaki were built with uranium from the Congo. Secretary of State Dean Rusk has called the Congo "a ready-made opportunity for Soviet exploitation, which the United States would [be] compelled to counter."

When Moise Tshombe, decked out in morning coat and gray-striped trousers, danced his jubilant little jig on the lawn of his official residence—vacated only the day before by outgoing Premier Cyrille Adoula—the crowd was cheering one of the most nimble-footed political performers the world has ever produced. U.N. Secretary-General U Thant had called Tshombe and his Katanga ministers a "bunch of clowns" in 1962, and declared Tshombe "a very unstable man." Tshombe's triumphal return was not only a wondrous reversal for the Congo, which in four years of independence has left few causes for wonder, but it also seemed a wild contradiction of American policy. The United States had ignored strong opposition from Britain and France to force Tshombe into federation with the rest of the Congo, and the controversial U.N. military operation against Katanga was made possible by U.S. pressure and financing. In February, 1962, after Tshombe's stubborn secessionist stand had made him the hero of right-wing Americans, the State Department even denied him a visa to come to New York to address a conservative rally. Tshombe had to rely on former Belgian diplomat Michel Struelens to enlist support for him in the United States. Operating from a Fifth Avenue office, Struelens's Katanga Information Service spent $140,000 dispensing what Carl T. Rowan, now head of the U.S. Information Agency, then called "a stream of myths and misinformation." With his visa expired, Struelens left the United States rather than face deportation proceedings shortly after Tshombe went into exile last year but he is now back in Washington. One of Premier Tshombe's first official acts was the designation of Struelens as "special assistant on foreign affairs" in the Congolese Embassy.

Within a few weeks of forming the smallest cabinet in the Congo's brief history—of the 18 posts, Tshombe kept for himself the key ministries of foreign affairs, planning, foreign trade and information, and entrusted the interior (police) and civil-service (patronage) portfolios to his tried-and-true lieutenant Godefroid Munongo—Tshombe had gathered about him most of his old Katanga clan. In his free-wheeling Katanga days, Tshombe had infuriated other black Africans by hiring white soldiers to fight for his regime. Now, to prove how little he had changed, Tshombe recruited white mercenary soldiers in South Africa and Southern Rhodesia, two countries hated by Black Africa for their white-supremacy policies.

Many of the white recruits, who included Germans from the disbanded French Foreign Legion, had fought for Tshombe's Katanga against the U. N. troops. Commanding the mercenaries was British-born Maj. Mike Hoare, a Katanga veteran who claimed he could take the rebel-held city of Albertville with a handful of men. Given his chance late this August, Hoare set out from the south by boat on Lake Tanganyika. Some of the boats broke down and the rest ran out of fuel; the soldiers rowed for two days and landed at the wrong place. The mercenaries finally reached the Albertville airport but were beaten back with the loss of two men. Although units of the 29,000-man Congolese Army recaptured Albertville a few days later, the rebels still controlled vast areas of the eastern Congo.

In fairness to Tshombe, the problems he faced on taking office may well turn out to be insurmountable. When the last troops of the U. N. Congo force left on June 30, U Thant commented, "The Congo's immediate future looks none too promising." The U.N. "peace-keeping" mission had cost $433 million, and 126 U.N. soldiers had been killed. And even as Nigerian U. N. commander Maj. Gen. Aguiyu Ironsi was waving his stuffed-baby-crocodile swagger stick and boarding the plane for home, rebellion was ripping apart the provinces of Kwilu, Kivu and North Katanga.

Tshombe has plenty of troops, but they show little zeal for fighting. A few months ago two American "observers," Col. William Dodds and Lt. Col. Donald Rattan, were visiting a Congolese Army post near the key city of Bukavu with U.S. Vice Consul Lewis Macfarlane, their interpreter, when a green pick-up truck suddenly came speeding along the road toward them. Rebel soldiers standing in the truck opened fire on the Americans as they sat in a Land-Rover beside the road. A machine-gun burst disabled the car, and the Americans dived into the bush. The Congolese troops, who had scattered when the rebels appeared, had vanished. The Americans dodged rebel bands all day and walked toward government territory at night. Three days later they finally reached Bukavu, which had surprisingly withstood the rebel advance, after walking almost 50 miles with nothing to eat except some bananas and a few slices of pineapple.

Although the government managed, for a time, at least, to hang on to Bukavu, the rebels captured Stanleyville, 755 miles northeast of Léopoldville, on August 5—only a week after a visit by Tshombe. The provincial minister of the interior, Joseph Basoko, said there was collusion between the rebels and the garrison. "Part of the trouble was that when Tshombe came here, he promised civil servants their back wages would be paid in less than three days. When the three days were up, and there was still no money, they held pro-rebel demonstrations."

The military leader in the eastern Congo is Gaston Emile Soumialot, a hard-eyed man who served as propaganda chief for leftist Premier Patrice Lumumba and now controls approximately one fifth of

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With army chief General Mobutu on his left, Premier Tshombe inspects a Congolese encampment. Tshombe has counted heavily on white mercenaries to beef up his ragtag army.

While the Congo skidded downhill, Tshombe sat securely in exile.

the country. To prepare for battle, Soumialot's men undergo initiations by witch doctors. "All my men have received anti-bullet baths and immunization which consists in giving them aspirin and crossing their brows with blood," explained a "colonel" in Soumialot's army.

When Stanleyville radio announced the formation of a pro-Communist "Congolese People's Republic Government" on September 7, Soumialot was named minister of defense. Christophe Gbenye, who had been raging at Tshombe from Brazzaville, across the river from Léopoldville in the former French Congo, was named president of the rebel regime. Gbenye is a founder of the National Liberation Committee, which has had its eastern-branch headquarters in the neighboring Kingdom of Burundi. The Chinese Communist embassy in Burundi has been advising and probably giving financial support to Soumialot's Kivu rebels.

Tshombe, who was in Ethiopia seeking support from the Organization For African Unity when the rebel announcement came, already had a two-front war on his hands. "My army is completely disorganized," he pleaded before the delegates, "and I need help."

He did not get it. His Katangan episode had engendered the distrust of most African leaders, and his current employment of white mercenaries has caused further resentment. Although the conference established a 10-nation commission headed by Kenya's Jomo Kenyatta to restore peace in the Congo, this action had no military effect. Tshombe was left virtually alone to cope with his rebellion, which raged in Kwilu Province near his capital as well as in the East.

The fighting in Kwilu, a rich agricultural province that is thickly populated, is being led by Pierre Mulele. A slight, goateed, sleepy-eyed man, Mulele started training rebels in July, 1963. He had been minister of education in Premier Lumumba's government and is said to have been trained in Red China. Mulele followed the guerrilla methods of Mao Tse-tung, training his men secretly in forests and riverbeds and practicing a scorched-earth policy—he destroyed the provincial administration, burned records and murdered civil servants. Playing on Congolese superstitions, Mulele, like Soumialot, made his men go through elaborate immunization ceremonies. They were promised that if they remained chaste in daylight hours and looked neither to the right nor to the left in combat, they would have *Dawa* [magic] that would make the army's bullets turn to water.

A Congolese army officer said, "The Mulelist magic is frightening our men, but things are getting better. We've told them to tie grass around their guns to ward off *Dawa*, and it's working."

In early August Tshombe toured Kikwit, the capital of Kwilu Province. I went along, and stayed in Kikwit when Tshombe returned to Léopoldville. Hours after Tshombe's departure, the Mulelists attacked a camp on the edge of the city. I could hear them yelling in French, "*Avancez, avancez!*" The soldiers used all their ammunition repulsing the bow-and-arrow attack, and the rebels left three dead. The troopers cut the hands off the dead rebels and drove through the town in a pick-up truck, exhibiting them as proof that Mulelists are mortal.

The rebels' screaming attacks into point-blank gunfire seemed totally senseless, but so does almost everything in the Congo. When Senator Mansfield observed that "the jungle of emergent African politics is marked with pitfalls," he probably understated his case. In four years of trying, no one in or out of the Congo has been able to devise a solution for its overwhelming problems.

When Tshombe finally ended Katanga's secession and went into exile, it appeared that the worst was past, although U. N. financial experts who examined the books of the Katanga National Bank had found a total foreign-exchange balance of only $116.28. Because Katanga's annual revenue was $70 million, they had hoped to find a bit more, but the West counted on Premier Cyrille Adoula's central government to handle the unified nation's affairs somewhat more successfully.

Adoula, by nature a conciliator, placated the opposition by adding dissidents to his cabinet. Finally he had 25 ministers and a government that offered a spectacle of open corruption to a country mired in economic chaos. Strikes and mutinies were averted only because the big foreign companies paid taxes in advance. Editorials in Léopoldville newspapers chided ministers for keeping call girls on their payrolls as private secretaries. A high-ranking diplomat said, "I've never talked to a minister who didn't try to put the bite on me."

Local governments in the Congo's 21 provinces were no better. Patronage was handed out to one tribe at the expense of another. Army units, unpaid for months, looted and terrorized the population. Adoula's qualities of moderation and calm deliberation were now being called weakness and indecisiveness. Politicians too long in the storm center went abroad or shored up their tribal allegiances. Evasion, profiteering and reversion to tribal loyalties were the three principal signs that the central power was crumbling.

While the Congo skidded downhill, Tshombe sat securely in exile planning his return. After leaving Elisabethville in June, 1963, he stopped off in Paris to be treated for intestinal trouble. The real reason, Tshombe now says, was to consult toxicologists. He claims he was poisoned by political rivals with a preparation extracted from crocodile livers. In July Tshombe moved into Suite 177 of the Palace Hotel in Madrid. With him were members of his family, the usual sprinkling of hangers-on, and two secretaries. "He picked Spain because he felt

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more at home in a Fascist regime," explained an aide.

Tshombe was a bitter man. He felt he had been double-crossed by the politicians in Léopoldville and by his Anglo-Belgian financial backers in the copper-rich Union Minière, which dropped him to make deals with the central government. But although Katanga was now split into three provinces, Tshombe continued to rule it by remote control. His right arm, Godefroid Munongo, who was minister of the interior during the secession, remained in Katanga as minister of health for one of the new provinces. Another loyal henchman, Rodolphe Yav, was minister of foreign trade in the Adoula government. Tshombe still had his Swiss bank accounts (his personal fortune is reliably estimated at eight million dollars), and his gendarmes and mercenary units had moved on to Angola. The Union Minière was no longer supporting him, but Belgian and French extremists were urging Tshombe to plot a second Katanga secession. Tshombe was undecided. He wrote influential men in Belgium and the Congo to sound out their support, and he welcomed visitors.

Among the first was Pierre Davister, a writer for the Belgian political weekly *Pourquoi Pas?*, who had always opposed Tshombe's secession but earned his respect as an interpreter of Congo affairs. "Are you still a secessionist?" Davister asked when he saw Tshombe.

"No longer," he replied. "The men of the right have deceived me. Can you introduce me to some men of the left? Can you introduce me to [Belgian Foreign Minister Paul-Henri] Spaak?"

In December Tshombe arrived in Brussels for the marriage of his eldest daughter to a Congolese student. He also found time to discuss his political future with Spaak. It was then that he decided to base his comeback not on a second Katanga secession but on a program that would unite the quarreling factions into one somewhat incredible Congolese salmagundi. Among those included would be:

- Antoine Gizenga, known as "Antoine de Prague," because he attended Marxist classes taught by Czechs in Conakry. Gizenga's Soviet-supported secession in Stanleyville resulted in his arrest and detention on Bulembemba Island in the Congo estuary for two-and-a-half years. There his fondness for strong drink was encouraged in the hope that it might abbreviate his political career.
- Albert Kalonji, who founded the free Mining State of South Kasai, a diamond-producing area, but followed Tshombe into Spanish exile to escape arrest on charges of embezzlement and torturing political prisoners. Kalonji calls himself the "god-emperor" but is more commonly known as "the cannibal," because of possibly apocryphal stories about his way of dealing with political rivals.
- The leaders of the C.N.L. (Committee of National Liberation), the Communist-supported opposition group claiming to be Lumumba's heirs.
- Mulele and Soumialot, rebel leaders.

Before he could set himself up as the great reconciliator, Tshombe had to unburden himself of an albatross. He was branded as the murderer of Patrice Lumumba, the Congo's first premier, who is still idolized by millions throughout Africa. Lumumba was so erratic in his political behavior that some of the men who knew him best considered him insane, but he also had charismatic magnetism. He took office on June 30, 1960, but 10 weeks later, in a typical Congo reversal, President Joseph Kasavubu had him arrested. Mutinies broke out in military camps where he was held. Even under arrest he was a dangerous political force.

The government had its troublesome prisoner flown to Elisabethville on January 17, 1961, where he and two companions were killed. The bodies were never found. It was not until February 13 that Munongo, Tshombe's minister of interior, told the press that Lumumba had been "killed by villagers."

"Of course," he added, "we will be accused of having assassinated him. I can only reply, 'Prove it!'"

After Tshombe returned to Madrid from Brussels, he summoned Davister and told him, "I want to be cleansed of suspicion in a crime for which I am not responsible." He proceeded to tell what he claimed was "the whole truth" in an all-night conversation on December 31. Tshombe's version was to run in two installments in *Pourquoi Pas?*, but the issue in which the first installment appeared was seized by the Belgian government, and the second was never printed.

Tshombe said it was at the Beach Hotel in Brazzaville on November 28, 1960, that he first discussed Lumumba's "liquidation" with the cream of Congo politicians, convened like Mafia gang lords to organize the rubbing out of a rival leader. Among those present were President Kasavubu, Cyrille Adoula (then minister of interior), Joseph Ileo (then premier), and Justin Bomboko (then foreign minister). Tshombe said Adoula told him, "We'll send you Patrice, and you get rid of him. Then we'll work things out among ourselves."

Tshombe told Davister that he refused to cooperate, and said that once back in Elisabethville, he sent Kasavubu written confirmation that he wanted no part of Lumumba. On January 17 at five P.M. he said he was watching a Moral Re-Armament film on freedom in the Palace Hotel when he was called to the telephone. It was President Kasavubu, who said, "My dear Tshombe, I am sending you three packages which you must accept."

"Three packages, what packages?" asked Tshombe.

"You will see, they are arriving by plane." Moments later Tshombe was told that a DC-4 was trying to land at Elisabethville airport, the first Air Congo plane to arrive since Katanga had proclaimed its independence.

The Belgian pilot told the control tower he was out of gas and had to land. He said his passengers were Lumumba and two companions, Joseph Okito and Maurice Mpolo. Guarding the three prisoners were eight Baluba soldiers, members of the tribe Lumumba had massacred in the South Kasai, and leading the expedition was a South Kasai leader named Ferdinand Kazadi, who had spent time in Lumumbist prisons and was now enjoying his revenge.

Tshombe said he allowed the plane to land on condition it take off again as soon as it had refueled. Kazadi disembarked, proudly exhibiting Lumumba's eyeglasses, moustache and beard, which he had removed as "a present for the god-emperor Kalonji." Lumumba and the two others were tied up and had been savagely beaten. Already Lumumba seemed near death, and Munongo charitably proposed that "we should cut off his head rather than let him suffer."

It was dark by the time the plane had refueled, and the pilot refused to leave because regulations prohibit night flights

Leftist Congolese demonstrate against government. Signs read, "Down With the Americans" and "Down With the Mercenaries."

American paratroopers sent to guard C-130 transport planes being supplied to Tshombe arrive at Leopoldville's N'djili Airport.

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For two days Tshombe wavered, deciding which side to join.

Tshombe

inside the Congo. Tshombe said the prisoners were taken to an empty house in the Sabena neighborhood of Elisabethville, where a doctor examined them and said they would survive their beating only by a miracle. Lumumba was hemorrhaging from a perforated stomach and a broken rib cage. Okito had a fractured skull, and Mpolo was in a coma. Tshombe said he called Kasavubu and described the condition in which his "three packages" had arrived. "If they die, bury them and keep it quiet," Kasavubu answered. All three died before morning, Tshombe said, but the pilot contended there were special regulations governing the shipment of bodies and refused to fly them back to Léopoldville. Tshombe had to dispose of the bodies himself.

On March 21 a United Nations commission recommended an inquiry into Lumumba's death, and a week later Adoula arrived in Elisabethville on a routine visit as minister of interior. His real mission, said Tshombe, was the exhumation of the three bodies which were then, in the best tradition of detective fiction, dissolved in a vat of acid. Nothing was left of Lumumba but his goatee, moustache and glasses.

Reactions to Tshombe's somewhat implausible account varied as the details of the interview with Davister leaked out. Although none of the politicians implicated by Tshombe bothered to deny his version, there were skeptical diplomats in Léopoldville who noted that Tshombe's version suited his political aims by discrediting his rivals and shifting guilt from his own shoulders, while pointedly not mentioning the one man with whom an alliance was necessary—army chief Joseph Mobutu.

Whether or not Tshombe had got rid of his albatross, things seemed to be going his way. Congolese politicians had been worrying about their future after the "fatal date" of June 30, when the U.N. troops would leave, Adoula's mandate to govern would expire and, under the new constitution, an interim government would have to be named. With a power vacuum in the offing, intriguers of every stripe began to court the exile in Madrid. "Between January and June," said a diplomat, "every major politician except President Kasavubu either went to see Tshombe or sent an emissary."

General Mobutu had once worked as a reporter under Pierre Davister, the journalist to whom Tshombe confided his version of Lumumba's death, and picked Davister as his emissary.

When Davister arrived in Léopoldville on June 20, Mobutu told him, "The only way to save the situation is a spectacular political move, the return of Tshombe. Give him our promise that he will play a major role and our personal guarantee for his safety." Davister asked for Adoula's opinion, and the premier told him, "Bring back Tshombe."

Davister arrived in Madrid on June 22 and found Tshombe living up to his reputation as an India-rubber man. He had given up the idea of returning to Léopoldville and was now planning to join rebel leader Gaston Soumialot in Burundi. For Tshombe to make his entrance in the Congo as the leader of a Red Chinese-supported rebellion would have been the crowning irony. "But after all," Tshombe told Davister, "the people in Léopoldville are summoning me because they're losing. What if Soumialot wins?" For two days Tshombe wavered, unable to decide whether to cast his lot with the central government or the rebels.

On the afternoon of June 23 Tshombe left Madrid for a stopover in Brussels, finally convinced that Mobutu and Adoula were making the best offer.

It was an anxious Tshombe who landed at N'djili Airport in Léopoldville in the dawn of June 26. However he put on a good front and told his aides, "They all tried to stop me, but here I am."

When he landed, Tshombe was unceremoniously hustled into a black Mercedes, and he asked with some apprehension where he was being taken. "To Mr. Adoula's house," he was told. It was five in the morning, and the premier received him in pajamas and said, "I'll be with you as soon as I've washed up." He disappeared into the bathroom, and General Mobutu, in uniform, made his entrance through another door. Mobutu told Tshombe, "None of the politicians are pleased to see you back, not even your closest friends."

After these sobering words Tshombe found himself a few hours later face to face with President Kasavubu. Adoula and Mobutu had been careful to keep their plan from the president who, like the cuckold in a French farce, was the last to know. Kasavubu said, "I was expecting you, but not so soon." Then, making the best of things, Kasavubu told Tshombe he would give him the task of forming an interim government.

Tshombe plunged ahead, and in a few days was promising a cheering crowd that he needed only three months to create a new Congo, adding that Christopher Columbus had, after all, found a new world in three months. This gives him a deadline around October 10. But so far his Government of National Reconciliation has failed to materialize, and Tshombe himself seems to have abandoned the phrase. If the confusion in Léopoldville becomes too trying, and the rest of the Congo proves indigestible, Tshombe may very well look for a quiet haven in his home province of Katanga, and make it once again his personal domain. For mercurial Moise has no illusions about the Congo's endemic anarchy. During his tour of the interior, when his car broke down and had to be pushed during a motorcade, or when copies of his prepared speech mysteriously vanished, Tshombe could be heard muttering the phrase every Congolese has adopted: "*Que voulez-vous? Ça c'est le Congo* [What do you expect? That's the Congo for you]." THE END

Dragging along any possessions that they can, refugees flee the widening battle area. Rebels control about one fifth of the Congo.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PRIYA RAMRAKHA

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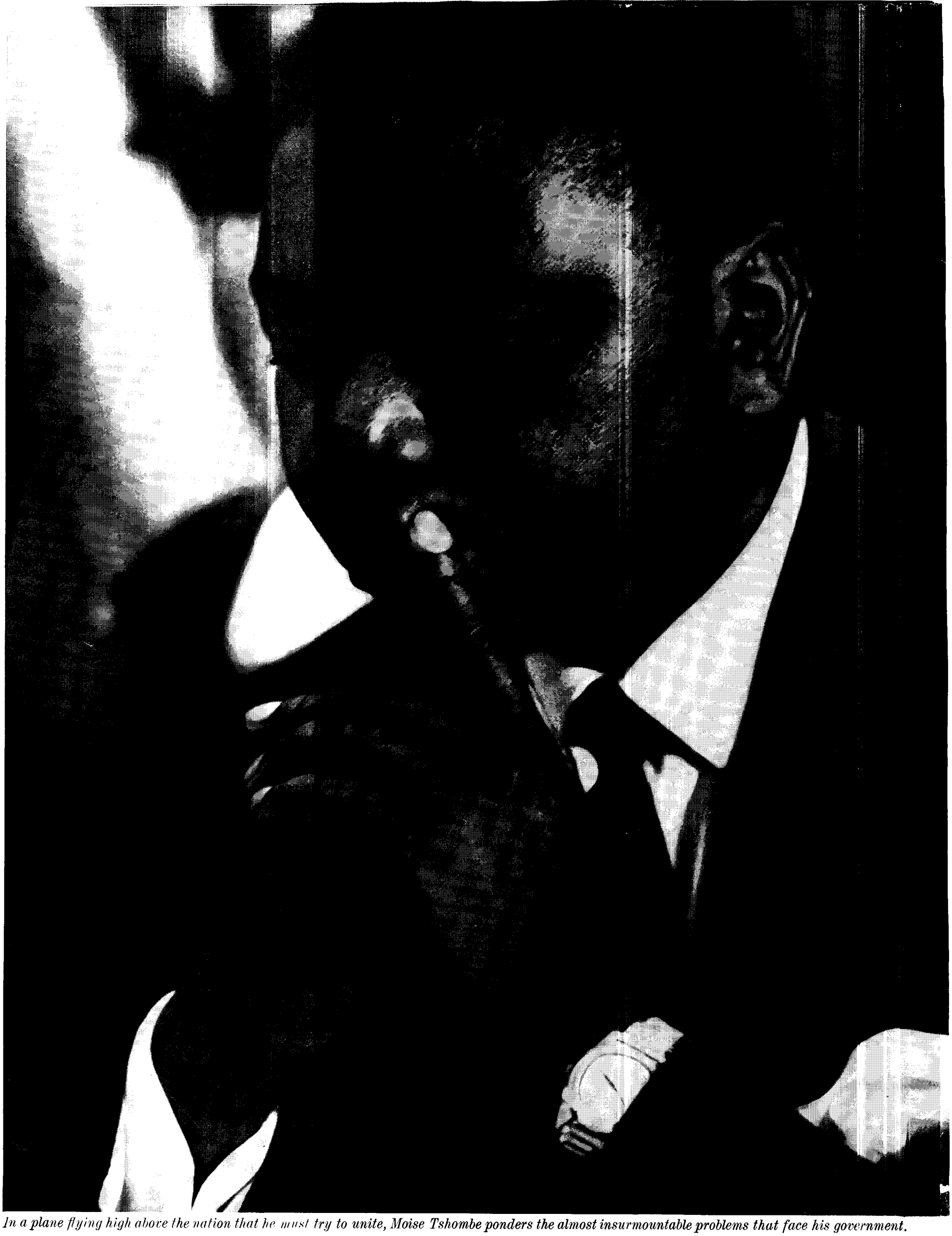

In a plane flying high above the nation that he must try to unite, Moise Tshombe ponders the almost insurmountable problems that face his government.

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EDITORIALS

Our immigrant heritage

"We are all immigrants," President Franklin D. Roosevelt once told the lineage-proud Daughters of the American Revolution. That truth is a source of national strength, for in the crossbreeding of a score of strains the phenomenon known as "hybrid vigor" has made the typical American larger than the sum of his parts. He can well say, as in *Ballad for Americans:*

*Am I an American? I'm just an Irish, Negro, Jewish, Italian, French and English, Spanish, Russian, Chinese, Polish, Scotch, Hungarian, Litvak, Swedish, Finnish, Canadian, Greek and Turk and Czech and double Czech American.**

It is fitting that this American should welcome the stranger. Our very survival may well have depended on this hospitality. For we have only luck and the grace of God to thank that the Nazis, who beat us to the jet plane and to the ballistic missile, did not beat us to the nuclear bomb as well. They had the edge, for the very discovery which led to the bomb—the fission of uranium—was performed by Germans Otto Hahn and Lise Meitner on the very eve of the war. It was in Berlin that many of the great scientists who first saw the fearful potentials—Einstein, Szilard, Wigner—met and knew each other. It was our great luck that Hitler's obsession with racial "purity" caused him to drive these brilliant minds into exile, and that Mussolini's fascist oppression caused Enrico Fermi to flee. The great Dane, Niels Bohr, joined the fugitives. America provided the asylum, the real estate, and the all-essential wealth (two billion dollars) which unlocked the atom, but the brilliant men who did it were, for the most part, immigrants and fugitives. Fermi's collaborator's phone call from Chicago to Harvard that the first atomic pile had fissioned had a curious fitness to it: "The Italian navigator has reached the "New World" and found the natives "very friendly."

We are put in mind of all this by the article on page 21 taken from third-generation-immigrant John F. Kennedy's posthumous book, *A Nation of Immigrants.* It is an eloquent argument for adjusting the inequities of the present quota system, to allow the unused quotas of nations whose people are not particularly eager to emigrate to be used by those nations whose people must now wait for years for a visa. What Kennedy sought is embodied in the Administration bill, now pending in committee, to drop nationality quotas, ease immigration for persons whose skills are needed, and allow a modest increase of some 7,000 immigrants next year. Republican Vice Presidential Candidate William E. Miller has denounced the bill as an attempt to "open the floodgates for virtually any and all who would wish to come and find work in this country," and he used the occasion of Labor Day to tell an audience in South Bend, Ind., that cheap foreign labor would take over their jobs. Miller, whose immigrant antecedents are German and Irish, and who has found America so mobile that a janitor's son may aspire to the nation's second-highest office, is moved only to echo (without his tongue-in-cheek humor) Mr. Dooley as quoted by Kennedy: "I must raise me claryon voice again' the invasion iv this fair land be th' paupers an' arnychists in Europe. Ye bet I must—because I'm here first." It's a good thing Miller's brand of immigrants are fairly late arrivals, and weren't around to shut the golden door to the likes of Carl Schurz or Nikola Tesla. Schurz, a German who settled in Wisconsin in 1856, was a pioneer Republican whose famous speech on "true Americanism" cleared the new party of the charge that it was "pro nativism" and helped elect Lincoln President. Tesla, a Croatian who immigrated to these shores in 1884, conceived the principle of the rotary electromagnetic field used in the very Niagara Falls power generators that are so vital to Miller's home district. We can't risk letting such radicals in again, now that Miller's here.

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The opium of the people

Denouncing the Communists is always a favorite sport in a campaign year, but this year the Communists are proving that nobody knows the real inside dirt on themselves quite so fully as they do.

For example, Palmiro Togliatti, the tough little boss of Italy's huge Communist Party, left behind him, when he died recently, a testament which takes Khrushchev over the coals for maintaining many of the vestiges of Stalinism, and failing to provide "within the party and outside it, a wide liberty of expression and debate on culture, art and politics." Mao Tse-tung has been denouncing the Russians as a bunch of nasty land-grabbers, and publishing maps showing Russia's Pacific port, Vladivostok, as a lost Chinese city. This has set Khrushchev to comparing Mao Tse-tung to Hitler and the latter's demands for *lebensraum. Pravda* chimes in by accusing the Chinese gang of flooding the whole world with opium—thus debasing the world proletariat—in order to get dollars for subversion against Moscow.

We feel sure that all these men are notorious liars and are telling the truth—Khrushchev is a little Stalin, Mao is a little Hitler, and Togliatti, being dead, is a better Communist than either. Moreover, since Marx used to say that religion is the opium of the people, it is reassuring to learn that in modern Marx, according to Mao (according to Khrushchev), opium is the opium of the people.

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